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ock M., of THURSDAY, August 8th, 1872,
ng, by dredging, from the channel of Cura
, at three places, about 19,000 cubic yards of
, and other loose material. Also separate
or removing rock (35 cubic yards net) from
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loose material.
pecifications, etc., will be supplied from
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The Independent.

WITH ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872. NUMBER 1240.

All Forlorn.

The Independent

A PRAYER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A PRAYER is in my thoughts to-night,
I hardly dare to say:
"Lord, put my wishes all to flight,
Nor let me have my way!"

I dare not say it, Lord, for fear
My heart I may mistake:
So many earthly things are dear,
Perhaps, for earth's own sake.

Nor can I think that thou art glad
In life despoiled of bloom,
Since for all joy the worlds have had
Thyself hast opened room.

And yet the poison-plant, so fair,
So like the wholesome grows;
To pluck my flowers I will not dare,
But trust His hand who knows.

And this, indeed, is life's best thing:
To take sweet gifts from Thee.
If Thou some dark, sealed bud shouldst bring,
It must hold light for me.

In sadness I withheld my prayer,
Hid under trembling fear;
In praise it blossoms, unaware,
Because the sun is near.

My heart Thou wilt not crush or chill.
Lead into Thine my way!
Through all my wishes breathe Thy will!"
This prayer to-night I say.

LONG, LONG AGO.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

WHEN Rachel Fross promised to marry Azrael Graven the whole church militant rejoiced.

It was so long ago, that young people who thought of marriage, considered first what the church militant would think.

It was so long ago, that a young man preparing for the Gospel ministry was an object of peculiar veneration and a subject of exceptionally persistent prayer.

It was so long ago, that such a young man was held to have sacrificed this world and the glory thereof upon the altar of his consecrated youth, and to have wrestled for Heaven's blessing as Jacob wrestled of old till daybreak with a hidden, smiling, favoring Lord.

It was so long ago, that such a young man expected, sought, and found a life of much self-conquest and self-denial—of poverty, of anxiety, of patience, of prayer, of honor, of peace.

It was so long ago, that such a young man excited the supernatural respect of women, and induced in them a devotion resembling that in which a Claude, a Bossuet, a Savonarola lived and moved and had their being, and were not, for God took them.

It was so long ago, that the imagination of a *young* woman faltered before the conception of a loftier lot than that of providing for the temporal and lower necessities of so elevated and dedicated a being.

It was so long ago, that, when Azrael Graven asked Rachel Fross if she would join with him in the service to which he had given his life; if she would become his comforter and assistant in the holy work; if she thought that it would insure her happiness to unite with him in the bonds of matrimony, which was of God and blessed by God, to this great end—it was so long ago, that Rachel felt as if the Archangel Michael had stepped from heaven to earth, because he had need of her.

In fact, it was so long ago, that people went to church with stove-stoves: and Azrael Graven was carrying Rachel's foot-stove home for her, after the Thursday evening conference meeting, when he brought the subject of Michael so vividly to her mind.

"I had not thought," said Rachel, trembling visibly—"oh! Mr. Graven, I had thought of *that*!"

"It has weighed upon *my* mind," said the Angel Michael, "for a long while, Rachel. It has seemed to me that the Lord, for a long while, has been leading my thoughts in this direction; and I have allowed myself to hope that he would lead yours in the same."

"But, oh! Mr. Graven," trembled Rachel, once again, "I am not good enough. I can never be good enough to be a minister's wife. I never can, indeed!"

Rachel Fross was a tall and stately woman, with pale hair, heavy upon her forehead, and grave, great, reticent eyes. She turned her head as she spoke, and looked upward at the Angel Michael (who was rather tall himself) with a motion such as Memnon might have made in looking eastward for the first flush of dawn which should unbind the marble of its lips.

It was *not* so long ago but that the Reverend Mr. Graven observed the motion and the look with keen-felt satisfaction, albeit with a dull sense that they were both natural and appropriate. He shifted the foot-stove on his thin, long arm, and, gravely lifting Rachel's hand, pressed it gravely to his lips.

"There is none that doeth good," he answered her; "no, not one. We can grow in grace together, Rachel."

"Ah! well," said Rachel, softly, "I can try. I will try, if you would like to have me, Mr. Graven."

"I have come to feel," said the Reverend Mr. Graven, speaking slowly, and with some suppressed emotion upon his thin, sickly, abstracted face, "that my work could not be, could never be rounded and complete without you, Rachel Fross."

Now it was *so* long ago that the atrocity of this love-scene was as simple and as serious to its actors as one of Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Worte*"; so long ago that, in spite of it, Azrael Graven and Rachel Fross, joining hands across the foot-stove, set from that moment their young feet in Eden, and heard the Lord of eternal Love walking in the garden of their hearts that day.

In fact, it was so long ago that a man's relative estimate of himself and the woman whom he loved might be simply preposterous, and yet that he might love a woman very much; and that a woman might be so far glorified for this life by the one fact as never to discover the other till death and immortality had blurred it to a faint, untroubling shade.

At all events, it remains, that Rachel Fross came home from Thursday conference "promised" to Azrael Graven: and that the fitness of this event was apparent at once and forever to the church and society of Southampton, in which devout, dead Deacon Fross had been a "pillar" for more than thirty years; and by which Azrael Graven was supported in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, with faith, hope, charity, and a quarterly allowance of one hundred and five dollars and fifty cents.

A few grave calls, received in the sitting-room, with her mother knitting in the rocking-chair beside the fire; a few grave walks in the broad winter day, up and down the broad, drifted, watching streets; a little grave discussion of the revival and the freshets; a little, strange, sweet chat of common things—of a headache that he had, of a pudding that she made: a little awed listening to his last new sermon, and a little temper with her mother for suggesting that he change his text; some reading aloud in an evening from Jeremy Taylor, or from Walter Scott; a dignified kiss or two left upon her forehead in the entry, with the door quite open; a timid suggestion that she mend his gloves, and a half a night spent in darning them to a hair-line's wondrous nicety; a faint, sweet sense of household fellowship when he "stopped to tea," and "led in prayer" thereafter and the perplexing presence of a shy, elusive pain at the thought of what Southampton would be like to-morrow, when he had gone—preceded Azrael Graven's return to the Seminary to complete his senior year.

It was so long ago that Rachel did not tell him she should miss him; did not say that she should mourn. They talked of the neighbors, and the news the semi-weekly paper held; of the "Association," which would meet with Azrael's Aunt, across the street, next week; of the prayer that Deacon Judkin made on Sunday; of the price of board in Princeton; of the best remedies for spring colds, and the flavor of sage-tea. The young student had a heavy cold upon his lungs, now some weeks old.

"You come of a sickly stock," said Rachel's mother. "Your mother died at thirty, you remember; most of the Hebbards I have known (I mean the women) have. Then there was your poor father! But your Grandfather Graven—they thought he *never* would die. It's a slender, *switchy* stock, Mr. Graven; may bend, may break. You should take good care of yourself. It's a blood that owns good care; but rebels at a slight, always."

She was a Bradford herself—Mrs. Fross; came as straight and stiff as her silhouette over the mantel-piece, from the "Mayflower." She knew all about "blood" and "stock"; she could apportion to any family in town its proper quantity and quality of inbred sin by legitimate inheritance for such case made and provided.

Rachel stole out into the entry after Azrael Graven had risen to take his leave that night, and waited for him by herself. Thinking how long it would be before she saw his face again (how pale it looked, swimming before her tears across the half-swung door!) the sparse limits of her happiness suddenly struck and chafed the Puritan girl. She fed her love on such scanty fare! She felt starved. A rapid, unreasoning thought came to her that in some way she was wronged—and he. A hot flush ran to her temples, and under her heavy, pale hair, while she stood there, half hearing her mother advising Mr. Graven to put on a mustard paste.

When the young man came out to find his hat, Rachael took a sudden step and shut the door; then, finding herself quite alone with him, looked once or twice about the dim, still entry, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him of her own accord.

"Oh!" she said, "I love you!" and fled, scarlet and blinded, out of sight.

The young minister felt the world spin for an instant beneath his steady, consecrated feet. He passed his hand once or twice over his eyes, coughed, took his hat, and walked bareheaded quite down the garden walk and out into the chill spring night.

Rachel had letters at due intervals. She returned them at corresponding and punctilious distances. Mr. Graven wrote of the tardy spring, of the size of his class, of the somewhat chilly outlook of his northeast room, of the audience which he had last Sabbath, of the great theological professor's latest anecdote, of a prospect of "a call" in a seaboard village, of the difficulty which he found in preaching with his cold (which lingered still) in windy weather, of some exercises of mind which he had experienced of late in prayer.

Miss Fross wrote of Mr. Graven's cold, of the care that he should take, of her pleasure at the prospect of the call, of her fears that the coast would prove too severe a climate for his health, of her mother and his aunt, of the 'exchange" which they had last week, of the seeds which she had sown in her garden this year, of something which had pleased her in "Doddridge" or in "Baxter," of Deacon Judkin's fever, of a funeral or a wedding down the street, of the pleasure which she had taken in his last letter, of the anxiety once more which she felt about his health, and the desire which she experienced (very timidly expressed) to see his face again, and judge from it for herself exactly how he was, and why that cold hung on so long, and if he were not in need of rest.

Mr. Graven read Miss Fross's letters, sometimes twice, with care and pleasure tied them neatly together with red tape, and laid them away on file in a pigeon-hole of his desk, with a volume of "Jewell's Sermons" laid upon them to keep them quite safe and still.

Miss Fross read Mr. Graven's letters—ah! well, she read the last one till the next one came. She wore them out in her pocket; she crumpled them with tears of joy; she folded them in her Bible, and locked the Bible into her lower bureau-drawer. Once she pressed them hastily and hotly to her lips; but she was quite alone, and it was midnight, and Azrael had written "Dear Rachel" in three places in a note which came that day.

It was quite in the heart of the sultry summer that a letter came which Rachel carried to her mother. It was very short, somewhat wearily written, and ran like this:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"I have excused myself from prayers this morning, for I have had a restless night, with a racking and exhausting cough. I must in some way have taken a heavy chill. I shall be in better health to-day, I think. The anniversary exercises will occupy the last week of August, I understand. I spoke with the senior professor this morning about my essay, which is in preparation. I should like to be excused from the exercises altogether, unless I find myself in better health before vacation. I mentioned this to the professor this morning. He remarked that he would consider what was practicable and advisable in the case; and inquired if I studied much by candlelight, and if I had tried the renovating agencies of calomel.

"My lecture-bell rings. I will post this communication in its incomplete condition, that you may feel acquainted with my state and be spared undue uneasiness. I shall improve rapidly with rest and change, I feel no doubt. You will please to serve my respects to your mother, and believe me to be

"Always truly yours,
"AZRAEL GRAVEN."

Rachel's mother read this letter, folded it slowly, read it again, and handed it back to her daughter.

"Well?" asked Rachel, wondering why her mother did not speak.

"Oh! he will do well enough if he comes home," said Mrs. Fross. "He ought to come home. I think myself he will, before long."

Mrs. Fross was busy putting a curtain up against the parlor window. She spoke with her mouth full of tacks. Rachel listened to her eagerly, but her voice was drawn through her teeth and whistled over the tacks. It meant nothing. Rachel made nothing of it, and went away.

Not a week therefrom, in the middle of a slow, lifeless morning, as Rachel stood in the kitchen, dreamily coaxing a slow and lifeless bread-cake into being, her mother came and called her into the parlor in a sudden way, bidding her sit down and get cool for a little while.

"I'm not very warm," said wondering Rachel. "I'd rather rest by and by, when the cake is done."

"But you'd better rest now," said Mrs. Fross, nervously walking round the room. "You'd better rest. The fact is, Mr. Graven came home last night."

Rachel rose impetuously from the chair, where she sat by the window, with her sleeves rolled up, and the sluggish breeze striking faintly against her flushed cheeks and well molded arms and disordered, beautiful hair. She rose impetuously, but sank slowly down again.

"He came home with bleeding at the lungs; and you might as well know it first as last. And I've got to tell you!" sobbed Mrs. Fross, sitting suddenly down herself, with her back to her daughter. "And, Rachel"—still with her back to Rachel—"if I *were* you, I'd rather know this minute that the doctor says it *may* be quick consumption, and it *may* be that there's nothing in this world to do; and I'd rather my own mother would tell me."

Rachel, in the sluggish breeze, her bared arms crossed upon her calico cooking-apron, and her falling hair blown about her face, sat for some moments perfectly still. Her mother did not look at her. The wind rose a little restlessly, and the bees in the front garden, feasting on the hearts of the great crimson peonies, hummed so loudly that it seemed as if all the world could hear them.

"I suppose," said Rachel's voice, at length, breaking dully against the roistering, lawless sound, "that he is not—able—to come and see me?"

"Oh! my dear," said her mother, "he cannot leave his bed!"

"Then I will go to him," answered Rachel, simply.

She rose, and pulled her sleeves down and took her apron off.

Mrs. Fross put her black hair-cloth chair against the wall. She shut the door: she shook her grave, gray head.

"My daughter, you are troubled and not quite yourself, or you would think—it is not suitable; it is not maidenly; you cannot offer Mr. Graven your services as a nurse, Rachel."

"He is to be my husband!" Rachel cried. She felt her brain whirl; all the world grew dark; in her mother's pained, uneven, but unrelenting voice all the world—her world, the grave, good, calm, virtuous world—spoke out to her. Clear through the humming of the crazy, blessed bees among the peonies, the good people whom she knew, Mr. Graven's stately friends, the blurred vision of the Seminary at Princeton its awful self, and worse, ah! worse than that, Azrael's weak, fine voice came, cutting the two words out and welding them around her: "Not maidenly." It seemed to Rachel Fross that chains could not have held her from her lover; but those two words fettered her fast to the great brown rose in the parlor carpet which sprawled beneath her feet. She looked down at it with a sudden hate for the dull, false thing. Roses *could* not grow that color. They never had; they never would!

Her thought followed this fancy in a confused way. She could not think about Azrael for a moment; she could not understand; the idea slipped away from her. What did it mean?

She wondered how long her mother had been talking, when at last these words attracted her attention:

"And since he is not your husband, Rachel, and since it is not becoming a young lady to think of *that*, I do not see, my dear, what can be done. If the Lord should will—"

Rachel started and recoiled. She could not talk about the Lord's will just then. Of course, it was right, and great, and good; but she could not talk about it then.

She walked drearily and dizzily away; and, not knowing what else to do, went back and finished her bread-cake by herself. She noticed that she could not hear the bees among the peonies at the kitchen window.

Her mother had spoken the truth. Rachel realized this keenly enough as weeks dragged on. It would not have been "maidenly." No one in Southampton would have thought it so. Mr. Graven would not think it so.

At times a querulous hatred of the word sprang up in Rachel's heart. If one were *un*maidenly, would the earth spin on her axis still? What would it be like? Would it make so much difference after Azrael was dead?

For Azrael must die. Rachel never questioned that. The jets of hope that flashed about her when people brought her news of feverish, bright changes in his failing strength; the cheerful messages he sent her by her mother—that he enjoyed the custards which she sent, that he had passed a quiet night; the confident, calm clinging which he held himself to life, never touched the steady undercurrent of the knowledge in her that Azrael would die.

It seems to those of us who have heard something of Rachel Fross's history, in that summer, now so far behind her troubled, strong young life, that that fiction would foreordain itself a suicide which should make so audacious an attempt upon the courtesy of our credence as is made by this plain, true tale.

That Azrael Graven should have been suffered to die, lying just across the street, the windows of his sick-room in sight from Rachel's little chamber, without a sight of his promised wife, seems to us a fact to smile at, till we find our eyes have filled.

It seemed to Rachel hard. Yet the sternly-nurtured woman accepted her lot with a certain calm. She felt it to be inherently inevitable. For the most part she did not question it.

The Puritan blood in her veins ran with a powerful repression which was not unlike repose.

When she sat, at dead of night, shivering at her window, to watch the sick-light burning and waning in Azrael's room; when she stretched her arms out to it in the black, chill air, thinking weakly how Azrael's life was burning and waning with the tiny spark; when she went down into the gray morning, waiting for a chance word of the dying man's condition, watching for a chance stir about the house which held him, shrinking when they said "He suffers," faint with trying to thank God when they said "He rests," compelled to exhaust the yearning of her exiled heart toward his in a foolish jelly that she made him, in a pale, proper, useless flower that she sent, she did not think that Fate had treated her unkindly. She said "It is the sovereign will of God." Rachel had heard a great deal about the sovereignty of God: not much about his tenderness. If his awful Presence held a rich compassion for a woman who must be "maidenly," for Southampton's sake, though Azrael lay dying—it was a daring fancy, he had many things to occupy his great Eternal Thought. How could it be?

Once her young life rebelled with all its might against this Thought.

It was a rainy night and very dark. Azrael Graven had been worse all day, in much distress and weakness. Her mother had given her to understand this with some reluctance, and set her some household task, Rachel thought, to avoid any further comment on the fact. When this was finished, Rachel slipped away, and out of the back-door, into the little dripping yard. She found the house too strait for her. She could not breathe. She felt benumbed. The ache in her heart ran, an actual pain, all up and down her feverish young limbs. She threw her shawl over her head, gathered her dress-skirt wrong side out over her shoulders, (she could not afford to spoil it because Azrael was dying), and so ran about for a little while in a purposeless, half-blind way, to and fro over the wet chips and rubbish, with the wind and rain upon her face.

Timidly and on tiptoe she wandered out, at last, into the black, deserted street, and across to Azrael's Aunt's. The sick-lamp was the only light the house held, and that burned brightly, striking a slender, long shaft of gold across the slatted fence and down upon the dripping grass and little pools of water in the road. To Rachel, skulking like a criminal in the shadow, it looked like the beautiful ladder on which of old angels ascended and descended out of Heaven. Her heart climbed up its shining hight with a sudden, daring, wifely sense of right to turn the whole world out, and minister to Azrael's meanest wants. She felt shut out—down there in the storm and dark—like a soul in Hell.

A soul in Hell—or so to Rachel's excited and unnatural fancy it seemed just then—flitted past her down the street, while she stood crouching there beside the slatted fence. The light of the golden ladder which climbed to Azrael's room struck full upon its haggard face. Rachel knew the face, and shrank: she went to school with the poor girl once. She was a gentle, pretty girl. When her baby was born the people that she lived with turned her off. She had worked in a shop since that, and lived a decent life enough, some said; but no one spoke to her, and the baby died. Rachel had sometimes wondered, in a shocked, dim way, what life was like to her.

Now, as the vision of her flitted by, a throb of awful envy bounded in Rachel's pure young heart. This woman had dared to sin for love's sake. While she—

She fled with her head hanging, her hands before her face, as if *she* had been a guilty woman; fled from the shining ladder, where the angels would not walk; home, and into a dark, still room, where she dropped upon her knees.

It is said that when the early autumn chills came on, upon a windless, moonlit night, a little after the village clock struck three, Rachel Fross waked her mother, sleeping by her side, with an exceeding great and bitter cry:

"Mother," she said, "Azrael is dead!"

Something in that cry chilled all the placid, proper Bradford blood of Patience Fross. She sprang trembling up. The room was lighted with a mellow light, like the opening of flowers in the sun: the shadows of a partly leafless tree fell in and lay motionless on the bed. Rachel was standing in the middle of the room, in her white night-dress, with the moonlight on her full and solemn.

"You are dreaming, Rachel."

Mrs. Fross, quite herself again, rose in the stately Bradford way, and drew her daughter back to bed.

"Mr. Graven was better this morning than he has been for a week. You have been dreaming. Go to sleep, my dear, and do not think about it. It annoys me. Why, Rachel! Why, Rachel!"

Rachel sat just where her mother had placed her, straight and stiff in bed. Her eyes looked straight before her; one hand fell over the bed's edge.

"But, mother," she said, "Azrael is dead. Azrael has just died."

She spoke very quietly then, and lay very quietly back upon the pillow.

The words had scarcely left her lips before a slow, cold horror, like a word, like a cry, like a struggle, like nothing that the two women had ever heard in all their lives before, filled the earth and sky.

It was the passing bell of the old town church.

When it had tolled twenty-nine times, Rachel turned her face wearily to the wall. Azrael Graven was twenty-nine years old.

"But it may be some one else!" cried her mother, snatching at a hope. Rachel smiled, and said that it was no one else. Azrael was dead.

"I told you, mother, that Azrael was dead."

In the morning a bit of crape hung from Azrael Graven's sick-room window, which stood wide open to the piercing wind.

About noon a little crumpled paper came to Rachel, with two penciled words upon it, in the young minister's stiff hand, very faintly put together: "Dear Rachel"—. That was all. He had tried to write, they said; but wandered. He had spoken once or twice after the moon rose in the night, and in a restless way looked round him. "Tell Rachel"—; and again, "Tell Rachel"—. But they could not tell Rachel, for he said no more.

Rachel went to the funeral. She walked in the procession among "the neighbors." The mourners, in their crape, crisp grief, looked far off and small to her. She wore a blue ribbon and her old plaid shawl.

Some one lingering in the road as the people scattered, attracted her dull attention. It was the girl whom the saw flitting by her in the rain when she was hiding by the fence to watch the light in Azrael's room. The girl turned upon her, as she passed, an awed and puzzled look. It changed, after an instant's thought, into an expression such as one sees in the eyes of a dumb animal whose compassion is powerfully and ineffectually moved.

Rachel Fross did not die. Ah! no; not for twenty years. Of her life or of her death one fact only has been, beyond this, recorded. It is said that in her last hours she called the watcher to her bedside, with a singularly pleasant smile, and gently said "I have had such a pleasant dream. I thought that Mr. Graven and I were married, and that I climbed a golden ladder to take care of him before he died."

JONES and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach them," said Brown. "True," said Jones; "that is what I mean."

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THOREAU.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

MY friend and neighbor united the qualities of sylvan and human in a more remarkable manner than any whom it has been my happiness to know. Lover of the wild, he lived a borderer on the confines of civilization, jealous of the least encroachment upon his possessions.

"Society were all but rude
In his umbrageous solitude."

I had never thought of knowing a man so thoroughly of the country and so purely a son of Nature. I think he had the profoundest passion for it of any one of his time; and, had the human sentiment been as tender and pervading, would have given us pastorals of which Virgil and Theocritus might have envied him the authorship, had they chanced to be his contemporaries. As it was, he came nearer the antique spirit than any of our native poets, and touched the fields and groves and streams of his native town with a classic interest that shall not fade. Some of his verses are suffused with an elegiac tenderness, as if the woods and brooks bewailed the absence of their Lycidas, and murmured their griefs meanwhile to one another—responsive like idyls. Living in close companionship with Nature, his muse breathed the spirit and voice of poetry. For when the heart is once divorced from the senses and all sympathy with common things then poetry has fled and the love that sings.

The most welcome of companions was this plain countryman. One seldom meets with thoughts like his, coming so scented of mountain and field breezes and rippling springs, so like a luxuriant clod from under forest leaves, moist and mossy with earth-spirits. His presence was tonic, like ice-water in dog-days to the parched citizen pent in chambers and under brazen ceilings. Welcome as the gurgle of brooks and dipping of pitchers—then drink and be cool. He seemed one with things, of Nature's essence and core, knit of strong timbers, like a wood and its inhabitants. There was in him sod and shade, wilds and waters manifold; the mold and mist of earth and sky. Self-poised and sagacious as any denizen of the elements, he had the key to every animal's brain, every plant; and, were an Indian to flower forth and reveal the scents hidden in his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of our Sylvanus. He belonged to the Homeric age; was older than pastures and gardens, as if he were of the race of heroes and one with the elements. He of all men seemed to be the native New Englander, as much so as the oak, the granite ledge; our best sample of an indigenous American, untouched by the Old Country—unless he came down rather from Thor, the Northman, whose name he bore.

A peripatet

he was better poised and more nearly self-reliant than any other man.

"The happy man who lived content
With his own town, his continent,
Whose abiding streams he banks did curb
As ocean circumscribes its orb,
Round which, when he his walk did take,
Thought he performed far more than Drake;
For other lands he took less thought
Than this his muse and mother brought."

More primitive and Homeric than any American, his style of thinking was robust, racy, as if Nature herself had built his sentences and seasoned the sense of his paragraphs with her own vigor and salubrity. Nothing can be spared from them; there is nothing superfluous; all is compact, concrete as Nature is.

His politics were of a piece with his individualism. We must admit that he found little in political or religious establishments answering to his wants; that his attitude was defiant, if not annihilating, as if he had said to himself:

"The state is man's pantry, at most, and filled at an enormous cost—a spoliation of the human commonwealth. Let it go. Heroes can live on nuts, and freemen sun themselves in the clefts of rocks, rather than sell their liberty for this pottage of slavery. We, the few honest neighbors, can help one another; and, should the state ask any favors of us, we can take the matter into consideration leisurely, and at our convenience give a respectful answer.

"But why require a state to protect one's rights? The man is all. Let him husband himself. Needs he other servant or runner? Self-keeping is the best economy. That is a great age when the state is nothing and man is all. He founds himself in freedom, and maintains his uprightness therein; founds an empire and maintains states. Just retire from those concerns, and see how soon they must needs go to pieces—the sooner for the virtue thus withdrawn from them. All the manliness of individuals is sunk in that partnership in trade. Not only must I come out of institutions, but come out of myself, if I will be free and independent. Shall one be denied the privilege, on coming of mature age, of choosing whether he will be a citizen of the country he happens to be born in or another? And what better title to a spot of ground than being a man and having none? Is not man superior to state or country? I plead exemption from all interference by men or states with my individual prerogatives. That is mine which none can steal from me; nor is that yours which I or any man can take away."

"I am too high born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world."

A SONG OF HOME.

BY G. P. CRANCH.

HERE we are once more together,
Where we parted long ago;
Father, mother, sisters, brothers—
Hearts and faces all aglow.
Rain is on the roof above us,
But no cloud can chill our joys,
Round the old familiar table,
As we sat when girls and boys.
What care we for wind and rain?
We are all at home again.

Here still hang the dear old pictures,
And the old books we used to share;
Here the old arm-chair in the corner,
And the old clock upon the stair;
There the roses at the window,
Tossing up against the pane;
And the old pear-tree in the garden,
And the lilacs in the lane.
What care we for wind and rain?
We are all at home again.

Oh! the weary days we've wandered
Vanish in the fireside's glow;
And the happy hours of childhood
Glimmer back from long ago.
Storms may beat upon our dwelling,
Light the lamps of love and home;
We are all once more together,
Never, never more to roam.
What care we for wind and rain?
We are all at home again.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. WILKINSON.

I REMEMBER, in once reading aloud to some friends Guizot's "History of Civilization," to have been continually impressed with a certain high-bred moral modesty in it, qualifying its intellectual boldness, that seemed to me at the time amazingly like the Christian spirit of humility. My audience was a very sensitive one, but of fineness and courtesy and moral grace; and I found myself constantly tempted to pause in the reading and inquire: "Is this deference, this concession, this generous doubt, on the part of the lecturer, the mere artifice of French good manners, or even the mere humility of a wise worldly philosophy?"

It seemed all the while to be something nobler and better than either of these—a grace beyond the reach of art, and far, far beyond the reach of Nature. I do not know how I managed to be ignorant enough then (it was many years ago) not to understand what was Guizot's religious position; but I did not understand it, and I am noting the impression that the lectures themselves, quite unassisted by anything extraneous to them, made upon my mind and my moral sense.

Something similar to this is the effect which I experience in reading the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*. It is faint praise of these columns to say that the spirit which pervades them is purer, sweeter, more manly, more Christian than that which pervades the editorial columns of many of our religious newspapers. I do not know that there is any danger of a decline, on Mr. Curtis's part, from his own high standard as the souring and mildewing August heats of the current presidential canvass advance. But I thought 't only a just, and I should hope it might even be a useful appreciation of noble journalistic manners, to take occasion, thus seasonably, to thank Mr. Curtis, on behalf of many, for the singularly graceful and gracious spirit in which he treats political questions in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*.

I recognize the statesmanlike breadth of his view, the loyal tenacity with which he clings to paramount political convictions, the scimetar edge of his logic, unhindered from cutting home by the rhetorical grace of the curves in which it is wielded, the lubricant humor, the bland sarcasm, the delicious irony, which compose the literary element of his style; but suffusing and transfiguring all the moral quality of fairness, of charity, of brotherly *winningness*, toward every honorably differing opponent. This seems to me to be in a still more eminent degree worthy of general remark and of general gratitude.

It is comparatively easy, I know, for a man consciously on the conquering side to be magnanimous and polite. Great as the temptation is, with coarse temperaments, to let the wine of success turn their speech into brag and their gait into swagger—admirable as it is when complacency with self is converted only into a trifle more easy and affable complaisance toward others—still there is, where fine temperaments are concerned, a greater temptation, and there is then the occasion for a more admirable victory. If Mr. Curtis finds himself by and by on the losing side of some great popular debate, he will then be able to exhibit his moral quality of self-conduct and good temper by a far severer proof. If the bravery with which, when some time pressed to the wall, he turns to bay, be mingled with the same grace of chivalry as he manifests now in the victorious pursuit, his journalistic example may then be said to be safe and complete.

It seems almost ungracious to dash this bumper of sincere and spontaneous ascription with even a drop of other suggestion. But it will occur to many readers that Mr. Curtis the journalist, thus represented, is not quite the same with Mr. Curtis the essayist and with Mr. Curtis the lecturer. And it must be confessed that the inviolate religious neutrality of *Harper's Weekly* is hardly so perfectly preserved when the journalist throws off his visor of impersonality, to face his audiences from the "Easy Chair" or from the rostrum. In fact, the difference is sometimes a little puzzling. Perhaps the most satisfactory philosophy of it is that every man must have his moral safety-valve, and that Mr. Curtis finds his in the occasional freedom of the essay, but especially of the lecture. It is hard, one is tempted to say, if the illhumors that will breed even in the happiest human temperaments are to be absolutely denied all chance of escape. It would be fortunate for mankind if froward moral humors never were worse than in Mr. Curtis, never gathered greater head, and never forced a more dangerous vent. If the Christian reader is compelled, in his spontaneous love for Mr. Curtis's many admirable qualities, yet to remember and to sigh "One thing thou lackest," it is, nevertheless instructive, to say, when estimating the spirit of the *Harper's Weekly* editorial writing, and it is perhaps equally justified: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

LOST IN A YACHT.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

IT was in the winter of 1850, but I remember, as if it were yesterday, the whole story as my father—Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D.—told it to us that evening, in our home in Galveston. Next to being in the pulpit, surrounded by an attentive congregation, he thoroughly enjoyed being in the center of his household—as much at home, as greatly revered and beloved, almost as conversational in manner, in the one place as in the other.

"You will remember," William, he began, "how very tired I was when I reached Galveston, in December. No wonder, sixty years of age, and just back from travel by stage and on horseback over almost all Texas, my only recreation one, sometimes two sermons a day for every day of the week. Yes, very tired!"

"It was my fault," I said. "You know it was the very evening you arrived in Galveston! Somehow the conversation turned at the supper table that evening upon matters on the Rio Grande. Not a minister had ever preached there yet of any Protestant denomination; really, territory as untrodden, so far, by any bearer of the Cross as was the New World when Columbus landed and planted the same at San Salvador. I remember you said on the spot, notwithstanding the outcry of mother here, that just as soon as you could rest a little from your last six months of unceasing travel and preaching you would go there."

"Yes," that venerated mother here added, reproachfully, "and at that very supper table you must needs tell your poor father how that very day you had seen a vessel at the wharves about to sail for the Rio Grande. And I do believe that you suggested he should go immediately, and on that vessel."

"No, Eliza; no, he did not," my father added, in his quick, peculiar way. "I said it was a shame men should find their way there on every other errand but to carry the Gospel. When I asked William when the vessel sailed, and he said 'To-morrow,' I said: 'Eliza, please have my things ready. To-morrow I go.'"

"And I could have cried," a sister here adds, "when I went down with you, early next morning, and saw the miserable little boat you were to go in. Ship! It was hardly longer than this parlor, all heaped with boxes and barrels and bales and coils of rope! You had hard work to find a place for your little valise on the crowded and dirty deck. Nothing to sit on but your valise."

"It is all in the way you look at things," my father interrupted. "If it was to go on a *filibustering* expedition, even if a picnic affair, one would have taken the very roughness as part of the romance and the pleasure. And was I not repaid? The very next Sabbath I preached at the mouth of the Rio Grande the first sermon ever preached there. There were only fifty-three persons in the place. Every soul was present except two or three. Only one professor of religion among them. Morning, noon, and night I preached there, and to people hungry for preaching. And that was but the beginning of what was to me a perfect feast of preaching. At every town, village, cluster of half-a-dozen houses up the Rio Grande I stopped and had service. And our modes of travel were in strict keeping with the sorts of buildings in which we held our meetings. You know I never had any faith at all in 'to-morrow.' Pharaoh said 'To-morrow' when asked of Moses when he should pray to the Lord for his relief from the frogs; and I never say to-morrow when I can help it. When I came to leave the mouth of the Rio Grande, for instance, and asked when the first steamer left, they said 'To-morrow.' It reminded me of the course of the impenitent when urged to repent. They meant that possibly a steamer would leave some of these days! Not exactly! So, with one or two others, I chartered a horse and a cart, and we rattled over the fine road toward Brownsville in great style, a thousand miles from criticism! Not a single tree along the road, only ebony, mesquite, mimosa, nor even a log cabin, only cane hovels, thatched with grass, filled with lazy Mexicans, doing nothing the year around but drinking *pulque* and gambling—the one who fed our horse at noon gambling off the quarter for the same before we started. Our driver, too, was so drunk as to compel his sober horse to reel with us from side to side of the road. He *had* to drink, he explained, to drown the suffering he was in on account of being disappointed in a fight he was to have had with a man that very day! As it was, he lost the road, and we did not reach Brownsville until night, preventing my having service that evening, to my great regret. However, I crossed the Rio Grande, and spent the night in Matamoras with a friend. It was Christmas night, and as we wandered through the city the entire population seemed to be out of doors and gambling. A priest came and took my companion off to take a drink, which I declined to share.

"At midnight we went to the cathedral. No seats, no floor, no roof for the thousand souls gathered therein. When I went to bed, it was not to sleep. All the bells, drums, cannon, fire-crackers were going. Then the sentinels, with their hoarse and incessant call, worse than an army of cats! Next door the garrison were having a grand supper, with toasts and *vivas*, seated at a long table, and served by their own officers. We got upon our own roof, and had a clear view of the whole stormy affair. Next night I preached to a very large assembly in Brownsville, the first Protestant sermon there. As there were so many *fandangoes* that night, it was feared few would be present; but the entire place seemed to be at service. I spoke a full hour, amid very novelty to them of the service. So of all the other sermons I preached. It seemed to be a treat to them. It certainly was to me.

"Oh! well, I want to tell you about my being lost in that yacht. I carried my missionary labors meanwhile up the river, preaching at every available point. At one place I had to ring the bell myself to assemble the people to the *jacal*—of rails stuck in the earth, daubed with mud and thatched with grass—which served for every public meeting. And then I was entreated to be as brief as possible, as the *jacal* was wanted the moment I was done for a *fandango!* My labors closed at Roma, the last American town, three hundred and sixty-five miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande, a German prince being my companion part of the time. An amazingly ignorant prince he was, buying a large tract of land in Texas, bringing over thousands of his former subjects and settling them thereon, under the delusion that the relation of prince and people could be continued here, as in Germany! For the first time in my life I was ahead in missionary work of the Methodists, Heaven bless them! Everywhere I was urged to send out ministers, promise being made of everything we could wish in the way of building lots for churches and other support. If we only had the men! When I had done all I could, and was at the mouth of the river again, I was offered a free passage in a vessel bound for Galveston. But it was the old story that it would sail 'To-morrow!' and I knew what that meant.

"That is the way I came to embark on that yacht. It was very small; a captain and one man composing the crew. But I was to be landed at Galveston in three days, certain. Well, we set sail, and I counted on soon being with you, to start in good earnest upon my work for the college. But the Master always orders our work otherwise than we expected; a period of endurance, instead, that hardest of all work. Hardly had we cleared the wharf when a 'norther' struck us. As helpless before that as a feather, in a few hours we had been driven near two hundred miles southward from our course. Oh! that long, long week. The sea always makes me sick; and a norther blowing full against the Gulf Stream produces that short, chopping motion, especially in case of a vessel so small, which would make and keep in deadly nausea even the oldest sailor. It seemed like the shores of Paradise when we came in sight of the coast again, at Aransas Bay. In a few hours we will be ashore. But no! Again the wind struck us, and drove us as far south as we were before. Another week, which seemed a month. And the storm of Nature was rivaled by that of human passion on board. Our crew is a man who had taken passage pretending to be a sailor, merely to get to Galveston, but who seemed never to have even seen a rope, or helm, or even boat or sea before. The furious captain raged against this man in a tempest of curses and blows from the moment we left the wharf. Imagine yourself cooped up in the miserable little cabin, in which you can neither stand nor lie at full length, the deck against your very face, upon which howls the storm of wind and human wrath. Every blow struck the sailor seemed to strike me. When I crawled out upon the careened and slippery deck, of a morning, after a night which is all nightmare, I always found it spattered afresh with the blood of the beaten man. It was like a foretaste of Hell.

"After another week of this the gale slackens. The land is again in sight. We are in the very mouth of the Sabine River. The low shores are beautiful exceedingly. No fear now. Standing on deck, I could toss a biscuit ashore. How glad we were! It reminded me of when I neared the mouth of the Mississippi once, crossing the Gulf from Galveston in a ship for New Orleans. As, on that occasion, we neared the Balize from sea at night, there would be, first, the dim and far-off twinkling of a light there, as we lowered sail and tossed doubtfully aboht, wearied with the sea, a steamer would be seen bearing down upon us from the mouth of the river, with its eager fires and earnest paddles, to seize on us and bear us, helpless of ourselves, into the river, and so up it, until the great city, with all its lights, lay before us. It always reminds me of the soul worn out with the voyage of life, and some strong angel of God, hastening out from Heaven to meet the soul departing from life, seizing upon it with eager hands, and bearing it onward from sea and storm until all the City of our God, brilliant with a thousand glories, lies before it. I thought of all that as we neared shore in our little yacht this time."

The speaker paused. If he thought of Heaven when coming in from sea, it was merely another form of the same theme which filled and gladdened his mind on land, too, and always. At home for years now in Heaven, I do wonder if he thinks of earth now as much as, when on earth, he thought of Heaven.

"Well, father, you landed and came home?" my sister said, after a while.

"I have often wondered," he replied, with an instant change in his whole manner, "in regard to Satan. You know Beelzebub means the god of flies. Now, often, during some specially important part of a sermon, on a very special occasion, or at the most solemn parts of a communion service, I have, in summer time, been almost prevented from proceeding, not so much by annoyance of flies in general. Some one particular fly would hover and buzz and persist and return—the congregation noticing it, too—after being driven away fifty times, would so insist upon clinging to my eye or nose or lips that it really did seem like Satan himself."

"I was satisfied of that myself," his son makes reply. "A fly got into my mouth last Sabbath, immediately after I took my text. What is more, it stayed there all the sermon through! I dared not stop to spit it out, for fear of losing the clue of my sermon! That abominable fly and the argument to the people ran parallel in my mind."

"What I was going to say," the missionary interrupted, "and more seriously, was this. We were were actually stepping ashore at the Sabine! It really seemed as if it was the Prince of the Power of the Air; as if he had slackened his fury merely to tantalize us. But ten minutes more and we would have been on land. As if lurking there and watching us, that instant he was down on us again. We are carried once more far out to sea, southward; our little boat like a nutshell among the waves. Remember, we had provisioned at the Mouth only for three days. Long ago we had been carefully doling out the food and water. To be driven away again, to endure sea, starvation, and the raging profanity and cruelty on board, actually did look as if it were the work of the Adversary! And the storm rages worse than before. The captain tells me that it is impossible to outride it; and, falling on his knees, with one arm around the mast, he calls loudly upon the Virgin for help, vowing the largest candles for her altar if allowed to escape. I preached him a brief sermon, largely application. Then I go below, lie down in my berth, and calmly resigned myself to the will of the God of the storms. Never in my life did I feel more perfectly peaceful than when I expected each plunge of the vessel would be to the bottom. I was in the path of duty. My story is too long; but it seemed vastly longer while taking place. The storm suddenly abated, and, reduced to our last morsel of food and water and hope, we land at last, after a voyage which was to have been of three days and actually was a storm of three weeks.

"I believe I had the respect of the captain all through. After landing, he draughted and gave me this chart of our terrible trip." And my father took from his pocket, spread out and smoothed open upon the table, a really beautiful navigator's draught of their voyage. It lies before me as I write, a wild complication of acute angles, zig-zagging desperately east, west, north, and especially south—travel enough, if in a straight line, to have carried them to Europe.

"That voyage," my father added, as we all arose to go to-bed, "is but a three weeks' portion of my life of sixty years. From all my experiences, so far, I have learned: First. That we always land safely at last. Only persevere in the path of plain duty. As when I stepped ashore at last from that terrible voyage, so when we cease from all the stormy ocean of life safe in Heaven forever, we shall land safely in the blessed end. It is but a little while. Second. I have no doubt we shall have, for our study in Heaven, our life's entire voyage charted out for us accurately in some way. And all that chart will be crowded with curves and lines, astounding angles and amazing zig-zags. Yes; and we shall see then how God overruled the storms of Nature without and of sin within—all in mercy, no line nor curve, zig-zag nor angle, but had its own peculiar use to us, essential, indispensable."

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

IF General Grant is not a despot, it is not the fault of his foes; for they urge despotism upon him with a pertinacity that would be amusing did it not indicate an ignorance of American institutions, and that in quarters where we look for intelligence—which is deplorable, and may easily become alarming. Thanks to General Grant's firmness or obstinacy, he has hitherto resisted every attempt to force him into any interference with either Senate or House of Representatives; but a less resolute man might be less successful in resisting the pressure brought upon him, and the very existence of such a pressure is in itself a national calamity. A conspicuous illustration of the curious misapprehension of the function of the President which prevails in high quarters is afforded by a recent editorial in the *Nation* (August 15th), from which we quote, because the *Nation* is conspicuously non-partisan, and because in this particular article it makes a painfully laborious attempt to preserve an aspect of impartiality by bestowing liberal criticism on both parties:

"A little patience and good sense, a little show of comprehension of the dissatisfaction of honest men with the state of affairs, a little candor in admitting mistakes, a little show of zeal in remedying them, would, even as late as the fall of last year, have made the Missouri movement harmless to General Grant's prospects. Instead of this, the smallest inquiry or complaint was met in the Senate with insolent resistance or flat denials and gross abuse by the brazen band whom he allowed to call themselves his 'friends.' Nor was this all. It might have been difficult or indiscreet in him publicly to repudiate his defenders, however unwelcome they may have been; but there was no excuse for his allowing his organ in this city to assail Senator Schurz and other leading members of the opposition with vituperation suited only to the ratpit and the prize-ring, simply because they had chosen to exercise a constitutional right in an unhandsome way."

Upon what principle is General Grant held responsible for the action of the United States Senate? Is it, forsooth, only a body of clerks appointed to register the decrees of an imperial Cæsar? What if "the smallest inquiry or complaint was met *in the Senate* with insolent resistance or flat denials and gross abuse"? We are not called on to elect a Senate, but a President. I can understand how Napoleon was held responsible for the action of the French Senate; for it was composed of men whom he selected and appointed, and their action was simply the embodiment of his will. I can understand how a partisan journal should, for partisan purposes, charge upon the President all the errors, real or imagined, of Republican senators. I can understand how the President is justly held accountable for the maladministration of Thomas Murphy, if there was maladministration under him; because Thomas Murphy was his appointee, and was subject to removal at his will. But that a journal of so deservedly high a repute as the *Nation* should confound all distinctions between the legislative and executive functions of government; expect the President to "run the Senate," and direct the action of its members or of any of them; that it should ignore the fact that the President is appointed not to make laws, but to execute them, and that the attempt to compel his "friends" to carry out his views, instead of their own, would be treason to the essential principles of American Republicanism, argues the existence of a misapprehension of the relative duties of the legislative and executive officers which promises but ill for any real Civil Service Reform.

And yet the *Nation* does but represent the commonest complaints against Gen. Grant. We ask: Has he not faithfully collected the taxes? Yes. But the House of Representatives have refused to repeal the income tax. Has he not reduced the debt? Yes. But Congress has not properly adjusted the tariff. Has he not urged and as far as possible adopted a system of competitive examinations? Yes. But Matthew H. Carpenter ridicules Civil Service Reform. Has he not adjusted peacefully our complicated relations with Great Britain? Yes. But Ben. Butler has made a Fenian speech. Has he not cordially welcomed every investigation of every charge against the various departments under his control? Yes. But Senator Conkling resisted the French Arms inquiry. Well, what of it? Ben. Butler has a right to make a Fenian speech, and Mat. H. Carpenter to ridicule Civil Service Reform, and Senator Conkling to resist what he regards a needless inquiry (albeit he denies doing so, I believe); and they are answerable to their constituents, not to General Grant. The slightest attempt on his part to coerce or cajole or bribe their action ought to be met with instant and indignant protest from the Senate and people. It augurs ill for the purity of American politics that the chief complaint against General Grant is that he has not attempted to coerce or to influence unduly the legislative action of his "friends."

But the *Nation* holds him responsible not only for the action of the Senate, but also that of the newspaper press. "There was no excuse for allowing his organ in this city to assail Senator Schurz." Truly, the responsibilities of the President are great if he is responsible for all the journalistic amenities of the American party press. What should he have done? Jingled his little bell, and sent the indecorous editor to Fort Lafayette for his indecorum? Turned him out, and put in a more discreet writer in his place? Suppressed by telegraphic orders the edition? Directed all future editorials to be submitted to his censorship? What sort of an idea of editorial independence has that man who declares that there is no excuse for the President of the United States because a journal which advocates his reelection, when smitten on the one cheek, does not turn the other also. The least interference which General Grant could have exercised would have been to write a polite note to the editor, requesting a different policy. Such a note any journal of decent character would instantly resent as an insult.

The least the *Nation* can do, if it means to hold General Grant responsible for the imaginary vices of the *Times* newspaper, is to credit him with its real virtues. If he is answerable for its discourteous language, then he is also to be credited with breaking up the New York Ring and giving pic-nics to the New York Arabs. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

I am not much concerned respecting Gen. Grant's Administration. It has plenty of defenders, and really needs no defending. But the singular ignorance which condemns him for not falling into the egregious error of his predecessor, and forcing upon Congress his own views and policies, is fundamental, and, once allowed to become widespread, would eat out the foundations of genuine Republicanism. The function of the President is a very simple one. It is to execute the laws and carry out the policies enacted by the people through the National Congress. The question before the American people is a very simple one: Has Gen. Grant done this faithfully and well?

ADVANCE OF POPULATION IN REGARD TO CLIMATE AND PRODUCTS.

BY E. D. MANSFIELD, LL.D.

AN article on the advance of population in regard to races would be incomplete without considering that advance in regard to climate and products—that is, food and raiment. Man is not only a living soul, with attributes God-given above all other animals; but he is in his tabernacle here also an animal. As an animal, he is governed by the laws of physical nature. While religion is the most elementary and most powerful of all the influences which direct and govern society, climate and products are the most influential on man, considered as an animal. Hence, colonization, the advance of the human family over the earth, has uniformly moved in the temperate latitudes and the food-producing regions. The only exceptions to this principle have been apparently caused by necessity, and have resulted only in dwarfed races of men. In fine, of the one hundred and eighty degrees of latitude between the North and South Poles, less than half that comprehends nearly the whole population of the human race, and less than one-fourth contains all the great and civilized nations of the earth, ancient and modern. I can here only state the general principle without entering upon details, which, if properly investigated and systematized, would constitute a social science. I may add, however, that this climatic influence has had a wide and powerful effect on laws and institutions, a subject which has been incidentally considered in Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws."

To return to our special problem. The influence of climate and food has a wide effect on the advance of population in the United States. Let us consider, first, the line of this advance. It is now eighty years since the first census was taken. The census of 1870 was the ninth. In this period the line of advance has been very nearly thus—viz.:

In 1700, center of population near York (Pennsylvania).
In 1800, center of population Pennsylvania line (south of Chambersburg).
In 1810, center of population Pennsylvania line (east of Cumberland).
In 1820, center of population Maryland (northeast corner).
In 1830, center of population West Virginia (near Kingwood).
In 1840, center of population West Virginia (south of Clarksburg).
In 1850, center of population West Virginia (southeast of Parkersburg).
In 1860, center of population Ohio (twenty miles south of Chillicothe).
In 1870, center of population Ohio (little west of Hillsborough).

I am indebted for the last four to Mr. Hilgard's article in *Scribner*. The others I have made by the census nearly correct. Beginning, then, in the southeast corner of Pennsylvania, we find the line of the center of population advancing almost due west, being deflected the whole distance only about half a degree south. Beginning, in 1790, near the 40th degree of north latitude, we find it, after the lapse of eighty years (according to Mr. Hilgard), in the latitude of 39 deg. 15 min. Thus, notwithstanding the immense immigration to this country, and notwithstanding the growth of the negro population, we find the *original law* of advance in regard to climate has remained exactly the same. For this there is the most ample cause; but, before we speak of the feeding power of a country on which population must depend, let us look to the *direct* influence of climate, which has always been and must remain one of the most governing influences of the human race. As a general principle, we may state it thus: That the *human family will, as a general rule, move in the climate to which it has been accustomed;* a particular family or race moving almost uniformly in its particular line of latitude. There are exceptions to this, when the ocean makes an insuperable barrier; in the earlier ages, when navigation was but little known. But take up your map, and ask how has America been peopled? It has been peopled by Europeans moving west, crossing the sea by the new methods of navigation. Now mark the immigration, and you see at once that each family has moved on its own line of latitude. The Spaniards and Portuguese peopled Central and South America; the French, Louisiana; the Englishmen, New England; the German, the Middle States; and now we see the most striking example in the migration of the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes. They might go to the South; they might go to Texas, or to Kansas, or to California. They do neither. They go to the very extreme northern climate of the United States, because it is nearest to their own. But let us take the migration within the United States. The New Englanders have kept a steady march (excepting professional men and adventurers) on nearly their own line of latitude, filling up Northern New York, Northern Ohio, and Michigan. In the South it is precisely the same. Virginians moved into Kentucky and then into Missouri; the North Carolinians peopled Tennessee; and South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia filled up the great Slave States of the Southwest. We come now to an exotic race—the negroes. They did not come of their own will; but they are settled precisely where they would have been if they had come of their own will. The negro is a creature of a hot climate; and his master took him to the climate for which he is fitted. But he is now free. Seven years have gone by since the negro could have come North, if he would. He does not come. It is very doubtful whether there are as many negroes who come North now as there did before the war. They never will come North. If any one will go South and ask the negroes, he will find they don't want to come North. This notion vindicates itself. Man is a climatic animal; and, while subject to certain moral and intellectual laws—which place him far above all other animals—there are, nevertheless, certain laws of physical nature which he cannot avoid here upon earth. The laws of climate are a part of these, and they were never more signally realized than in this advance of population in the United States.

We may now consider the advance of population in regard to products—or, more properly, in regard to *food*. This question is almost identical with the other of climate; for it is only the best part of the temperate climate which produces the most food. Man is not only an animal, but he is an animal which has his own peculiar food. Driven to the last extremity, the man of the Arctics or the Tropics eats food which man in general regards as improper, or certainly would not take from choice. But in general the food of man is grain, or the results of grain, which is bread, beef, mutton, and pork. But we find, in looking upon the mass of production, grain is produced only within certain limits of climate, and, hence, we see, as a consequence of natural laws, that nine-tenths of the human race have kept within those limits. No country illustrates this better than the United States. This country (the United States of North America) is comprehended generally between the 50th and the 30th degrees of north latitude. Here is a zone of only 20 degrees in diameter, and yet within that we see some wonderful results in regard to food. Let us now take under the census of 1860, for example, (that of 1870 not being published) the center lines of corn and wheat—the great representative grains of this country. If we look into the census of agricultural products, we shall find that the center of wheat production is on a line drawn through the center of Pennsylvania and Ohio; that is, considerably north of the line of the center of advancing population. But, if we examine the line of the center of corn production, we shall find that it is considerably south of the line of the center of population. In one word, if we combine the two great grains, wheat and corn, we shall find that the center of grain production is on the same line of latitude with the center of population. The line of population, therefore, moves on the line of food. And here we observe a fact which might, if we had time, lead to some philosophical conclusions on the economy as well as the progress of the human race; but we prefer to stick to our text. The *fact* we refer to is this: that the center of grain production is considerably in advance of the center of population. It may easily be shown that this was a necessity of advancing population; but it is unnecessary to the present purpose.

I shall now conclude with some practical inferences, which are inevitable from the above facts.

1. What we call the "South"—the Southern States, which held slaves—will never be populous or advance much more rapidly than they have done, for two conclusive and invincible reasons: That the great stream of immigration from Europe, moving as far as possible on its own line of latitude, will, by a law of Nature, go to the North, and continue, as it has done for half a century, to people the country in the climate to which they have been accustomed. It is a great mistake to suppose that negro slavery only prevented the progress and population of the South. For the same reason that the negroes remain in the South the people of Northern Europe who migrate to America avoid it, and there is nothing in the state of facts which will lead us to anticipate any change.

2. The law of food leads to the same conclusion. Oats, barley, wheat are all northern productions, flourishing best in the north part of the Temperate Zone. Indian corn, it is true, grows further south; but really the center of Indian corn is on the line of advancing population. Thus we see that the law of population results from the law of climate and of food. Taking into view, then, this great law of production, it follows inevitably that the population south of the Ohio and the Missouri will never be at all equal to that north of it.

3. It will follow with almost certainty that, as the negro population are almost all in the South, and adapted to it, and as there is comparatively little white migration there, the negro must always be a large if not the largest part of the population of the South. At the same time, it is very evident that, following the laws of climate, the *tendency* of the negro population will be to go still further south. In fact, we can scarcely resist the belief that *ultimately* the great mass of negroes will be found round the Gulf of Mexico. That is the *tendency* produced by climatic influences and by the products they are especially adapted to raise.

4. It is equally evident that, as the great belt of wheat production (and with that of oats and barley) tends to the northwest, and must eventually include the great Valley of the Saskatchewan, in the British Dominion, that the line of the center of population, which has heretofore been rather south of west, will hereafter tend north of west. It will pass the Mississippi considerably north of St. Louis, and will tend up the Missouri Valley. Looking over the vast plains west of the Mississippi, it is evident that it is only north of the Missouri that any dense population can be maintained. South of that, west of Kansas and Arkansas, there intervenes great plains of comparatively barren land, where neither wheat nor corn can be extensively cultivated. Still, we have room enough and fertile land enough to carry the nation of the United States up to three hundred millions, and it will be several generations before young men will seek in vain for good land.

COLLEGE ORGANIZATION.

BY PROF. JOHN BASCOM.

A COLLEGE, to perform well and economically its offices, should be large. It should graduate not less than forty each year. There is not sufficient variety, stimulus, and intellectual life in smaller classes. A complete corps of instructors meet otherwise with an inadequate return for their services. It is a waste of moral power for able teachers to devote their strength to numbers much less than these. The necessary buildings, apparatus, and cabinets can subserve all the ends of a large institution as readily as of a small institution. But to command the attendance of a hundred and sixty well-prepared and diligent students, or of larger numbers, and to carry them successfully with impulse and enthusiasm through all the departments of a college course, call for a great variety and accumulation of talent in instruction, and many and widely scattered influences working in behalf of the college in the community.

A college is a composite institution, one of broad dependencies, of many wants and many powers. Concentration is requisite in its organization; but it is a concentration which includes and consolidates a variety of energies, influences, and attachments. The interests of such an institution cannot fall advantageously into the hands of a single person or a few persons. A college so organized will wax and wane with individual power, and have no reserved force, no complete, composite life, wherewith to pass in safe, easy growth from generation to generation. Moreover, an historic college—one whose power is given it by many and widely separated persons, interests, and inheritances—has, by that very fact, additional educating power. It gathers associations and establishes tendencies that are not easily resisted. They are rooted in the very soil it occupies and make strength and control natural to it.

The largest body that is closely united to a college, and should be organically of it, are its alumni. These have shared its advantages, have tested its methods of instruction in the actual exigences of life, have discovered, more or less, the things serviceable and unserviceable in its discipline, and are ready at once, with the enthusiasm of early attachment, the experience of later years, the pride of literary connections, and the accumulated sense of responsibility to public education, to aid and prosper the parent college. Every educated man should be directly united to the means of education for their support and furtherance. This union can in no way be reached so naturally, so thoroughly, with so much harmony, as by an organized relation of alumni to their own college. They are its proper constituency. They carry its influence everywhere with them, and are able and should be willing from every position to return something to it. This they must, in a measure, do without a close organic connection with it; yet they certainly will not feel themselves impelled to the same constant consideration of its claims when separated from all direct contact and responsibility. Alienation easily springs up; distance and forgetfulness intervene. These must be counterworked by recurring enjoyments and duties. The great purpose of commencement is to reunite, reanimate, and recombine alumni, and to make the union so established directly subservient to the interests of the college. Commencements generate the working force of the year.

If the alumni are less closely united to the college than the faculty, if they have less control than the trustees, they yet stand as a larger circle about both of these; have in charge, by virtue of their numbers, the strength and good name of the institution; and, by their wide diffusion, are the only parties able to keep good its supplies. A college course should be such and the manner of instruction under it such as to educate alumni closely united by pride and gratitude to their alma mater; and this natural dependence should take such a permanent, organic form as to give to them at once the opportunity and lay upon them the duty of habitual, systematic aid. A college would thus stand, like a pyramid, on its broadest surface.

How can this be secured?

The trustees, as a close corporation, electing their own members, owe their peculiar identification with the college over which they preside to the fact of their office. They have no representative capacity; they stand between no body of men and the institution; they owe no duty to any one, can accept no responsibility from any one, as to the conditions and tenure of their station. Able, intelligent, worthy men as they may be, therefore, the college is only made private, restricted by their appointment; put by their government beyond the knowledge and influence of its alumni; submitted in its administration to no criticism and held to no responsibility. A vague opinion may, indeed, spring up in the minds of the alumni favorable or unfavorable to correct government; but they have no way of sufficiently verifying it, and no motive for inquiry, since there is with them no power of correction. Any bias which has once been established in a board of trustees easily, almost inevitably perpetuates itself, since the majority not only control the present policy of the college, but, by virtue of electing their own members, the policy of those who are to come after them. There is thus a percentage of accident in the sudden and exclusive control which falls to a trustee; and he has in its exercise no representative power, no organic relation, no ground of general sympathy. The college is by him cut off from the interest and influence even of its own alumni. The trustees are, moreover, from the manner of their appointment and their indefinite continuance in office, sure to be elderly men; less sympathetic, therefore, with the young and growing forces of the community and less able to lay hold of and use them.

If one-half their body were elected by the alumni, each member so chosen serving for a term of years equal to the number chosen, there might then fall to each annual gathering of the alumni the choice of a trustee, who, as their representative, should be in communication with them, feel their spirit, and have in turn an additional hold upon them in seeking aid. The alumni thus become an organic part of the college, influencing its discipline, communicating impulse, and able to give intellectual guidance as well as pecuniary aid. The opportunity for action and the motives for action concur, and the alumni cheerfully assume responsibilities which they have received power to fulfill. The trustees combine also two compensatory elements, lose their restricted relation, and have at once broader interests and increased power at their disposal.

A close coporate body, as such, has inferior claims on the liberality of the community. Those who rule without public responsibility should provide without public appeal. The right to ask aid should be accompanied with the concession of criticism and counsel. Trustees, as fulfilling a trust, can do no otherwise than unite themselves closely to the community, on the one side, and to those who give character to the college, on the other—that is, to the alumni and the faculty. The more close and secluded they become the more do they cut, on either hand, the connection of influence and interest. A college that is its trustees is nothing more than its trustees—a body without representative capacity or personal interest. A college must be initiated by such a board; but there is no reason why it should not grow beyond it.

If to such a representation in the government of a college there be added committees to report on its material interests, its plans of enlargement, its methods of instruction, the alumni become an interested, well-informed, and most influential body, pledged by public duty and literary sympathy to cherish and strengthen the institution which unites them, which gives them rank in the world of letters, and through which they reach in turn the higher educational interests of the community. An action of this sort has been initiated in several colleges. It prepares the way for that thorough combination and breadth of influence which lift a college above the fluctuations incident to local, limited enterprises. The prosperity of a college so organized no longer turns on the reputation or activity of single parties; but there is a wide and searching criticism, a general and earnest purpose, an ever-renewed effort tending to the improvement of each of its departments, to a quick detection of its excellences and its defects, its points of strength and of weakness. There thus comes to its faculty a prompt recognition of good work. They are united with the alumni for the performance of a specific labor, and are assured of that support which shall render their institution most widely serviceable. A college whose resources are thus systematized and combined will find its strength correspondingly consolidated, its growth more and more a foregone conclusion.

The seclusion of the trustees from the faculty and from the alumni is sure to give control to the president, and render the government of the college individual and arbitrary. The grounds of action do not come under the personal observation of the trustees, and whoever presents these to them guides their action. Thus, in asserting independence of the faculty and alumni, the natural repositories of the internal and external facts pertaining to the college, they fall into inevitable dependence on the president, who is the only member of their body necessarily and thoroughly informed of the wants and conditions of the institution. Thus the influence which is denied to many is granted in excess to one, and we have will in place of counsel, a person in place of an institution, auth

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RMAN AUTHORS RITE SO MUCH.

URST, D.D.

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ch discipline on the re under good direc- nate departments of beneficial beyond ck has had a great al students working century at Halle, one at a time, as mily. He has had ctation to them; at one irregular work, correcting proofs, uls was a discipline to them. It gave rship, a facility in press, a confidence all must have who public. Some of ors have begun in y at Tholuck's tz, the most popu- ian, save Hagen- nguage. The late er ceased writing pidly rose himself rator, and his ap- ssorship in Bonn roof that he be- k of the younger heologians. But

that same Held had done all that could be done by any other than the author, on Tholuck's "*Akademisches Leben des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts.*" The work was made up largely of facts which could be gathered only from the University records of the period in question, and Held corresponded with all the librarians of the German and extra-German universities, secured copies of protocols, and put the matter in order. The brain that guided him did little more than suggest the drift and consummate the generalizations. Jacobi, the author of a church history, and now professor of church history in Halle, was trained in the same way by Neander, who, indeed, lived to see the young man well started, and wrote a commendatory introduction to his first attempt at authorship. Another of Neander's young helpers was the present highest German authority on ecclesiastical art—Professor Piper, of Berlin, really the creator of the science of monumental theology.

Further, the German author takes care to have social refreshment. Without this he would soon fall amid his gigantic literary plans. He cultivates clubbable qualities, and has his circle of friends, with whom he spends his evenings and the afternoons of festive days. He seldom works with his pen at night, and generally not after dinner. He crowds his labors into the morning hours, and, where he leaves anything for the afternoon, it is light matter—the trimming up of the grand trunk he had felled before noon. Reading, comparing authorities, and such easy part of his labor he can do after his after-dinner smoke as well as not. But for dictation, downright authorship, he always takes the forenoon; and urgent must be your demand if you get a welcome from him then. He often has a placard on his door at this time, exhorting all trespassers on his time not to enter unless their business is very important and they are willing to leave very soon again. His rule is to spend all his afternoons and evenings with his family or literary friends. He is a grand diner-out; knows how to occupy two hours at the table, and four or six in digesting what he finds on it. He plays all manner of games with his children, and serves as donkey and what not for them; goes to the reading-room, and drops asleep over the *Viertel-jahrsschrift*; makes a foot excursion with frau and kinder to a neighboring village, and wakes up next morning with fifty brand-new pages at his tongue's end. Thus he goes through his volume, half playing and half working, but always absorbing; and, when he has finished it, he does not need a journey to another continent to bring him elasticity, nor does he shiver like a slave beneath the critic's lash. His nerves are strong, his blood far from torpid, his spirits high, his brain ready for anything. He would begin a cyclopædia on the shortest notice, and fulfill his publisher's best hopes.

What a comment on our spasmodic authorship! Many an American, when he gets through his work, is actually half dead from the absence of all social relaxation. He became shy of society, and considered every hour among his friends as so much lost time. The result was that he lost flesh, spirits, and the indispensable pluck for new undertakings. The German, on the other hand, knows the high science of compressing as much work as possible into his mornings, and as much play as possible into his afternoons and evenings.

The German author, moreover, owes a large degree of his productiveness to his simple diet and regular hours for sleep and rising. He rises early, and never touches any work until he has taken a cup of coffee and a biscuit. He never puts his brain and eyes into harness and under spur and whip without a little food to start with. At 10 he takes a light lunch, such as a sandwich of bread and cheese; and goes to work again, and sticks to it until about 1 o'clock. Then it is all over for that day. He has performed an immense amount of literary work. Six solid hours, and not one minute lost in painful digestion of ham and eggs, beefsteak, hot rolls, and blankety buckwheat cakes. As for hot bread, he never saw any, in all probability; for all the bread comes from the bakers, and is served cold twice a day. If by any oversight he should eat a couple of steaming soda-biscuits, it would cost him a whole day's work; for he never could bring himself to the belief that he has the capacity to digest hot bread. He would moan, and smoke, and declare, in spite of the papers, that the French are marching straight for Berlin. The dinner is plain but plentiful; the supper is light, with black bread as the staple. With the fiber and strength from one day's food he does the work of the next; hence digestion gives him no trouble or thought. He no more thinks of his stomach than of Babarossa's falcons. Of course, he smokes a good deal; but even this, I have noticed, he pushes off largely into the play-hours of the afternoon.

The German author, finally, has the great advantage of having his materials at hand for preparing his work. The Fatherland is the paradise of great libraries. The writer can have on his desk the volume which of all others he needs in as short a time as it requires us to make out for Scribner or Westerman the order which will require five mortal weeks at best to have filled. Even the towns have immense libraries, the growth of *centuries*, which any one can consult at will. What one library does not afford another close at hand does. An American writer has sometimes been compelled to make a voyage to Europe to consult libraries which the German can use daily, and only a few blocks distant from his house. The very fact of distance from the necessary facts repels many an American from authorship in his favorite fields. Mr. Motley has found, throughout his historiography, that he could labor with but little satisfaction to himself, or even certainty, away from the dykes and vellum-bound books of Holland. Mr. Bancroft tells us that only through the courtesy of the Spanish Government and the kind attention of Don Pascual de Gayangos he was enabled to state with certainty the relations of the English, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, and Russian ministers and kings toward our Revolution; and that the next volume of his "History of the United States," the tenth (when shall we see it?), has been prevented from publication through the want of a single document, copies of which he has finally secured.

What does America not owe to Washington Irving's residence in Spain, Hawthorne's consulate in Liverpool, Mr. Thayer's stay in Vienna and Trieste, and Mr. Perkins's residence in Florence? One needs personal contact with the very localities that are embraced within the scope of his undertaking. Schiller, it must be confessed, could write his "William Tell" without ever seeing any of the glories of Lake Lucerne; but then his imagination was unrivaled. Moreover, he had all the advantage, as Mr. Lewes tells us, of the notes of Goethe, who lazed away many an ambrosial hour within the shadows of the Rigi and Mount Pilate.

MR. DALL writes to the *Indian Mirror* that in Southern India Brahmoism seems to be on the decline. The Somaj at Salem had long ceased to meet, and of four congregations in Madras that held regular service a year and a half ago only two continue to meet weekly. Mr. Dall adds that "skepticism with regard to religion and all religious organizations among educated natives in Southern India seems alarmingly on the increase."

The Independent.

ERINNA'S DEATH-SONG.

BY MRS. R. S. GREENOUGH.

DIAN, thou, the stern-browed,
Fierce, and vengeful goddess,
Turn thine eyes upon me,
Dreadful Goddess, see!

Look upon thine altar,
Snow-white kids, fresh slain, there,
Heart's blood slowly dropping,
Awful Goddess, see!

Dove, Timanthon named me,
Snow-white dove he called me,
My heart's blood drops before thee,
Goddess, see and hear!

Grant sleep to my eyelids,
Weary, worn with watching,
Seared with burning teardrops,
Flowing without cease;

Not the sleep that wakens
To more days of weeping,
Shrinking from the sunlight
Glowing on the wall;

But the sleep that opens
Wide the gates of Hades,
To the Land of Shadow,
Goddess, lead me down!

There he wanders, sighing,
By the unseen river;
Unperformed the burial
Rites, he cannot cross

To the fields Elysian,
Glad with changeless flowers—
Wanders, ever sighing,
In the shadow there;

In that land of sorrow,
Of silence but for sighing,
Like a leaf in darkness
Driven on the wind.

I would go unto him;
Never cross the river,
Never see the soft light
On Elysian fields;

I would fold him to me,
Cheer his eyes with kisses,
Warm him on my warm breast,
Hold him by the hand,

In that shadowy silence
Sighing, but from gladness,
Close to him forever—
Dian, let me go!

So not Proserpina
Shall my pale lips honor,
Praising, in her sunless
Realm beyond the Styx;

But a mightier, Dian,
Dread sister of Apollo,
Who her suppliant hearing
Sends to Hades down.

IS IT A HARD SAYING?

BY PRESIDENT C. G. FINNEY.

IN a former article I said that the want of an enduement of power from on high should be deemed a disqualification for a pastor, a deacon, or elder, a Sabbath-school superintendent, a professor in a Christian college, and especially for a professor in a theological seminary. Is this a hard saying? Is it an uncharitable saying? Is it unjust? Is it unreasonable? Is it unscriptural? Suppose any one of the Apostles, or those present on the day of Pentecost, had failed, through apathy, selfishness, unbelief, indolence, or ignorance, to obtain this enduement of power, would it have been uncharitable, unjust, unreasonable, or unscriptural to have accounted him disqualified for the work which Christ had appointed them?

Christ had expressly informed them that without this enduement they could do nothing. He had expressly enjoined it upon them not to attempt it in their own strength, but to tarry at Jerusalem until they received the necessary power from on high. He had also expressly promised that if they tarried, in the sense which he intended, they should receive it "not many days hence." They evidently understood him to enjoin upon them to tarry in the sense of a constant waiting upon him in prayer and supplication for the blessing. Now, suppose that any one of them had strayed away and attended to his own business, and waited for the sovereignty of God to confer this power. He, of course, would have been disqualified for the work; and, if his fellow-Christians, who had obtained this power, had deemed him so, would it have been uncharitable, unreasonable, unscriptural?

And is it not true of all to whom the command to disciple the world is given, and to whom the promise of this power is made, if, through any shortcoming or fault of theirs, they fail to obtain this gift, that they are in fact disqualified for the work, and especially for any official station? Are they not, in fact, disqualified for leadership in the sacramental host? Are they qualified for teachers of those who are to do the work? If it is a fact that they do lack this power, however this defect is to be accounted for, it is also a fact that they are not qualified for teachers of God's people; and, if they are seen to be disqualified because they lack this power, it must be reasonable and right and scriptural so to deem them, and so to speak of them, and so to treat them. Who has a right to complain? Surely, they have not. Shall the Church of God be burdened with teachers and leaders who lack this fundamental qualification, when their failing to possess it must be their own fault? The manifest apathy, indolence, ignorance, and unbelief that exist upon this subject are truly amazing. They are inexcusable. They must be highly criminal. With such a command to convert the world ringing in our ears, with such an injunction to wait in constant, wrestling prayer till we receive the power, with such a promise, made by such a Saviour, held out to us of all the help we need from Christ himself, what excuse can we offer for being powerless in this great work? What an awful responsibility rests upon us, upon the whole Church, upon every Christian. One might ask, How is apathy, how is indolence, how is the common fatal neglect possible, under such circumstances? If any of the primitive Christians to whom this commandment was given had failed to receive this power, should we not think them greatly to blame? If such default had been sin in them, how much more in us, with all the light of history and of fact blazing upon us, which they had not received? Some ministers and many Christians treat this matter as if it were to be left to the sovereignty of God, without any persistent effort to obtain this enduement. Did the primitive Christians so understand and treat it? No, indeed. They gave themselves no rest till this baptism of power came upon them. I once heard a minister preaching upon the subject of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He treated it as a reality; and, when he came to the question of how it was to be obtained, he said truly that it was to be obtained as the Apostles obtained it on the day of Pentecost. I was much gratified, and listened eagerly to hear him press the obligation on his hearers to give themselves no rest till they had obtained it. But in this I was disappointed: for before he sat down he seemed to relieve the audience from the feeling of obligation to obtain the baptism, and left the impression that the matter was to be left to the discretion of God, and said what appeared to imply a censure of those that vehemently and persistently urged upon God the fulfillment of the promise. Neither did he hold out to them the certainty of their obtaining the blessing if they fulfilled the conditions. The sermon was in most respects a good one: but I think the audience left without any feeling of encouragement or sense of obligation to seek earnestly the baptism. This is a common fault of the sermons that I hear. There is much that is instructive in them: but they fail to leave either a sense of obligation or a feeling of great encouragement, as to the use of means, upon the congregation. They are greatly defective in their winding up. They neither leave the conscience under a pressure nor the whole mind under the stimulus of hope. The doctrine is often good, but the "what then?" is often left out. Many ministers and professors of religion seem to be theorizing, criticising, and endeavoring to justify their neglect of this attainment. So did not the Apostles and early Christians. It was not a question which they endeavored to grasp with their intellects before they embraced it with their hearts. It was with them, as it should be with us, a question of *faith* in a *promise*. I find many persons endeavoring to grasp with their intellect and settle as a theory questions of pure experience. They are puzzling themselves with endeavors to apprehend with the intellect that which is to be received as a conscious experience through faith.

There is need of a great reformation in the Church on this particular point. The churches should wake up to the facts in the case, and take a new position, a firm stand in regard to the qualifications of ministers and church officers. They should refuse to settle a man as pastor of whose qualifications for the office in this respect they are not well satisfied. Whatever else he may have to recommend him, if his record does not show that he has this enduement of power to win souls to Christ, they should deem him unqualified. It used to be the custom of churches, and I believe in some places is so still, in presenting a call to the pastorate, to certify that, having witnessed the spiritual fruits of his labors, they deem him qualified and called of God to the work of the ministry. Churches should be well satisfied in some way that they call a fruitful minister, and not a dry stalk—that is, a mere intellect, a mere head with little heart; an elegant writer, but with no unction; a great logician, but of little faith; a fervid imagination, it may be, with no Holy Ghost power.

The churches should hold the theological seminaries to a strict account in this matter; and until they do I fear the theological seminaries will never wake up to their responsibility. Some years since, one branch of the Scotch Church was so tried with the want of unction and power in the ministers furnished them by their theological seminary that they passed a resolution that until the seminary reformed in this respect they would not employ ministers that were educated there. This was a necessary, a just, a timely rebuke, which I believe had very salutary effect. A theological seminary ought by all means to be a school not merely for the teaching of doctrines; but also and even more especially for the development of Christian experience. To be sure, the intellect should be well furnished in those schools; but it is immeasurably more important that the pupils should be led to a thorough personal knowledge of Christ, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, and to be made conformable to his death. A theological seminary that aims mainly at the culture of the intellect, and sends out learned men, who lack this enduement of power from on high, is a snare and a stumbling-block to the Church. The seminaries should recommend no one to the churches, however great his intellectual attainments, unless he has this most essential of all attainments, the enduement of power from on high. The seminaries should be held as incompetent to educate men for the ministry if it is seen that they send out men as ministers who have not this most essential qualification. The churches should inform themselves, and look to those seminaries which furnish not merely the best educated, but the most unctuous and spiritually powerful ministers. It is amazing that, while it is generally admitted that the enduement of power from on high is a reality, and essential to ministerial success, practically it should be treated by the churches and by the schools as of comparatively little importance. In theory it is admitted to be everything; but in practice treated as if it were nothing. From the Apostles to the present day it has been seen that men of very little human culture, but endued with this power, have been highly successful in winning souls to Christ; whilst men of the greatest learning, with all that the schools have done for them, have been powerless so far as the proper work of the ministry is concerned. And yet we go on laying ten times more stress on human culture than we do on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Practically, human culture is treated as indefinitely more important than the enduement of power from on high. The seminaries are furnished with learned men, but often not with men of spiritual power; hence, they do not insist upon this enduement of power as indispensable to the work of the ministry. Students are pressed almost beyond endurance with study and the culture of the intellect, while scarcely an hour in a day is given to instruction in Christian experience. Indeed, I do not know that so so much as one course of lectures on Christian experience is given in the theological seminaries. But religion is an experience. It is a consciousness. Personal intercourse with God is the secret of the whole of it. There is a world of most essential learning in this direction wholly neglected by the theological seminaries. With them doctrine, philosophy, theology, church history, sermonizing are everything, and real heart-union with God nothing. Spiritual power to prevail with God and to prevail with man has but little place in their teaching. I have often been surprised at the judgment men form in regard to the prospective usefulness of young men preparing for the ministry. Even professors are very apt, I see, to deceive themselves on this subject. If a young man is a good scholar, a fine writer, makes good progress in exegesis, and stands high in intellectual culture, they have strong hopes of him, even though they must know in many such cases that these young men cannot pray; that they have no unction, no power in prayer, no spirit of wrestling, of agonizing, and prevailing with God. Yet they are expecting them, because of their culture, to make their mark in the ministry, to be highly useful. For my part, I expect no such thing of this class of men. I have indefinitely more hope of the usefulness of a man who, at any cost, will keep up daily intercourse with God; who is yearning for and struggling after the highest possible spiritual attainment; who will not live without daily prevalence in prayer and being clothed with power from on high. Churches, presbyteries, associations, and whoever license young men for the ministry are often very faulty in this respect. They will spend hours in informing themselves of the intellectual culture of the candidates; but scarcely as many minutes in ascertaining their heart culture and what they know of the power of Christ to save from sin, what they know of the power of prayer, and whether and to what extent they are endued with power from on high to win souls to Christ. The whole proceeding on such occasions cannot but leave the impression that human learning is preferred to spiritual unction. Oh! that it were different, and that we were all agreed, practically, now and forever, to hold fast to the promise of Christ, and never think ourselves or anybody else to be fit for the great work of the Church till we have received a rich enduement of power from on high. I beg of my brethren, and especially my younger brethren, not to conceive of these articles as written in the spirit of reproach. I beg the churches, I beg the seminaries to receive a word of exhortation from an old man, who has had some experience in these things, and one whose heart mourns and is weighed down in view of the shortcomings of the Church, the ministers, and the seminaries on this subject. Brethren, I beseech you to more thoroughly consider this matter, to wake up and lay it to heart, and rest not till this subject of the enduement of power from on high is brought forward into its proper place and takes that prominent and practical position in view of the whole Church that Christ designed it should.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

MR. GREELEY'S nomination for the presidency by a sham coalition of disaffected Republicans and Southern Democrats has led to a most searching analysis of his character and a most damaging *exposé* of his past record. Words written under circumstances that made them the honest utterances of the man's opinions are exhumed from the files of the New York *Tribune* for a new reading. Deeds of which the country disapproved, but are pardoned, are now dragged out into the clear light of the present, for reconsideration. So long as they were the words and deeds of Horace Greeley the editor they possessed comparatively little importance. But they assume a very different shape when considered as emanating from Horace Greeley the possible President. So his friends understand it. And everywhere they are busy, dancing up and down the lines, thrusting on the public explanation, apology, and denial, and endeavoring, with the shining varnish of their eulogy, to hide the flaws in their leader, which his opponents, with remorseless frankness, continue to point out.

But nothing that has thus far been attempted is more astonishing or amusing than the effort of his followers to apologize for or explain away his bitter hostility to the cause of woman suffrage; astonishing, for almost up to the very day of the Baltimore Convention he insultingly assured those women who appealed to him for the last time that "he neither desired their help [in his election] nor believed them capable of giving any." One would think, after this, that there would be no whimpering, nor remonstrating, if women demonstrated their capability to hinder his election and organized for that purpose. Amusing, for these very explanations and apologies prove the truthfulness of some of the most grievous charges now being made by Mr. Greeley's opponents.

"In 1850, and even up to a later date," say Mr. Greeley's apologists, "Mr. Greeley sympathized with woman suffrage. He was willing to help the movement; he offered to help it; yes, he did help it. But Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony made him angry. They acted contrary to his advice. They persuaded his wife to join them in a petition to the New York Constitutional Convention for the right of suffrage, after he himself, at the head of a committee, had reported adversely to the reform. Afterward they affiliated with Train, and criticised Mr. Greeley in the *Revolution*. Then came their association with Mrs. Woodhull, which was the climax of their unwisdom. And all this has so provoked Mr. Greeley that he has forgotten that these ladies are not the whole of the woman suffrage movement, and has, therefore, swung round into the bitterest opposition to woman suffrage everywhere."

This, in substance, has been said to myself personally and to others a score of times. It is reiterated in letters which lie before me written by Mr. Greeley's friends and coworkers, and it has been published to the world. Then it is true, by the showing of his own friends, that Mr. Greeley is an "apostate"; for he did not turn his back on woman suffrage because he was convinced that it is wrong as a principle. Not because Republicanism, Christianity, enlightened patriotism, and statesmanship forbade his going further in the direction of woman's enfranchisement did he set himself against it and become its foremost, unscrupulous, and unrelenting enemy. This has never been asserted. "Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony made him angry." They wounded his pride, and, with his own indirect aiding and abetting, placed him in an odious light before the public; and, to revenge himself on them, he apostatized from a cause to which he had lent a helping hand, and through the columns of the *Tribune* has poured on it the foulest, most illogical, and unreasonable abuse. If two or three women could drive Mr. Greeley into apostasy from a righteous cause, which he had once defended, it is not difficult to understand his loose hold of principle, which has made it possible for cunning politicians to buy him off from his allegiance to Republicanism with the gorgeous promise of the Presidency.

"But Mr. Greeley is not responsible for the public insults to womanhood with which the columns of the New York *Tribune* have run over," say another class of his apologists. "They have been written by another pen than his. He has not exercised a very close supervision over the columns of the *Tribune* of late, and has not been aware of these insults till after he has read them in the paper."

So then, again, as his political opponents charge, Mr. Greeley really *is* surrounded by unscrupulous and designing men, who make him their tool and in whose hands he is like clay in the hands of the potter." This is, in effect, the plea now offered in his extenuation. But some of the worst articles ever published in the New York *Tribune were* written by Mr. Greeley, and bore the proof of his authorship in their composition, if, indeed, his signature was not appended to them. So brutal and abominable were they that the very man who now arrogates to himself the equivocal honor of first bringing Mr. Greeley forward as a Presidential candidate, administered to him a merited rebuke in the following vigorous manner. We copy from the *Golden Age* of last September. The italics are ours:

"It grieves us to use rough words, particularly of friends; but Mr. Greeley's public behavior toward women, and their rights, and the advocates of these rights, is little short of brutal. Notwithstanding the hideous fact that our laws condemn one-half the citizens of the Republic to a dungeon of political inequality, no writer or speaker, whether man or woman, can put forth an effort to reform this wickedness without incurring the *Tribune's* insult. Ever since Mr. Greeley's own wife petitioned the New York Constitutional Convention for the right of suffrage, and he himself, a member thereof, headed the majority that voted her down, he has been in a raving rage against all women suffragists. No epithet of vileness has been too black for the *Tribune* to fling at them; no misrepresentation too unjust to be hurled as a weapon of war against them.

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To speak of such writers [Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others] as 'instilling the views of libertines into the ears of foredoomed victims' is simply Mr. Greeley's delicate method of publicly insulting the brain and heart of his own wife.

"If Mr. Greeley wishes to make enemies among a company of men and women who for years have been his staunchest friends, he will not find them cowards. The *Tribune* is not the only iron gauntlet that knows how to strike a blow. 'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.' Traitorous to the traditions of its thirty years' war for liberty, the *Tribune* is now weak because it is now wrong. In becoming the chief enemy of the beneficent movement of which it should be the chief friend, it has lost its power and is morally dead. At the present rate of the *Tribune's* mortality, what remains of the public life of the great man who is at its head will be simply his slow burial out of men's sight and thought.

"The *Tribune* affects to believe that the radical wing of the Woman Suffrage party is inoculating the present generation with new and pernicious ideas. Mr. Greeley knows better than this, and says it only for effect.

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One such utterance by the *Tribune* [as the editor had just quoted from Jeremy Bentham] would exhibit its editor a far nobler man than walking up and down the acres of Billingsgate which his journal now spreads out (like his meadow of mire at Chappaqua) over the whole ground of the woman suffrage movement.

"No public man in America has done or has undone so much good to his country as Mr. Greeley; *and his present daily bitter and incessant hostility toward the movement for woman's enfranchisement bids fair to make a total destruction of one of the greatest reputations which any American ever built up or pulled down with his own hands.*"

It is idle to attempt to controvert or disguise the fact that the New York *Tribune* has been the bitterest foe to woman's enfranchisement that this country has produced. It has been more than this. For, if women have been the giddy slaves of fashion, and have given themselves to display and frivolity, the *Tribune* has made hot haste to open its batteries of ridicule upon them. If they have struggled for self-support, for equal advantages with men for industrial training, equal pay for equal work, equality before the law, they have been met by the *Tribune* with levity and detraction, and very rarely with hearty words of encouragement, unaccompanied by a taunt or an insult.

Whether the struggle has been for "a principle or a panier"; whether women have spoken in self-defense or self-assertion; whether they have gone abroad in quest of employment or have remained idle dependents on the bounty of male relatives, whether they have been keepers at home, "weak-minded," and afraid of the world, or "strong-minded," have appeared in public meetings of their own calling to discuss their needs and disabilities, they have always been sure, in advance, of the *Tribune's* stinging insult and wholesale misrepresentation.

When we have remonstrated with the women reporters of the *Tribune* on the great wrong they were doing their own sex by the absurd misreports of women's conventions they furnished to that journal, by the caricatures of the women who took part therein, by the gross distortion of the proceedings, which rendered it in most cases impossible for any one not in attendance to know what had been said or done, we have received for answer the statement that they acted under orders, and that no report that was not in part a caricature would be paid for or published.

Some of us have protested in person or by letter to Mr. Greeley against this indiscriminate abuse, and have besought fair play. "Report us fairly; meet our arguments with logic; do not misrepresent us; criticise us when we are wrong, and convince us of our mistakes; do not condemn all for the misdoing of two or three; and let contempt and ridicule and abuse keep silence." But it has availed us nothing.

Others of us have entreated, and have received the intercession of mutual friends, the coworkers and associates of Mr. Greeley; but have been able to effect no change for the better. The *Tribune* has kept straight on in its woman-scorning course, making indiscriminate abuse of women almost a specialty, "heaping up wrath against the day of wrath." Is it strance that to-day the progress of Mr. Greeley to the White House is opposed by an overwhelming majority of the women who have been readers of the *Tribune*, whether believers in woman suffrage or not? For it is not possible to insult a body of women as numerous and widespread, as noble and useful as those who in this country ask the right of suffrage without all womanhood feeling the shock and tingling with a sense of outrage.

During the Anti-slavery struggle the great host of Anti-slavery people were found outside the Abolitionist organizations, held back from membership by cowardice or reasons springing from social and sectarian conventionalisms, even while they fully sympathized with the reform. So to-day the great constituency of the woman suffrage organizations is outside their membership. All over the land women are pressing forward with eager desire for the larger opportunities of education so freely accorded to man in colleges and universities. They are finding their way into employments heretofore forbidden them, and are asking that they may be allowed to define their sphere of work, as men do, by their taste and capacity. They are restless under the tyranny of laws founded upon the institution of slavery—for "the law of the status of women is the last vestige of slavery"—and they are seeking a larger liberty. Everywhere, all these classes of women are watching the progress of the suffrage movement with friendly interest, for they comprehend that it includes and underlies the special privileges which they lack and crave.

Thus it is that a small army of women, silent as far as public speech is concerned, but mighty in their influence with the men of their acquaintance, bar Mr. Greeley's way to the Presidency. Because they have made no public demonstration against him since his double nomination, let it not be imagined that they are idle. A disfranchised class *must* have different methods of work from those who are legal voters, and the *modus operandi* of women will never be like that of men. In no one of the twenty presidential campaigns of the country have women taken the general and earnest interest they do in the present. And among all the women of my own acquaintance I am able to count *seven* only who are not strongly and earnestly in favor of Gen. Grant's re-election.

For myself, if Mr. Greeley believed in woman suffrage as entirely as I do; if the Cincinnati and Baltimore Conventions had incorporated an out-and-out woman suffrage plank in their platforms; and if the Republican Convention at Philadelphia had been utterly dumb on the subject, my face would be set like a flint against Mr. Greeley and his party, and I should work, as I now do, with all my might and main for the success of the other. For my political creed embraces more than a belief in woman suffrage. It includes, also, negro suffrage; such a reconstruction of the South as shall make it safe and comfortable for Northerners and negroes to live there; perpetuity of the constitutional amendments; reform in the civil service; labor reform; common schools and compulsory education; payment of the national debt just as the country agreed to pay it, when, in sore distress, it went into the market to borrow money. And to these I may add an abiding disbelief of the Southern Democracy, which plunged the country into civil war, which has stood opposed to all the rights of foreigners in this country ever appeared to so good advantage in these particulars as the lower-class Chinese.

But the Chinese in California are not all lower class. Some of them are men of wealth and culture, looked up to in their own land because of their social standing and their intellectual attainments. To such the position in which they find themselves in America is peculiarly trying. They are here commonly counted in with the vilest of their fellows, decmed barbarians, treated by many with contempt, and not unfrequently made the subject of gross indignities. Proud of their national history and their religious philosophy, they come here as disciples of Confucius, expecting to learn something more of the spirit and teachings of Jesus, through the conduct of his nominal followers. The treatment they too commonly experience here is surely not best calculated to show the superiority of our religion over their's, nor is the case bettered by the fact that some of the best portions of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco are contiguous to some of the worst quarters of the American population. At more than one point an impartial observer would say that he stepped from a higher to a lower plane, socially, intellectually, religiously—on crossing the line which separates the Chinese quarter from an American district.

The Chinese generally are desirous of acquiring our language, and to this end they gladly attend Sunday or week-day schools opened for their benefit. It is a singular illustration of the vile spirit of caste that opposition is manifested by the white rabble and by some reputable Americans in California to the education or religious instruction of the Chinese. There was an apparent cause for hostility in the old South to the education of the blacks when the system of slavery might be thereby endangered; but this unwillingness to have the Chinese taught our language and our religion can only be ascribed to the devilish spirit which would have the Indians, good and bad, exterminated, because of the evil courses of some of their race. In San Jose the Methodist church was burned down three years ago because of the flourishing Chinese Sunday-school gathered within its walls; and to-day it is said that no insurance company will take a risk on a church building in that city if the Gospel is preached or taught in it to a Chinese assembly. Even when these sons of Asia would sit as disciples of Jesus at the table of his love, exception is taken by some American Pharisees to the receiving of such sinners and eating with them.

Yet, with all this prejudice against the Chinese, and this widespread unwillingness to have them taught and received as Christians in California, there are many true-hearted disciples of Jesus in that state, manifesting the spirit of their Master toward this class of strangers—going to them in love, teaching them His truth, instructing them in our language, and ready to sit with them in hearty fellowship at His feet or table. Several churches of Chinese Christians have been formed in San Francisco; and it is thought that at least one thousand Chinese scholars are under religious instruction in the church and mission schools of that city. Even in San Jose they are taught in a Sunday-school in their own quarter, and widely throughout California well-devised plans are in operation for their conversion and improvement. A number of Chinese young men are already in service as Christian evangelists among their countrymen in California. A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association has its well-supplied reading-room and headquarters at the Presbyterian Mission House in San Francisco, and the various Evangelical denominations are beginning to vie with one another in efforts at the evangelization of this people.

A pleasant illustration of the hopeful work for the Chinese in progress in the churches of California was given at the recent anniversary exercises of the First Congregational church in Oakland. Five divisions of the school presented, one by one, their missionary offerings, accompanied by appropriate emblems and recited texts of Scripture. The fifth division was the Chinese department. Half a dozen representative youth of that class, in Chinese garb, came before the congregation, and delivered their offering to the pastor. Their emblem was the yellow silk banner of China, with its emblazoned dragon, and the added motto "God is our king." The amount contributed by this class was larger than that given by either of the other divisions of the school; for the Chinese learn while in heathenism that a test of sincerity is willingness to make sacrifices for an object of worship. A text of Scripture was then recited by each, some of the chosen passages being singularly appropriate and impressive. Said one: "Behold, these shall come from far; and lo! these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." Said another: "Then Peter opened his mouth and said: Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." Then, as if in gentle protest against the treatment of some of their countrymen by nominal Christians, and in reminder of their own duty under persecution, one of them recited the words of Jesus: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." A young man who is about entering upon a course of theological study, for ministerial work among his countrymen, closed with the earnest appeal of Joshua to Israel as a fitting call to the Chinese in California: "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord. And, if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served, that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell. But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In accepting the offering and emblem of this class and responding to the recitations, the good pastor of the church took by the hand the young Chinese evangelist who had spoken for the others in promise of God's service, and bade him and them welcome to the fellowship of Christ and his disciples, saying: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he our peace, who hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." Then a sweet song of praise to Jesus was raised in the Chinese tongue, and all who sang or listened felt that God was honored in this pentecostal union of the nations in Christ.

Thus it seems there is cause for rejoicing that so many of the Chinese are brought to our shores, to aid us as a people by their faithful and productive industry, and to be taught by us the things of God and his Son. And there is cause for profound regret that the religion of Jesus is not better exemplified before and toward these strangers to his truth, and that they suffer so greatly from the accursed spirit of caste and the illiberality of ignorance and senseless prejudice. There is, moreover, cause for gratitude to God that so many of his children are showing his work among these objects of his love; and there is a call to us for hearty sympathy with the Christians of the Pacific Coast in the great labor assigned them in this sphere, and for hearty co-operation with them, according to our ability and opportunities, in this work, which is not alone *theirs*, but *ours* and *Christ's*.

PLAIN MEN FROM THE INTERIOR.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

AMID the acerbities of political strife the amenities of ecclesiastical intercourse are especially welcome and encouraging.

"Let Brown and Wilson bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let Grant and Greeley growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But in the fold of the Church the city lion and the country lamb shall lie down together—if the suggestions of the religious newspapers be heeded. City and country clergymen, in a paragraph before me, are exhorted to lay aside their antagonisms—or, if that is too strong a word, their reluctance—and to preach in each other's pulpits during the summer months. The superintendents of country Sunday-schools are kindly encouraged to take heart and handle their Sunday-schools as effectively as possible, in hope of accomplishing some little good, even if they lack and must lack the machinery and other appliances and advantages of the city schools.

"The idea," says our urban friend, in a burst of righteous revolt—"the idea that citizens given to trade and to fashion, to education and the arts, cannot tolerate for a few Sabbaths the teaching of a plain man from the interior is preposterous. To many of them it would be a relief now and then to be let down to something so simple and substantial as does not overtax attention; while to those in the rural districts who are favored with addresses of a minister from the metropolis it would be a spiritual feast long to be remembered."

This is reassuring and truly Christian. Not only are countrymen comforted; but city tradesmen and tailors, teachers and editors need no longer feel that the door of Heaven is wholly closed to them while their pastor is hunting deer in the Adirondacks. There is still some inducement to go to church, even if a plain man from the interior is to preach. He cannot, of course, furnish the mental pabulum on which our Cæsars have grown so great; but he can ladle out a dietetic water-gruel to their overburdened digestion, and so put them in training to relish a "square meal" when their own minister returns. He can serve them as rest, if not as stimulant. He can keep their brains from snapping with too great tension. If he cannot tone them up, he can let them down. The bucolic simplicity of Dr. Emmons, for instance, would be a positive relief to minds stretched to their utmost in the resolute endeavor to comprehend the severe philosophy, the searching analysis, and the rigorous logic of—let us say M

The Independent.

POSSESSION.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MERRY creature, singing now
Up in yander apple bough,
Half it seemeth thee enchanted,
By weird necromancer haunted,
Then anon just out of sight,
Viewless, tantalizing sprite,
Uttering your note delicious,
Saucy soloist capricious,
Till the dewy morning thrills
With the inimitable trills,
And the silence coming after
Jars like sob that follows laughter.
Twice a semiqhit out of time
For this crabbed northern clime,
Bubbling over with your story,
Racy *improvisatore*,
Throwing all your life into it,
Lavishing your nature through it.
Prithee, ere its flow be spent,
Lend me of your merriment,
Of your crazy ecstacy—
Breezy spontaneity—
Dole to me but the suspicion,
O, my bobolink musician!

Swallows darting hither, thither,
Where ye list and every whither,
Round the orchard, o'er the barley,
Pirouetting late and early,
Through the wide barn's ample roof—
Sweet with hay and sunshine-proof—
Wheeling back and forth to hide
From the garish glow outside;
Murky weather, night and morn,
Dipping low amid the corn,
As if in the ground might hide
Comfort by the skies denied;
Without method, without reason,
Rhythmic genii of the season,
Spelling on your airy ocean
All the poetry of motion,
Let me catch your happy humor,
Haunting aeronauts of summer,
Skimming fleetly at my pleasure,
Murmurous, undulating measure,
Let me cleave with like content
Your elastic element.
Where you circle let me follow;
Take me with you, swallow, swallow.

Yet how little can they tell
That I do not know as well!
Maybe better than you think
Sing I, sunny bobolink.
Ah! was never writ or heard
Such fine melody, my bird,
As shall haunt me many a day
After you have flown away;
As shall all outrival, too,
Rhapsody of such as you,
Making your remembered tone
Paler echo of my own;
As shall pierce the day with song,
Pealing far and lasting long;
As shall spell me, staunching never
When your throat is shut forever,
When the summers all are fled,
When the bobolinks be dead!

Ner, my swallow, ever guess
I've a touch of envlousness.
Fleet of wing are you, blithe flyer,
Yet will I fly stronger, higher.
I will leave you down below,
Wheeling dimly to and fro,
And go soaring far from sight,
Out of day and into night,
Out of night into day,
Off among the clouds away,
And go sailing through and through,
On into the awful blue.
Nor shall there my journey end,
Nor shall then my flight descend;
Thridding spaces never were
Tracked by aery voyageur—
Over lonely continents,
Under mellow firmaments,
Scarcely mapped on skyey chart
With astronomer's nice art.
Wheresoever fancy send me,
Thither must I straightly wend me,
Resting not till I explore
Where was never mind before,
Till I somewhat harbored be
In serene eternity!

So the poet sang to me
His elate philosophy:
"If these things, O friend, be true,
If such wealth belong to you,
Tell me, then, how I may claim
Part and parcel in the same.
You have found; repeat to me,
Potent open-sesame!"
Not to any, answered he,
Is it mine to lend the key.
Nature full bestoweal makes
Unto whosoever takes;
All her fair possessions lie
Open to the seeing eye.
Thou hast only need to bide
Patient lover at her side,
And she shall herself impart
Unto thy demanding heart;
Thought, supreme enchanter, waits
Eager-handed at thy gates,
And Experience's Indies
None can buy, as none can miss!

HOW TO SEE NIAGARA.

BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

You were led away from the American side, last week, immediately on your arrival, not stopping to get even "one glimp" (as the good old lady said she had "of glory") of the scene from the hither side. You stood on the verge of the abyss, and saw the mighty rush of these upper lakes, made like unto solid emerald by their fierceness of flight. You stood below the cliff, and beheld them leaping down upon you, in an ocean of wrath and madness; yet under such restraint of all mighty law and power as made them harmless to you as a purling brook. You wandered up the rapids, round the old mill and the pleasure-grounds, and saw the raw material, in all its tumbling madness, out of which is formed these live crystals, two hundred feet long, that hang perpetually in motion and in rest. You return now, with the Canadian blues and colors well wrought into the canvas, and complete the picture from the American shore.

Since you came over in the boat, you can return on this airy bridge that has lately been flung across the chasm close by the Clifton House. A good location, though it would have been far better had it been thrown over from Goat's Island, if it had been possible, and it appears possible. Nevertheless, the view from its present position makes it not unworthy of a place among the better points of observation. As the spray sweeps down over it, burying it in a driving fog, on this westwind morning, and as the shaking earth makes it tremulous, you have a sensible appreciation of the achievement which made this clasping of hands across a bloody chasm (or a watery one, rather) more deadly to its victims than any chasm of blood might be; for none escape who fall into its abysses.

The bridge looks like a bird, with its wings outstretched to either shore; broad, high, light wings, running down from the lofty towers in bands of wires to a central body, small and slight and almost nothing to the sight. It seems as if it had sought to fly up the gulf, and was caught just as its wings were touching either shore in their widest outstretching. It trembles, too, like a scared bird, as if held against its will, and seeking to move its pinions in flight from the dangers in which it had become entangled.

The scene is grand; but you fail to notice it in a less grand but more frightful spectacle going on close at hand. The foreman has ordered a "hand" (that is all he is supposed to be—no head, no heart, no mind, no man) to go out from this bridge to one of those guys (I think they call them, which tie the bridge to the shore) for some work of adjustment or repair. The youth is just over the bridge, sitting on a bit of a board, like a swing-board, tied by stout ropes around his body to the stouter rope that goes from bridge to guy. Down this he is pushing himself by a little round rope ring that holds his craft to the bridge rope. Then he is over the gulf, well off from the bridge, in a less stable boat than that in which Peter Bell's biographer made his excursion to the moon. You can't well look upon him, and you can't well help it. The ring does not play easily on the rope, and he is drawn back for repairs. We are more scared than he, and hasten away ere he starts forth again on his dim and perilous way. The foreman says there is no danger; but he prefers in this case to say it rather than to show it. The poor boy doesn't seem to be of his opinion. He has no stuff of the adventurer in him, and would prefer the foreman's part in the play—ordering, rather than obeying. He evidently feels that his profession has suddenly become like that of those who gather samphires—"dreadful trade."

Very different was Blondin's handling of his rope. I saw him when I was last here. He ran down his cord, not bigger round than a wrist—ran down, for it depended slightly—then back again, as one might run down and up a slightly-inclined roadway. Then he walks out to the center, ties his magic pole, descends a swing fifty feet and more below his cord, and hangs from its lowermost point by a single foot, headlong over the whirling waters. How the aggregated multitudes turned away their eyes, almost faint with terror. But there is no terror in him. He gayly leaps up, catches his swing, turns a half-dozen somersaults, runs up to the top, sits down on his cord, cooks his omelet, trots to the Canadian shore, dresses as a monkey, and wheels a barrow to the American side. I saw him afterward perform at Crystal Palace, on a line as far above the ground as this was above water, and more dangerous if he had fallen; but it did not inspire half the terror of this Niagara walk. The accessories here are all fearful, and, therefore, exciting. There everything about was as free from excitement as an English landscape or an English nature, except when consequential claims are suggested for its financial consideration.

Leaving the bridge and its dangling boy, take a walk still—not a carriage is needed anywhere about the Falls themselves. Go a few rods to Goat Island Bridge; but don't take the path in the order laid down—the order, I know, of their position, but not of their effects. Go to Luna Island, and "do" the American Fall first. It is of the least consequence on either side, below or above. We ought to annex Canada, if for no other reason, in order to get the name "America" off of this poorest of the falls. It is very accessible, however, and can, therefore, be made available to daguerreans, who utilize it greatly in summer and winter. The "Horseshoe" is too much for their iodine. The view from Luna Island, a scrap of soil off Goat Island, gives an impressive sense of this fall and would be exceeding grand anywhere else. All Europe has no approachable cataract. We doubt if all America has. The sheet is broad, and sprinkled with loveliest bubbles, that break on its dark surface like white lace over dark velvet; only lace and velvet are tame to the fierceness and force of its flight. Look and sit, sit and look, till the American Fall is yours for all time.

Descend the stairs, go into the Cave of the Winds. It is a good sensation and a better immersion. It is sufficiently scaring and entirely safe. A mere wisp of water, hardly a dozen feet across, causes all this sensation. A break in the American Fall lets a channel go over by itself. It is unnoticed in the vast mass. But get below it, and you are as terrified as if you were under the whole volume. It is a baby finger that feebly suggests the whole gigantic volume. The rest of its own fall makes its waters trivial. But what are they to that plunge just above you?

Emerge, ascend, go back the way you came, and cross over to the northeastern side of the island, coming out at the Sister Islands. It is a "sweet pretty" walk through the woods. A babe of three years old can take it; so can anybody that can go up and down three pair of stairs in these fashionable hotels. They run up them easily, and then take a carriage for the tour about the Falls. O, faugh!

The rapids at the Sister Islands are at their grandest. They are next to the four points already approved, and a good approach to the end of the drama. How the waters rush under these little "suspensions." Every bridge here now is after the great model. How they leap, as if pursued by some dreadful demon, and were seeking vainly to escape his clutches. They grow madder as you go across each successive bridge, until under the third they seem frantic beyond description. They hiss and howl, and spring up and dive down, and whirl round rocks, visible and invisible, as if they would tear up the very earth in their fright and flight. Poor bubble, poor water-drop, how like to a soul lashed by the Devil's passions to the Devil's doom!

Look out further, and even these are tame. Sit on the outer edge of the outer isle (they are all mere bits of rock and foliage)—sit here and look just out there. Did you ever see rapids before? The Canadian side is biggest on the fall, but America is ahead on the rapids. The Dominion cannot get this dominion over us. These projecting islands thrust their noses right into the channel almost, and the whole broad ridge of plunging waters is at your eye's command. The rocks or ravines are some of them huge, and get up good miniatures of the mammoth picture just below. The waters of thousands of lakes and rivers are here concentrated, and are making ready for their last leap. The immeasurable force of the coming fall is here broken up, and is describable or at least expressible. You see what that is made of, though you do not thereby gain power to comprehend the creation itself that is soon to be evolved from this writhing mass.

Walk back slowly, often pausing on these bridges and getting new impressions of this spectacle. Keep down the bank a little distance, and cross over to the Tower Ascend to its top, and feel that you are at the best point to conclude your studies of this greatest of earth's wonders. This puts you well toward the center of the wonderful Horseshoe. True, there is a long fall, longer and unspeakably grander than the "American Fall," between you and the beginning of the main cataract. But that is so completely under your eyes that you cannot see it—an experience often verified in human matters, as Christ showed, both in his saying and his own history.

That marvelous green looks yet greener at this near approach. It is the very body of color for pureness. As you steadily gaze upon it, you see, or think you see, the black rock beneath the watery robe, and over which, as over a strong bowed frame, this mantle of perfect power and loveliness is continually flung. How the waters pour into that northern rim. Every drop seems anxious to get into the channel. These that come rushing under our feet look lonely, as if separated from their more fortunate fellows, who have attained the Order of the Green Ribbon. Like the Pied Piper's rats and children, all seek the one alluring note and spot. They bow themselves to their task with a lightness and elasticity that seem to give them a spring as of dancing-floors and India-rubber vivacity. They get over that wrathful biting and devouring of each other, so evident at "The Sisters." Are the islands named thus for that reason, and are massed, compacted, crystallized into one lustrous unit? They have now no points of difference, no debate, no confusion. They are *E pluribus unum*, and all the mightier for that condensation and crystallization.

So the nation, crowded and chastised together, moved like this central current, with a power and a unity that shook and amazed the world. "For lo! the kings were assembled; they passed by together"—Russell, Palmerston, Napoleon, William, Francis, all. "They saw it, and so they marveled; they were troubled, and hasted away."

So too yet more powerfully does this mighty oneness teach the power of a purified, united, and inspired church. Nothing can resist that current. When the scattered and contending currents of Orthodox Christianity—Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist—shall be caught in the channel of the Holy Spirit, and poured onward in one indissoluble stream, the world will tremble beneath their coming. Their robes will be glorious in holiness; their force will sweep the race forward on the channels of millennial regeneration. It is difficult to tear one's self from this spot. The perfect combination of all the elements of the spectacle hold one rooted to the spot.

Saddening emotions may arise. The deadliness of these waters, what care they for life? How they would dash the soul out of the body and the body into atoms, could they but get them in their grip. There is no mercy in Niagara. God's love glows not here. That rainbow does not span the vast gulf. Like the pomp and glory of life, it gleams troubledly on these troubled waters. How they have plunged and plunged, ages upon ages, with never a pause! How many races have come and looked and trembled and fled! The unknown races of men, for thousands or years, from the dispersion of Noah till within a late millennium—the Mound-builders, the Indians, the French priests and soldiers. We take our turn. The American people may become as unknown as the earliest possessors of the soil. But still Niagara will roll and roar, if to no other ear, at every midnight, "to the sound of its own dashings."

Every one of us, gazing on it, or reading these notes of a gazer, shall, like our fathers, disappear. Each shall plunge like each drop, into this returnless gulf of death and the grave.

A cloud gathers over the scene—a natural cloud, a rich one. Yet let us not leave the place in a cloud. The Bible tells us even here to exult in the God of our salvation. "The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king forever. He stilleth the noise of the waves. The Lord is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." Let these floods, then, clap their hands! Let these hills lying low about them "be joyful together before the Lord. For He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall he judge the world and the people with equity."

We shall outlive Niagara. Its flood shall decay and be dried up. The soul that now standeth in awe of it shall see its channels bare, its storm of waters a thread, a drop, a dry bed. It shall perish; but he endureth. May his immortality not be worse than its mortality. May we not cry for a single drop of this water to cool our parched tongues, and cry in vain. How many that thoughtlessly or delightedly view it shall thus remember it? "Is it I?" let each now cry, and pray for the grace and life divine in Christ which shall escape that fate, and enter forever the blessed land where is the river of God, which is full of water, whose trees and banks are a perpetual verdure and waves and waterfalls an everlasting delight.

I have tried to play the guide to some who may be going to see Niagara. It will cost you less to take these suggestions with you than to hire a coachman or "commissionaire" when you arrive at the depot. Remember the five points that make up the true creed of observation. Shut your eyes, and as far as you can your ears, until you reach the row-boat and are paddled out into the central terrors. Stand on and under Table-rock, or where it was; visit "The Sisters"; and end your tour at the Tower. The others are accessories, helps to a perfect picture—Canadian rapids, bridge, whirlpool two miles below, Luna's Island, and all, under the American Fall. But the five points are the essentials. Taking these in their due order and proportion, you will say neither the half nor the hundredth was ever told you, and that Niagara stands unapproached and unapproachable among all the forms and forces with which Nature sets forth the greatness of God.

"Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

IN CLOVER.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

I DON'T like your public places for vacation. The real gist of the matter lies in a quiet, secluded nook, a cottage, a few books, just a friend or two, freedom to come or go as you will. Pshaw! if at Saratoga, or Niagara, or Newport, or Long Branch, could I have enjoyed that most delicious of all luxuries to-night (as I did) of sitting on my verandah, looking off through a glorious valley, over a lawn of flowers, and eating a bowl of fresh milk with home-made bread crumbed in, and a double handful of blackberries of my own cultivation? Ah! I felt like a king—independent of all the world. That's vacation! No dust, no noise, no crowds, no *public!* Why should not our business and professional men generally hold on to the old homestead, modernize it, plant the horticultural improvements—get in Jucunda, Davison's Thornless, Kittatinny, and Underhill's Seedlings—and keep "going home" once a year all their lives? There is a flavor about it that doesn't quite attach to places without old associations. I'd keep some of the old landmarks—curbstones, chairs, etc.—and link the past and present in friendly memory. There is an old chair on my verandah that had stayed in the garret for twenty-five years. Made by some old major of the War of 1812, on an island of Lake Ontario, saved from one or two conflagrating houses, because too tough to be broken by being thrown out of the chamber windows, shock full of squeaks, I have resurrected it from the dust and given it a place of honor. And then I have an old solid conglomerate stone, once used in our tannery of olden times. You could not buy it cheaply. It serves me now grandly for a pic-nic table, erected on humbler rocks in the glen. A more tender memorial of the past is that cluster of wild cherry trees along the wood's edge; grafted by my father, as he replied to my boyish wonder, "that the birds may have bitter cherries to eat." The soul of that man had a poem in it. Those trees are his epitaph. Speaking of old things, there is the remnant of the old orchard planted by "Old Dominie" Prickland, missionary to the old Oneida tribe. And up there, till lately, on that high peak stood the aged hemlocks to which Seonondo pointed when he grandly said: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my boughs." (If he said it, you know.) Some people destroy or fling away each year as soon as it is lived through. I like to pack them away in these old associations, and go and look them over in vacation, as I look over old letters to find early friendships. A well-lived year is a grand treasure. Here is 1840 called up by a boy's name hacked into a beech. Here is 1850 in the planting of a group of plums. 1860 is made perennial in a rockery and its fountain.

Vacation ought to cut all the straps and break all the laws of term's routine—shake the mind out loose, for sun and wind to play on it and get out the dust.

If one wants vacation to the full, he must learn the value of the morning. From four o'clock till seven there is a period as distinct from day as is the time from six in the evening until ten. Most persons understand the meaning of evening; but morning means no more than a point—a mere time to get up and dress for the day. But decidedly the richest, most marked part of the day—the fullest of unique joys, songs, and suggestions is the morning. Thomas Fuller (is it?) says: "Do not spill thy morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations." That is it exactly—the quintessence. About four of an August morning the great wave of bird-song reaches you. Where it starts I don't know. Probably on the shores of the Atlantic, with the reed birds; but it always comes, with the sun, from the east. At first you hear just one inquiring note, away down the valley; after a little, another sleepy twill, then another and another, keener, fuller, wide-awake, joyful; until the valley is rocking and rolling with a tide of song. And all the while it is drawing nearer. A robin shouts in the elm over the roof; the tide dashes and flows over you—on, on to the Pacific. For half an hour every bird in all your world is half crazed with inspiration; pouring forth the exquisite rhythm of his being in a hallelujah chorus. And then the perfume and purity of the air. It has an odor neither of night nor of day; but the dew seems to hold in solution those peculiar honeysuckle odors that are never emitted till night. Go to-bed early, and get up early, in vacation.

Our summer cottages—with vines, flowers, fountains, sweet air, quiet, rest—give us the ability to do so much high-pressure work the rest of the year. I see that the "Bulls" and "Bears" of New York vacated this year a full week for the Fourth; and boards of trade generally in our large cities did the same. Gen. Grant, very sensibly, doesn't intend to spend the summer "sticking to his post," as some of the editors so vehemently urge. Why, a friend of mine says her milkman has been off to a watering-place lately. I expect every day when Johnnie will ask for a week to spend at the seaside. And why not? Poor fellow. He shall have his vacation, whether he ask for it or not—now and then a day to get a little of the juice of human life.

Only the other day a dear friend, Judge B., dropped from my side. Cause: overwork, no vacation. We all mourn dear friends who "might" have been spared had they rested in time. Have you noticed how popular those hymns are that speak of Heaven as a land of rest? Thousands almost crave death, just to escape overwork. The church should have a vacation, as well as the pastor. The choir should have a chance to clear their throats. (Won't some choir vote me thanks for not forgetting them?) The hardworked Sunday-school teachers should have a furlough. No man can come to his best, nor any people, without a vacation from toil. And, for an argument aside, no people needs a Sabbath more than the American. We must have it or degenerate—a weekly vacation.

HENRY WILSON IN WASHINGTON.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

HENRY WILSON is a pronounced Christian man. Unlike many public men, who at home are found in the place of public worship, but at the Capital spend the Lord's Day in sleep, or in driving to the suburbs, or in writing up their correspondence, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, true to New England instincts and training, true to his own sense of spiritual things, spends a portion of each Lord's Day in the sanctuary, identifies himself with a Christian church, and from his own pocket helps to support its ordinances.

It has been the style of some of the religious societies in this city to set apart certain pews to public functionaries supposed to be willing to worship with them. And some of our public men are understood to avail themselves of this bid for their attendance. It seems a questionable practice on the part of both. But Henry Wilson, a poor man, though so many years so near the sources of public and personal wealth, always prefers to rent and to pay for his pew, and hears the Gospel in his own hired seat, like the humblest of the congregation.

Not unfrequently, too, his form is seen quietly entering the place of social prayer. With subdued tread, he makes his way to some retired nook and takes silent part in the meeting; until, perhaps, at the close the leader brings him from his seclusion by a request that he add his testimony or lead in the closing prayer. And he is always ready to respond. Religion is a personal reality to him. A few years since, soon after the loss of a darling son, whom he loved almost to idolatry, and under the influence of an invalid, suffering, Christian wife, now translated, he became an humble Christian; and he has always shown that his religion is experimental, and not a thing of the head.

But it is in the great cause of temperance that Henry Wilson has been foremost and head and shoulders above all other public men in Washington. Not that he has been truer or more consistent than Colfax, and Buckingham, and Pomeroy, and Patterson, and many others; but that he has devoted himself in public to the advocacy of that cause as no other man has done. As president of the Congressional Temperance Society; as a man whose temperance record is perfectly spotless; as the friend of the drinking man, and a personal laborer with all temperance societies, whatever the name, connected with whatever denomination, he has shown himself the worthy yoke-fellow of that venerable enthusiast on this subject, the Rev. John W. Chickering, D.D.

It is worth something to have a consistent temperance record in Washington; and when a man has it, he deserves that it be said of him. Let it then, be said of Henry Wilson that in the National Capital, where there is so much dining and wining, where state dinners without spirituous liquors are the exception, if they ever occur; where teetotal principles are regarded as the offspring of Puritanism, Henry Wilson has not only been true in his preaching, but immaculate in his practice; and, if there is any work to be done at the meetings of the Congressional Temperance Society, in the Jail or the Reform School, at the University, anywhere, Henry Wilson is always ready and full of matter.

Should Henry Wilson be elected to the Vice-Presidency of the nation, there will be no such scenes at the Capitol as marked the accession of Andrew Johnson; and, should President Grant be taken away by Providence or by the malice of disappointed ambition, no such half-drunken harangues as afterward disgraced the Presidential office. Henry Wilson is a true man, honest as the day, industrious, faithful, a believer in God and in the divinely-appointed work of the Republican party. There is not a well-wisher of his country who, if he could witness his consistent, unpretending, laborious life of service for the nation and for man in Washington, would not rejoice to see him seated in the Vice-President's chair.

"WEBSTER'S Dictionary," says the Detroit *Post*, contains the following suggestive item: "Sumner, n., A summoner, obsolete."

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

THEIR USES AND ABUSES.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

DOES the average traveler see most readily those things which are creditable or discreditable to our common humanity? Are his preconceived national impressions the unalterable standard of judgment by which he measures the right and wrong of other peoples; or does he take an enlarged view of every difference of habit, life, or whatever goes to make up the heterogeneous total of existence we are pleased to call civilization, and impartially calculate and distribute the rightful meed of better and worse as they truthfully belong? In fine, bringing the question directly home to ourselves, do the myriads of male and female citizens of the Great Republic who now travel in foreign countries, go to enlarge their mental capital, and bring back to their native land beneficial ideas and useful information, generously giving and partaking of the infinite benevolences of life, while recognizing man as something more than the inhabitant, and the whole world as larger and wiser than the particular country; or do they scatter themselves broadcast over the earth in rapid tourist's flights merely to intensify home prejudices and swell their stock of pinchbeck patriotism. I fear the latter are more numerous than is good for our national enlargement of intellectual vision, while the mischief they leave behind them, in scattering false notions of American life, is only equaled by the vainglorious delusions of themselves and their country which they take back with them. Yet with the worst specimens of this class there is often an honesty of opinion which, despite an ignorant narrowness of thought, gathers to itself from the mass of chaff some wholesome seeds, which may take root and bear sound fruit. But there is another and more hopeless class—self-asserting on the score of good society, arrogant, cold-blooded, exclusive, and pretentious, not from pride of country, but from conceit of their individual merits—whose tutelar god is fashion and creed high life; people who worship successful villainy, if imperial, and whose theory of social and political perfection is found in the gilded chicanery and dissoluteness of a bastard Napoleonism. Such persons have a lively capacity of intellectual vision, akin to that of the fly which follows the whirring wheel delighted with the dust it supposes itself to turn up. Provided there be enough noisy, glittering motion about them, and moral dirt in which to wallow, they are as happy as the imperturbable fly and as imaginative as to their potential portion thereof. Like sponges, such travelers have a capillary attraction for all liquids, however filthy and unwholesome. Exercising no discrimination between evil and good, they become surcharged with the refuse matter cast off from the self-styled great world, of which they fancy themselves a component part. But even these fine people may do the country an unwitting service—much as the drunken harlots were made to subserve virtue in their Spartan masters; and, by exhibiting the dress and dregs of a decayed European aristocracy in their tinsel parody, cause it to be esteemed by the thoughtful at its intrinsic value. In viewing, therefore, these baneful extremes of American travel, we must not condemn them as wholly pernicious, whatever may be their shortcomings as to an intelligent survey of the life of the world, and however much they may fail in individual growth of sound elements of character or to gather fresh ideas and facts to ingraft on the hardy stems of our own special civilization. Exiles from America, from whatever cause, who do cull knowledge for this purpose are more usefully employed than they possibly could be at home, in avocations from which they cannot be missed. Yet it is a fashion in certain journals periodically to assail the expatriated of this sort as unpatriotic, chiefly on the score of the paltry amount of money they expend out of America. As a general rule, the studious, observing class of Americans abroad is the fewest in numbers and poorest in purse. Many remain away from their native country to eke out pinched income, on the score of health, or to reach those means of instruction which our infant resources do not yet provide. But, be the necessities of their voluntary exile what they may, the loss to America of their trifling pecuniary expenditures is tenfold compensated in two ways. First, by the transmission to our common country of their varied accumulations of knowledge and experience, which their way at once into our intellectual capital, to its obvious enrichment of ideas and practical scope. No money can adequately compensate this service, which is a far nobler return to the country than the millions which flow back in the form of material luxuries, that perish with the using, or the the costly novelties that decorate the persons and advertise the aims and conditions of life of a Brummagem aristocracy. We should encourage the class who see, rather than those who, having eyes, see not. In the second place, they most fittingly of all represent the genuine American ideas and institutions in Europe, and are a clear channel by which their best qualities can be made to interpenetrate European society. It may be a malady to think; but whatever there is of substantial value in this world is due to the studious and reflective, who garner and distribute the treasures of thought and keep the international currents of mind in active flow.

I have been led into this defense of the artist-student and knowledge-seeking resident abroad because there exists a prejudice against them, bordering on that supposed pecuniary loss of their incomes to America, in the minds of some well-meaning persons, on the score that they could be of more service at home. If every one who remains in America were a disinterested patriot, actively laboring for the public, there might be a grain of pertinence in this argument. But as many of these exiles are at work in fields of intellectual labor which scarcely exist in America, and are volunteers without pay, I do not see that the charge of unworthy stewardship holds against them. Moreover, if their country desire their direct services, it is time enough to return when this disposition is tangibly shown. Any premature movement would be an egotism which would assuredly meet with rebuke. Let us be thankful, then, that there is an American forlorn hope of science, art, and literature living in Europe, at its own expense, profiting by its cosmopolitan stores of wisdom, doing what it can for its own instruction and to enlighten its stay-at-home brothers, and ready to enlist in some active service whenever the bugle sounds the call. Its real workers are not much heard of in the newspapers, because they are too busy with their intellectual occupations and too self-respecting to lend themselves to the artifices by which those who mistake notoriety for distinction strive to satisfy a craving that, as with strong drink, only becomes more imperative by gratification. Whoever adds to the stock of intellectual culture of his countrymen, without greed of fuss and feathers, deserves well of them, quite as much as an example of an independent serenity of mind and balance of temperament, in which, as a people, we are lamentably deficient; as for a harvest of knowledge reaped for the common benefit. Shall we ever be content to labor in perfect sincerity of purpose simply for Truth's sake, satisfied with the wages she has to give.

The tiny coral-reef builders, unseen of the outer world, noiselessly raise up whole continents. Each serious student of life may take heart from their example. What if each individual mite be indistinguishable in the mass, does it not do its share in completing a stupendous monument of associated labor, which serves as a secure foundation for higher developed life? This should be a supreme consolation for the misconceptions and neglect which fall to the lot of those who brave even the murmurings of their own hearts to learn the ways of wisdom. If all who come to the Old World to study would elect a special topic, and sincerely follow it out, the New World would reap more benefit from its exiles than it does now. But we cannot be too thankful that some are willing thus to work and wait, satisfied even if no outward fame or gain accrue to them, with their own internal growth, and that the aggregate of knowledge in the world is steadily increased by their patient industry. Some minds, however, naturally of fine capacity, will not work except under the stimulus of a constantly inflated vanity. Providence, keeping in view their particular need, provides them with the necessary parasites, whose perpetual titillation insures their productive faculties—artistic, poetic, or literary—to their extreme action. As regards the world, this is a harmless weakness, which gives birth to much that we might otherwise miss. Better work with beaver-like industry for the gage of possible flattery than exist as a stolid sloth. But there is a species of parasite very active of late, bred of gossiping proclivities, which works much mischief in the public, by inventing sentimental characters and supposititious genius for the objects of their pens, to the confusion of sober truth and the delusion of guileless readers. They strain facts, torment rhetoric, and often slaughter grammar, to raise up rainbow reputations for their principals, whose beautiful halo shall equally encompass themselves. This is a distinct class from those veritble literary jackalls of the species puff, who look on the public as so much gullible prey, and are faithful to their two-footed lions in the proportion of their share of the common game. These hireling manufacturers of reputations are like the Italian *Condottieri* of old—ever ready to battle for the best pay and fewest broken bones, regardless of the cause or leader. But the other sort of parasite is an amiable man, and might be an honest one, if he were not so often the unconscious victim of his own gushing imagination. Men too who put D.D. after their signature are sometimes parties to these psychological frauds. Without investigating the merits of the individual they are prompted to glorify, without a single qualification of their own to pronounce on things foreign to their specific experiences and pursuits, they give frantic rein to their excited sentiments, and draw portraits of would-be distinguished characters, and their productions, that would be simply ridiculous if they were not so mischievous in circulating falsehood as truth. Thus it not infrequently comes to pass that the commonplace, crude, and superficial in painting, sculpture, or poetry, not to speak of the really clever, are pronounced, with all the authority of the mystical letters of the alphabet attached to reverent names, to be the veritable great and sublime; and, "*mirabile dictu*," as coming from divines, who are our guides in morality, habits of intoxication, reckless extravagance, and indebtedness, intensest egotism, and the flimsiest impositions and tricks of a morbid vanity likened to angelic purity and virtue. If traits like these, too conspicuous to be overlooked, on eminent authority, are evidences of a great and pure soul, we may in wonder ask: What is to be the standard of right and wrong in the art and character of our age?

AT the meeting of the National Educational Association, at Boston, already partially reported, President Eliot, of Harvard, opposed Dr. Hoyt's scheme of a National University, with a capital of $20,000,000, furnished by the Government, and a curriculum of universal instruction. The Association appointed a committee to examine into the merits of the bill for this purpose now before Congress, and to report next year. Among the most important resolutions adopted was one emphatically endorsing the excellent bill now before the Senate devoting the proceeds of the sales of public lands to the support of the public schools in the various states; one encouraging increased attention to the study of natural science in the public schools; one earnestly recommending school authorities to provide facilities for instruction in art, and one requesting Congress to furnish the United States Bureau of Education with greater means for the publication of its "circulars of information" and annual reports. In respect to this last matter Congress has been practicing a most mistaken and niggardly economy, in neglecting to provide for such a supply of copies of the annual report as would meet the large and increasing demand among the teachers of the country and others interested in educational matters....The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Department of Superintendence—President, W. T. Harris, St. Louis, Mo.; Vice-President, J. W. Paige, Maryland; Secretary, A. P. Marble, Worcester, Mass. Normal Department—President, A. G. Boyden, Massachusetts; Vice-President, J. Estabrook, Michigan; Secretary, M. A. Newell, Baltimore, Md. Department of Higher Instruction—President, D. A. Wallace, Mississippi; Vice-President, J. D. Runkle, Boston, Mass.; Secretary, W. D. Henkle, Ohio. General Association—President, B. G. Northrop, Connecticut; Vice-Presidents, Newton Bateman, Illinois; George P. Beard, Missouri; Abner J. Phipps, Massachusetts; Edward Brooks, Pennsylvania; James H. Binford, Virginia; John Swett, California; Wm. D. Lupton, Alabama; A. P. Stone, Maine; N. A. Calkins, New York; Miss D. A. Lathrop, Ohio; W. L. Hailman, Kentucky; N. P. Gates, Arkansas. Secretary, S. H. White, Illinois; Treasurer, John Hancock, Ohio; Counselors, Hons. E. E. White and John Eaton, Jr., at large, and twenty-five from as many states.

....A correspondent furnishes us an account of the Iowa State Agricultural College, from which we gather the following facts: The college was organized in 1868, the basis of its endowment being the congressional land-grant of 240,000 acres, under the act of 1862. The land was located within the limits of the state. A farm of 850 acres was selected, 25 miles north of Des Moines; and a brick building erected, at a cost of nearly $170,000. Two co-ordinate courses of study of equal rank were organized—one of agriculture and one of mechanic arts. The first embraces all the physical sciences, botany, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, zoology, anatomy, horticulture, etc.; the second, engineering in all its branches, architecture, and, in fact, all the higher departments of mathematics and mechanics. To preserve a due mental equilibrium, each has its accompanying literary course, consisting of the French and German languages, English literature, philosophy, political economy, etc. Various subordinate branches have also been instituted, having more special application to the agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing interests of the state and the country at large. Since the organization both sexes have been admitted upon equal footing in all respects, with results that have not in the least disappointed the originators of the plan. In every department of study—whether the languages, or sciences, or mathematics—ladies have come squarely up to the standard attained by the young men. The ladies' course does not differ materially from the general one, except in the omission of the higher mathematics and the substitution instead of French, German literature, domestic economy, etc. Many of the ladies have received instruction also in fruit culture, budding, grafting, and gardening. So far as the experience of this institution goes, it clearly indicates that the association of the sexes in a course of study is productive of good results, intellectually and morally. The college has had better success than most institutions in manual labor connected with study. A trial of four years has established the system upon a firm and successful basis, and made it a most efficient help in attaining the objects of the institution. As far as possible, it has been made one of the educating forces. The law requires that each student shall labor two and a half hours per day, and makes the recurrence of this duty as regular as recitations. The labor is paid for at the rate of from three to nine cents an hour, according to the skill and earnestness displayed in its execution and its value to the college. The work is various. The workshop (well furnished with engines and all necessary tools and apparatus for working in wood and iron), the nursery, the garden, the farm, and boarding-hall are conducted mainly by student help. Quite a demand for labor is thus created; and in such a wide variety ample opportunity is offered for acquiring proficiency in all departments. It is thus possible to illustrate the application of scientific principles to the processes of the industrial arts, and make knowledge eminently practical and familiar by applying it to its uses. Labor furnishes, besides, a means of regular and healthful exercise, the good effects of which have been proved by full numbers and good health throughout the hot months of summer, a season which colleges generally take for rest and recreation. Many of the best students, too, are enabled by their labor to pay their way through college. The college is now prosperous in every department. Two hundred and sixty-five students were in attendance during the past season, seventy-five of whom were ladies, and the prospect of increasing usefulness and prosperity was never brighter.

....Iowa State University, Iowa City, held its commencement June 25th and 26th. Graduates: normal, 18; academical, 20; law, 44; medical (on a former occasion), 13; total 93 during the year. A.M. honorary, J. B. Young, of Davenport High School; Robert M. Haines, of Grinnell. D.D., Rev. Samuel Hodge, of Hopkinton. LL.D., Ex-Gov. Ralph P. Lowe; John P. Gulliver, D.D., lately president of Knox College. The past year has been a most prosperous one. The legislative appropriation for current expenses was more than twice as large as ever before and voted by a greater majority in the senate—44 to 1. The standard of scholarship, we are assured, is being steadily elevated. The high moral and religious tone of commencement, from the president's baccalaureate to the graduating exercises of the students, disappointed and delighted many who had feared that state and undenominational institutions were unfriendly to morality and religion. The salaries of professors in the academical department were raised $200.

....The number of graduates from the New York State Normal Schools for the half year just closed is one hundred and eighty-five, as follows:

Albany	51	Oswego	43
Brockport	18	Cortland	23
Potsdam	8	Fredonia	31
Geneseo	10	Buffalo	0

The number of graduates for the entire year is three hundred and twenty, while that of the previous year was one hundred and ninety-six. The aggregate attendance of normal students the past year was about three thousand. In 1860 it was three hundred and thirty-one, in 1865 three hundred and fifty-eight, in 1870 one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, and 1871 two thousand three hundred and one. As the number of these schools has increased the attendance upon each of them has increased. These facts show an increasing demand for better teachers, who have been specially prepared for their work, and given promise of improvement in the character of the public schools throughout the state.

....Maryville College, East Tennessee, at its late commencement, conferred the degree of LL.D. on Professor R. B. Welch, D. D., of Union College, New York.

....In his letter to his brother, in Canada, Dr. Livingstone describes the watershed of the Nile as a broad upland plateau, between four and five thousand feet above the sea, and nearly seventy miles long. Here the springs of the Nile are almost innumerable. One part, sixty-four miles of latitude in extent, contains thirty-two deep springs, or one spring for every two miles. He says: "A bird's-eye

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ctual teaching that the missionary
has anything to hope for. To
have already adopted this policy
are not unwilling listeners. In
ese Anglo-American missionary preached
n Mars Hill, taking for his sub-
er-memorable sermon of St. Paul,
on the unknown spot. Although he
ed the success of the attempt, it
ess. The day selected was a Greek
hen a large crowd of idlers were
in the slope of the hill, sitting in
the grass, enjoying the beautiful
e of May. The curiosity of the
ured for the preacher the utmost
and no doubt the sentiment gave
e the sermon ended to an earnest
the subject discussed. During
which succeeded the Greeks stood
vered heads, and no sign or sound
y or ridicule marred the sacred
ich are among the signs, if not of a
nterest in religious discussion, of a
formity between the decrees and
of religious toleration than has
existed in Greece.
eeks are cognizant of and not un-
r the services rendered to general
by the missionaries at Athens, and
their confidence increases in the
purposes of those who desire to
them in religious matters, and they
onvinced that the foreigner has no
directed against the Established
work of foreign missions in
y receive an impulse from which
om which would cause the vine-
e fruit some what in proportion to
expended upon it."

the 9th of June two men and three
ere received into the membership
ive Japanese church in Yokohama,
y numbers 22 members. The com-
as administered and the bread and
ributed by a native elder. Prayer-
conducted by the Japanese them-
e held weekly. Nearly 40 men and
ttended the Sunday-evening Bible
ev. David Thompson has arrived in Japan, and taken temporary charge of the native church in Yokohama, to give a respite to Rev. James Ballagh, whose health has been greatly impaired by long and peculiarly trying la.. Rev. Mr. Gulick, of the American Board, has obtained a foothold in Kioto by accepting a nominal position as teacher.

....The sudden death is reported of two missionaries in China. Rev. W. E. McGlesney, of the American Presbyterian Mission, was shot, on the night of July 9th, by river pirates, while he was on his boat going on a missionary tour up the river from Canton. Dr. A. Thomson, a physician connected with the English Presbyterian Mission at Swatow, was on the steamer "Rena" when it was run into, April 4th, by the French mail-steamer "Ava." Dr. Thomson fell back while being drawn up by a rope into the "Ava," and was drowned. Both Dr. Thomson and Mr. McChesney had been only two years in China.

....Returning from a tour in his former field of the Lower Danube, Rev. Dr. Long reports great progress and a gratifying condition of the church at Sistof. He says: "There is only one other place in Bulgaria where the truth has gained so much of a position as in Sistof; and that is in a mountain station in the field of the American Board."

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Blakely, David, Presb., inst., July 30th, at Steamboat Rock, Iowa.
Blythe, J. W., Presb., inst., Aug 17th, at Charleston, Ind.
Carr, S. G., Bapt., ord., July 31st, at Stonington, Ill.
Covert, J. S., Bapt., inst., Aug. 7th, at Union Valley, Harrison County, Ohio.
Dodge, George S., Cong., ord., Aug. 14th, at Hebron, Iowa.
Hulbert, V. M., D.D., Ref., inst., Aug. 21st, at Stone Ridge, N. Y.
Maile, J. S., Cong., ord., July 28th, at Shebovgan, Mich.
Newman, F. M., Presb., ord., at First church, Saratoga Springs, New York.
Pierce, George J., Cong., ord., Aug 28th, at West church, Portland, Me.
Pierce, George J., Cong., ord., Aug. 28th, at West church, Portland, Me.
Pierson, William H., Cong., inst., Aug. 29th, at Broadway church, Somerville, Mass.
Pitblado, Charles B., Meth., inst., Aug. 25th, at Congress-street church, Portland, Me.
Van der Sas, John S., inst., June 12th, at German church, East Friesland, Iowa.
Watson, Albert, Cong., Aug. 22d, at West Albany, Orleans County, Vt.

CALLS.

Adams, S. S., Cong., to Cabot, Vt.
Alspaugh, J. W., R. Presb., to St. John's charge, Shanksville, Somerset Co., Pa.
Bentley, E. W., Ref., to New Haven, Conn.
Billheimer, T. C., Luth., to Messiah church, Philadelphia, Pa.
Blackburn, W. J., Presb., to Galesville, Wisconsin.
Camp, Mr., Presb., to Brooklyn, Cal.
Chapin, N. E., Bapt., to Lanair, Ill.
Clark, J. L., United Presb., to Indianapolis, Ind.
Coer, Charles T., Epis., to Zion, Morris, Diocese of Albany.
Danner, Thomas J., Epis., to Christ church, Bloomfield, N. J.
Doig, Robert, Ref., to Berne and Beaver dam, N. Y.
Emmons, A. H., Bapt., to Watsontown, Pa.
Fisk, John B., Cong., to Anamosa, Iowa.
Fossett, A. C., Bapt., to Randolph, Mass.
Grillin, R. A., Bapt., to Market-stree church, Zanesville, Ohio.
Hall, William K., Cong., to Paterson, Conn.
Hammond, Mr., Cong., to North Granby Conn.
Haven, A. D., Presb., to Second church Zanesville, O.
Hartley, William, Bapt., to Hudson, Wisconsin.
Henderson, Ogden, Presb., to Nashville Tenn.
Henry, Foster, Bapt., to Bendington Mass.
Hood, George A., Cong., to Fergus Falls, Minnesota.
Hoskins, Robert, Cong., to Derry Lower Village, N. H.
Hyatt, Isaac, Bapt., to St. Albans, Vt.
Ingersoll, W. W., M., Bapt., to Second church, Washington, D. C.
Irwin, William, Presb., to Mulberry church, Shelby County, Ky.
Lovejoy, George E., Cong., to Candia N. H.
McCurdy, O. B., Presb., to Woodstown, N. J.
Morgan, D. W., Bapt., to Olney, Ill.
Noble, T. K., Cong., to Second church, San Francisco, Cal.
Noble, W. B., Presb., to Fogs Manor, Pa.
Osler, J. Thompson, Presb., to South Haven, Mich.
Perry, Samuel, Presb., to Kingston, N. Y.
Richie, Wm. M., United Presb., to Patton, Ill.
Sackey, T. P., United Presb., to Buffalo N. Y.
Seaver, W. R., Cong., to Muskegon, Mich
Smith, Harry, Bapt., to South street church, Indianapolis, Ind.
Smyth, Hugh, Presb., to Seventh church Cincinnati, Ohio.
Spaulding, S. J., D.D., Cong., to Trinitarian church, Woburn, Mass.
Tomkins, William D., Presb., to Grace Mission church, Peoria, Ill.
Yockey, S. B., Ref. Presb., to Xenia, Ohio

REMOVALS.

Adams, E. A., Cong., of North Manchester, Conn.
Allison, John, Cong., of Olivet church Milwaukee, Wis.
Conrad, Dr., Luth., of Messiah church Philadelphia, Pa.
Corfield, E. F., Bapt., of St. Mary's church, Zanesville, Ohio.
Covert, J. S., Bapt., of Harmony church Bealsville, Ohio.
Dickey, Clemuel C., Presb., of Brooklyn L. I.
Dunn, W. J., Bapt., of Mount Morris Ohio.
Emmons, A. H., Bapt., of Lawrenceville Pa.
Evans, P. S., Bapt., of Williamitic, Conn.
Fullerton, J. E., Cong., of Westbrook church, Westbrook, Maine.
George, H., Ref. Presb., of Clinton-street church, Cincinnati, O.
Gunier, C. H., Bapt., of Ebenezer, Ohio.
Hammond, William P., Cong., of Mission Greenwich, Conn.
Hamilton, B. B., Bapt., of Windsor, Ill.
Henry, Foster, Bapt., of Newport, N. H.
Ingersoll, W. M., Bapt., of Strongsville Ohio.
Jaggar, E. L., Cong., of Southfield Mass.
James, R. S., Bapt., of Market-street church, Zanesville, Ohio.
McCulloch, J. F., Bapt., of Olney, Ill.
Morgan, D. W., Bapt., of Mount Vernon Ill.
Nutting, W., Univ., of Skowhegan, Maine
Ogasawara, S. A., Luth., of Salem, Virginia
Richards, D. F., Bapt., of Dorset Grove, Ill.
Sanders, C. W., Luth., of Canton, Ill.
Sawtelle, J. V. K., Bapt., of Medina and Fayette, Ohio.
Shaw, S. ——, Bapt., of Darling on, Wis.
Sheldon, D.D., Unit., of Wiscasset Maine.
Spencer, D.D., Bapt., of Marion church Spencerville, Ohio.
Thomas, C., Bapt., of Belleville, St. Clair County, Ill.
Tressler, D. L., Luth., of Lena, Ill.

DEATHS.

Andre, G., German Meth., at Pekin Aug 10th.
Bagger, W. K., Presb., at Oxford, Sauk County, Kansas.
Carnahan, D. F., Bapt., of North church Springfield, Ill.
Chapin, Henry M., Cong., missionary to the Indians, Northern Minn.
Dendinger, A. T., Cong., at Glyndon Station Red River Valley, Minn., Aug. 15th.
Dickey, Clement C., Presb., of Brooklyn, L. I., Nov.
Falconer, Enoch, Meth., 62, at Decatur Ill., Aug. 25th.
Harris, Oscar, Presb., 68, of Middletown N. Y., Aug. 15th.
Houghton, J. C., Cong., of Island Pond Essex County, Vt.
Irons, William, Cong., of Rockford, Ill.
Jenks, G. W., Presb., at Centerville, Ia.
Jones, G. M., Presb., of Centerville, Ia. Aug. 19th.
Keyl, E. G. W., Luth., of the Missouri Synod, Aug. 11th.
Law, James, United Presb., 62, of Clinton, Minn., July 26th.
McFarland, John, Presb., at Green Kansas.
Merrill, Josiah G., Cong., 85, at Lowell Mass., Aug. 18th.
Merrill, Charles H., of Mankato, Kansas City, Kansas, Aug. 10th.
Monfort, C. V., Presb., 33, at Lafayette Ind.
Monroe, George, Meth., 70, at Pleasant, West Virginia.
Parry, Porter B., Cong., of Hersey Reed City, Michigan.
Pryse, J. M., Presb., of Prescott and River church, Wis.
Saunders, Joseph L., Meth., at Toronto Canada, Aug. 10th.
Upfold, Right Rev. George, D.D., Episcopal Bishop, Epis., 70, at Indianapolis, Ind.
Whitney, H. E., Unit., of Flint, Oct. 12th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen, R. H., Cong., of Neponset, has been elected secretary of the American Tract Society for the district of England.
Gardner, George W., Bapt., has been elected corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union.
Palmer, T. R., Bapt., has been elected president of Franklin College, Ind.
Worman, Prof. J. H., of Drew Theological Seminary, has been elected president professor of Modern History and Languages in Lawrence University, Wis.

Our Young Folks.

NESTLINGS.

BY EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

Six puffy-fluffy things, each in a ball,
Heigh-ho!
Never a feather to one of them all,
Heigh-ho!
Six puffy-fluffy, queer little things;
They are birdies, I know, and they'll sometime have wings,
Heigh-ho!

I saw a sparrow a long time ago,
Heigh-ho!
A straw in her bill, flying so low,
Heigh-ho!
I followed her, tiptoe, for well I guessed
Sometime in the hollow there'd be a nest,
Heigh-ho!

She hid it in grasses (who taught her how?),
Heigh-ho!
Daisies and buttercups bend over it now,
Heigh-ho!
Six little speckled eggs! I breathed not a word—
None knew the secret but me and the bird,
Heigh-ho!

O, my nestlings, my darlings, by and by,
Heigh-ho!
Four wings will be grown, and away you will fly,
Heigh-ho!
Yet, still *mine*, little puffy-fluffy things,
Here in the hollow or off on your wings,
Heigh-ho!

COUSIN BESSIE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

BY PAUL COBDEN.

"Who did you love the most of anybody when you were a little girl? Or can't you tell?"

This was a question that Alice, a little girl of fourteen years, put to her Cousin Bessie.

Cousin Bessie was three times fourteen, and had been a wife and mother, and passed from those joys into widowhood. But still she was a happy, cheerful woman; and grown people, as well as children, like Alice, loved to hear her talk of the sunny days of her childhood.

"I'm sure," said Alice, "I can't see what there was to make you so happy as you say you were. Your father and mother both died after you were old enough to feel it."

"Yes, and I did feel it, for I was a serious child of thirteen years; but everybody told me they had gone to Heaven, and that we were all on our way there, and that the journey wasn't long. And I believed it, and felt happy about it. There didn't seem to be anything left for me to do but to believe it, and feel happy about it. And really I was happy much sooner than I expected to be; for at first I was overwhelmed, and thought I should never have any more comfort in this world. My father and mother had both been taken from me in one short day, and, when blessed old Deacon Sims came to see me, and I told him I wished I was dead, he said: 'Dear child, I don't wonder!' And then he said nothing more, but pressed me to his heart, and kept still, until I could control myself and listen to him."

"Was it Deacon Sims you loved the most of anybody?" replied Alice. "I guess it was."

"No, although it seemed hardly possible that I could love any one else more. He was like a father to me until I left the home of my childhood. I wasn't afraid to tell him anything, and whatever troubled me I poured into his ear. Not long after the death of my father and mother, Aunt Edith, my father's sister, told me that the house had been sold, and that my home was to be with Aunt Patience.

"My heart fell, for I had never seen Aunt Patience; and the more Aunt Edith said to me about her the more sure I was that I shouldn't like her."

"I can't guess which of the three you like best—Deacon Sims, or Aunt Edith, or Aunt Patience," said Alice.

"Well, you'll know. Not long after I found out that my fate was fixed, and that I was to live with Aunt Patience, Deacon Sims came over to see one day. He found me sitting on the front steps, crying, and, as he said, in his peculiarly kind, tender tone, 'My dear child, it seems to me I must do something to make you happy,' I burst into tears, and said I'd rather die than go and live with Aunt Patience. Then he talked so gently and coaxingly to me that I opened my heart to him, and told him all my reasons for not wanting to live with Aunt Patience. 'Aunt Edith,' I said, 'has told me that she is a woman who has been '*sanctified by affliction*,' and I've always heard that such people are very disagreeable.

"A comical but yet pitiful smile came over Deacon Sims's face. I can recall it now; and he asked:

"'What kind of people do you think they are, Bessie?'

"'Oh! dreadful people,' I said. 'They wear deep mourning, and never smile, and never have a good time, and never want any one else to have a good time, and always call people who enjoy themselves very wicked. I've always heard that that was the way with all sanctified people, whether they were sanctified by affliction or something else.'

"Deacon Sims smiled again. I wondered then, but I don't wonder now.

"Another reason I gave Deacon Sims for not wanting to live with Aunt Patience was that her name was Patience. I thought that all the virtues (patience and prudence and perseverance and the others) were good, and that I ought, some time or other, to learn to practice them; but I couldn't bear to have people named after them.

"Well, the Deacon said a great many comforting things, though he didn't reconcile me to the idea of living with Aunt Patience. And after a few weeks I went to my new home.

"I found Aunt Patience in deep widow's mourning. But then she was in such good spirits, and received me with such bright, beaming smiles, that I made up my mind at once that she hadn't been sanctified by affliction or anything else. So I began to brea and feel very happy.

"She was not, as I thought, at all what Aunt Edith represented her to be. She was as full of music and song all day and every day as a bird, and it seemed to be her constant delight to make others happy. For my happiness she showed a peculiar care. And I had not been under her roof a week before I learned to love her very much; and I wondered how a woman could be so sanctified as Aunt Edith said she was and yet so sweet and winning.

"But there came a morning that revealed her to me in a still brighter light, and yet made her sweetness still more inexplicable. The china-closet had been emptied of all its rich china and glass; and I, wishing to help Aunt Patience—for Chloe, the cook, was tired out trying to do her own work and the work of the second girl, who had left, giving only an hour's notice—offered to wash the china and glass before it was returned to the closet. I knew that Aunt Patience or Chloe would have to do it, if I didn't; and so I got permission to do it.

"'Certainly, you may, my child,' said Aunt Patience. 'I know I can trust you.'

"'You'll break all dese yer buful dishes. I know you will,' said Chloe, as Aunt Patience closed the kitchen door and left me carefully beginning the work.

"'No, you won't,' added Chloe. 'I was jus' in' my chile. You're a 'ful little soul. You won't break the fustest thing.'

"Well, I went on with my work; and Chloe went up-stairs to do some sweeping. My fingers flew fast over the dishes; for Aunt Patience had gone across the street to see a sick neighbor, and I was ambitious to have all the china and glass in their places again before she came back. But suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, when the coming event had cast no shadow before it, down came everything on the floor; and down came Chloe from up-stairs, to find out what the 'awful noise' was.

"I was standing horror-stricken at the ruin my hands had wrought, and Chloe's sudden entrance was not at all soothing, for her first expression was: 'Goodness gracious! What a careless child you be! I believe your Aunt Patience 'll scold a blue streak for once!'

"There was a pause, and I hoped she would say nothing more. But she burst out again: 'You needn't have done dis yer dreadful piece of carelessness, Miss Bessie. Folks that can't look to dar hands oughtn't to offer to do such nice work. Oh, goodness me! What will your Aunt Patience say to you? She won't never let you tech a nice dish again. I'm sure you'se might have knowed better than to set all the dishes on the leaf of the table. You'll cotch it!'

"'Oh! Chloe,' I said, 'don't talk so to me! I'm almost crazy with trouble! Everything broken! Every cup and saucer, every plate and all the glass! Oh! where shall I go and what shall I do?'

"As I said this, I cast one despairing look at the mass of broken dishes and rushed out of the house.

"I did not hear or see Aunt Patience; but as I went out of one door she came in another, and at once saw all her china and glass lying together in one hopeless ruin.

"Just how long it was before I heard her voice I don't know; but it was not many minutes. A river ran before my Aunt's door, not very far from the house; and I started for it, rubbing my hands and head alternately, in my agony. The thought of drowning myself had not entered my mind, although I felt badly enough to do it; but I wanted to get away from the house, and sit down on the bank of the river and consider what I had better do and how I could approach Aunt Patience. But the blessed woman did not wait for me to approach her. She approached me. I had gone only a little way down the yard toward the fence when I heard her voice; and as soon as I heard it my fears were gone.

"'Why, what are you going to do, Bessie?' she called. 'Surely, you're not going to drown yourself for a few pieces of broken crockery?'

"'Oh! Aunt Patience, how can you speak so?' I exclaimed, turning round and running toward her, with all the delightful freedom of an escaped prisoner. It must be you are angry with me; but you don't act so.'

"'Why, how did you expect me to act, my child? You don't suppose I suspect you of intending to break all those dishes, do you? You wanted to be my little helper; and, in being that, you brought indescribable wretchedness upon yourself for at least ten minutes, I dare say.'

"'It was just about ten minutes ago that they all came crashing down on the floor; but it seems to me a great deal longer than that. Wretchedness is the very word to use. I can't begin to tell what my wretchedness has been.'

"'Well, think no more about it, Bessie. Accidents will happen, even when we're doing our very best. Indeed, I think they happen oftener then than at any other time.'

"I looked at Aunt Patience in amazement. Her face was like a quiet lake, brightened by a summer sunset; and her voice was smoother and softer than oil.

"When the broken china and glass had all been taken up and put out of the way, Aunt Patience said: 'Come, Bessie, come into my room with me, and let's hear no more about these broken things. They're not worth talking about. Gray & Noble have every variety of china and glass, and will soon furnish us with everything.'

"'But the rich, old-fashioned china, Aunty!' I said. 'You can't get anything like it; and, if you could, it wouldn't take the place of that you have had so long.'

"I noticed a slight tremor about Aunt Patience, and something that seemed like a struggle with her feelings. But all was over in a minute, and she said:

"'Well, no matter, my dear. Neither new-fashioned nor old-fashioned china, nor anything else, lasts long, and we won't cry over it.'

"I followed Aunt Patience to her room; and she at once tried to divert me by showing me a pincushion and some mats she had just been making. She was calm and smiling, and apparently unconscious of the tempest of feeling within me when I suddenly (for I could stand it no longer) dropped down into her rocking-chair and burst into loud weeping. Then she began to pat and caress me, and to tell me that I would feel better after crying a few minutes—that it would relieve my nervous excitement. I was bound to have my cry out, and I did; but not until I had told Aunt Patience that I had a secret, and must tell it to her.

"'A secret, and must tell it to me? Well, I can keep a secret,' replied Aunt Patience; and then, after another wave had broken over me, I told her that I had found out what it meant to be *sanctified*.

"'It means to be just as sweet and good as it's possible to be,' I said; 'and that's what you are, Aunt Patience. Oh! I wish I'd known what Aunt Edith meant, but I'm not sure she knew herself.'

"Then I went on to tell Aunt Patience how much I dreaded to come and live with her; for I thought that sanctified people were solemn and melancholy, and stiff and proper, and that nobody had any comfort in living with them.

"'At first, when I used the word sanctified, her face flushed and she looked a little disturbed; but the quiet, tender look soon came back, and she said, with a lovely, loving smile:

"'To be sanctified, my dear, is to have a heart enriched with all the sweetness of love—love to God and love to all about us. I am trying every day to learn more and more of this blessed love. For nothing but this love can make us pitiful and kind and tender.'

"'That's what you've been to me today, Aunt Patience,' I said. 'I supposed, of course, that you'd scold at me; but you didn't even call me careless. Why, I think it very strange you didn't.'

"'Not at all, my child. How could I? I lay no claim to any superior goodness in the matter. When I saw all that broken china and glass on the floor, and you nowhere in sight, I understood it all in an instant, and my heart ached for you. And, if I had scolded you or called you careless, a cloud would have come over me at once. We must have all the gentleness and sweetness and pity of holy love if we would have it bright all around us.'

"I saw that Aunt Patience felt a shrinking from being called good, and that she had a dread of the word *sanctified*, when applied to herself; but I insisted upon it that she was the sweetest and best woman in the world, and that she was a great deal more sanctified than Aunt Edith ever dreamed of, and that I loved her more than I did any one else in the world. The broken china and glass had woven a chain between us that was never to be broken. I loved her more than I did any one else in the world, and I told her so.

"Not long afterward I wrote to Deacon Sims. He had written me a good, fatherly letter, telling me that I must always consider him as my father, and write and let him know whenever I was happy or unhappy, and so I wrote him very soon, to tell him how happy I was with Aunt Patience. I told him that she wasn't at all what I had supposed a sanctified woman was: that she wasn't dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable; but just as sweet and good as she could be, and that I'd give the whole world to be sanctified, if it would make me like her.

"Deacon Sims's answer (for he wrote me very soon) I have always kept; and I often read it over, although it was written so many years ago. He told me that the word sanctified had frightened a great many people; and yet that the more we were sanctified the happier we were and the happier we made those about us. He said that a bright day was pleasanter than a cloudy day; and that it was the *sunshine* that made all the difference. 'And just so,' he added, 'a holy heart is happier and gives more happiness to others than an unholy heart, because it is full of the sunshine of God's sweet grace.'

"My home was with Aunt Patience until I married; and during all those years she seemed to me a miracle of sweetness. Her smiles and helpful words made a straight and easy path for every one in the house. I saw more and more of her gentleness and goodness; but never anything that eclipsed her loving treatment of me when I broke all her china and glass."

"Why, she was an angel, wasn't she?" said Alice.

"She was quite as sweet and good as an angel," replied Cousin Bessie. "Chloe used to call her 'an angel woman.'"

"'The angel woman, Miss Bessie!' she would say. 'She's got de real happyfyin' religion, and she's got it all troo and troo her. She don't hab it in spots.'

"And Chloe would often remind me of 'dat awful china and glass day,' as she used to call it. 'Not very awful, either, Miss Bessie,' she would say, 'though it was tremendous awful for a few minutes. Seemed like as if you'd go crazy. But laws, Missy, dear, I knowed what kind of a woman your Aunt Patience was. I knowed just how full she was of religion, and that you wouldn't get the fustest word of scolding.'

"'What ain't in can't come out,' added Chloe. 'You might squeeze and squeeze dat woman all day, and you wouldn't get no fire and brimstone out of her—'cause dey ain't dar. I'll tell you what, Miss Bessie, I likes dat sort of religion dat's all honey, wid de gall left out. But some folks has a curus kind of religion—just all gall and no honey. Dey goes to prayer-meeting, maybe, and to church, just as reg'lar as Sunday comes round; but nobody wants to come near 'em, dey snarl and snap, and scold so.'"

"I treasured up old Chloe's words," added Cousin Bessie, "and almost everything that Aunt Patience ever said or did while I was under her roof is graven on my heart. And this one impression was made upon me by her beautiful life—that pure religion is the sweetest and best treasure that any man, woman, or child can have; and that those who have it are a perpetual joy to others and feel within themselves an unfailing fountain of joy. The life Aunt Patience lived with me was like the freshness and brightness of a long June day; and I often told Deacon Sims, when I saw him—as I sometimes did—that although I wanted a great many good things, I wanted, above all things, a holy heart. And the Deacon used to smile, and say: "You've found out, my dear, that to be sanctified don't mean to be 'dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable.'"

The Sunday-school.

It is not our purpose to attempt full notes week by week, on the Uniform Lessons. That work is being well done by various journals, denominational and Union. But we are inclined to emphasize a single point in each lesson for the benefit of our many readers engaged in the study of this widely-used series—not perhaps the most important point in the lesson, but one that may give a fresh thought to some superintendent or teacher, bewildered by the richness of the material in the text and its comments, and desirous of fastening upon one theme out of many. Thus, in the lesson for Sept. 15th, "The Temple of God," from I Cor., iii, 16, 23: "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Here is given the Christian's highest inducement to take care of himself. He is to count himself as not his own, but God's. Not alone *his* spirit, but God's Spirit has a dwelling in his body; not a home merely, but a holy temple, a sanctuary, to defile which is sacrilege. Few men (few w ld, rough boys even) are so lost to all religious fee ling as to be willing to wantonly defile or injure a house of worship. The rich stained-glass windows of the church that stands empty and unguarded are rarely broken in spite or mischief. The outer walls of God's house are seldom defaced even by those who have little respect for the property of the fellows. Certainly no Christian would deliberately profane a building consecrated to the worship of the Saviour whom he trusts. In recognition of this feeling, God claims his children as his temples, and declares that those defiling these dwellings of his Spirit shall be punished in a manner worthy of his direst punishment. Hence, no Christian can rightly think it is a small matter if he fails to give his body due attention and honor. He has no right to neglect or misuse his bodily powers. He must not waste his strength. He must not overwork, nor sleep too much or too little, nor eat or drink improperly; for he is not his own, but Christ's. Whatever he puts into his mouth is to be counted as an offering to Jesus. Whatever he puts on to his person is an adornment of the temple of Christ. Any sin against his body, any defilement of it in any way, is the sin of defiling the temple where dwells the Spirit of God. "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God"; for "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

....The London Sunday-school Union has proposed a season of universal prayer for Sunday-schools throughout Great Britain, and Dr. Vincent has written a letter urging co-operation in the plan on this side of the water. The *Sunday-school Times* approves the idea, and says:

"The cause and the call will commend themselves at once to all American Sunday-school workers. The pastors of our land, from their pulpits, the religious press of all denominations, and the superintendents of all Sunday-schools, having the highest good of the dear children always at heart, must naturally and eagerly respond to it.

If with one accord the Sunday-school teachers of the world present their united supplications to the Throne of Grace, will not the Hearer of prayer answer and pour out his richest and fullest blessings?"

The proposition is that on the Lord's-Day morning, October 20th, between 7 and 8 o'clock, all teachers shall offer special prayer in private for God's blessing on their work especially in bringing their unconverted scholars to himself; that in the afternoon of the same day each school shall be gathered for a prayer-meeting; and that in the evening the teachers shall come together, either before or after public worship, for mutual prayer. On the next day (Monday) the teachers are again to offer special private prayer for their classes between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning; the female teachers of each school are to hold a prayer-meeting during the day; and in the evening church prayer-meetings in behalf of the Sunday-school is invited. Undoubtedly, there will be a general response to this call.

....A pleasant tribute to the memory of the recently deceased Isaac Baker, father of the graceful and versatile editor of the *Sunday-school Times*, has been republished in tract form, for general distribution, from the columns of that paper. It is said of him:

"What a Tousley was to Western New York, a Hawley to New England, a Hammer to the South, a Lucius Hart and a Father Seaton to New York the late Isaac Baker was to Philadelphia. . . . His work with the children has been a marvelous one. Thousands upon thousands have passed under his molding hand. Generations of children have arisen to call him blessed. . . . The children loved him. They followed him. He followed them. He could not walk the streets but they called after him. He was never too hurried to greet them. He always had a word for them. . . . Certainly the children of Philadelphia have lost in him a royal friend. His place will be hard to fill. Only now and then does such an apostle to children rise in a community."

....A correspondent gives the following illustration of the truth that even a poor Sunday-school is the gainer by missionary giving:

"In Morris County, New Jersey, last November, a little Union Sunday-school was struggling on in an old tumble-down school-house in the country, with ten scholars. It was just ready to give up the ghost (for no Sunday-school in that place had ever lived through the winter), when two men, earnest in the work, visited it and protested against such wickedness. They secured a new superintendent, of the right stamp, and infused so much vitality that a slight growth was soon manifest, and $13 in money were procured for a library. One of the men who had saved the life of the school (Alfred M. Treadwell—may his like be multiplied) visited it in the dead of winter, and, knowing that activity promotes warmth and saves from freezing, proposed nothing less than the organization of a missionary society among this shivering handful. 'Before this,' says the superintendent, 'it was impossible for us to do anything in the way of books and papers for ourselves even; but by the 12th of May we had raised $7.65 to give away.' This was put into the hands of a Sunday-school missionary, to be used for the poor children in East Tennessee. And now, though this little union Sunday-school still numbers less than a score, we hear of $9 more in their treasury to be given to the Lord."

....A correspondent of the St. Louis *Old School Presbyterian*, who is deemed of sufficient importance to occupy two full columns in an article on "Sunday-schools," expresses himself as follows:

"I am convinced that Sunday-schools, as organized and conducted, are without warrant from the Word of God; are opposed to its teachings as interpreted by Presbyterians; and, furthermore, viewed in the light of *expediency*, to say nothing of the Divine warrant, instead of being aids in the work of advancing Christ's cause, they are rather hindrances thereto."

That he may not be misunderstood as to the sweeping character of his censures, he declares again, after stating fully his objections to this religious agency:

"All that has been said applies to Sunday-schools of the better sort. . . . We maintain that there is no warrant for any kind of Sunday-school where men and women, without reference to their qualifications to teach, are assuming to be the work of thus publicly expounding the Word of God."

Father Chidlaw, the veteran Sunday-school worker of Ohio, tells of meeting an opposer of Sunday-schools in a district where he tried to organize one, who declared that "he knew all about them things. His father told him of 'em. They were started under the Jarseys, by British gold, to take away our liberties." Is that old man writing for the papers?

....Dr. J. H. Vincent writes from London to the *Sunday-school Times* as follows concerning the Uniform Lesson plan:

"The International Lesson idea receives a warmer reception on this side than I expected. The [London Sunday-school] Union has published lessons for 1873; but after the will, I doubt not, be ready to co-operate with us. So with the French Sunday-school Union. Italy will sweep into line in 1873, beyond a doubt. Saxony our indefatigable Van Meter, who is now in London, preparing for a campaign this winter, and thereafter until death, is for Eternal Life. I have hopes, therefore, in England and France and Germany we may have the International Text—a single verse taken from our lesson for each Sabbath of every new month in the year! January to study the same portion of God's Word in the United States, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and Italy. This scheme may fail, but the prospects are good for its success."

Dr. Vincent is supposed to be already on his way home, to arrive within a few days.

....The Sunday-school cause in the Southern States seems prosperous. Accounts in *The Earnest Worker*, of Richmond, Va., from week to week, of gatherings, both denominational and union, in the interests of this cause, show that it is making quite as marked progress throughout the South as elsewhere in the country. In punctuality of attendance, in systematic contributions, in attention to the training of teachers, in thoroughness of Bible study, in missionary work, and in closeness of union between the schools and the churches, the workers there seem quite abreast with the times.

....Governor Woods, of Utah, has an interesting Bible class in the hall where the Congregational church worships, and he occupies the afternoon of Sunday in leading a service of Bible study.

Pebbles.

At the Dunster Deanery gathering, a few days ago, the school inspector told some of his recent experiences in school examinations in the neighborhood. In one place, while hearing the Apostle's Creed repeated by the children, he found that they believed in "the communion of saints, the forgiveness of saints," and on putting the query, What is a saint? he was answered by a little girl: "Please, sir, something what you smells with." His questions on scriptual knowledge elicited the assertion that the offender caught Sabbath-breaking in the wilderness was punished by being "stuck up to the moon."

....In the central district court at Worcester, Thursday morning, Mr. E. B. Fairbanks was tried for an assault on Mr. Henry Adams, of the Adams Dye-house and formerly of this city. The latter testified that he was thrown down and choked until he became insensible, and said: "I was very near dead, I expect." "You needn't tell what you think about that; it is not ev

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The Independent.

—WITH—

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, September 5th, 1872.

MASSACHUSETTS TO THE FRONT.

WE have substantially secured the equal rights of the negro. The present canvass is to prove whether we shall keep what we have gained; and of that there appears to be no doubt. Another contest looms in the immediate future, which will be fought with less acrimony and less blood, and in which the victory will be more easily achieved.

The state which led the way in that contest leads the way in this, and it is pleasant to see the same names honored in that struggle prominent now. They have just gained a victory more significant to any but the mere politician than will be the anxiously awaited elections in Maine and Pennsylvania and Indiana.

The Republican party of Massachusetts, in State Convention, at Worcester, last week, with substantial unanimity and without any expressed opposition, adopted the following explicit resolution as a part of their platform of principles.

"*Resolved*, That we heartily approve of the recognition of the rights of Woman contained in the fourteenth clause of the National Republican Platform; that the Republican party of Massachusetts, as the representative of Liberty and Progress, is in favor of extending Suffrage on equal terms to all American citizens, irrespective of sex, and will hail the day when the educated intellect and enlightened conscience of woman shall find due expression at the ballot-box."

This is the third progressive step which has been taken in the direction of woman's political equality within a year. Last fall the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, in the midst of an excited gubernatorial contest between Washburn, Loring, Rice, and Butler (all four in favor of suffrage), unanimously adopted a resolution commending woman suffrage to "careful and respectful consideration." This was the first step. In consequence of this, and at the instance of the New England delegates, the National Republican Convention, at Philadelphia, last June, inserted the celebrated "fourteenth plank" in the platform as follows:

"The Republican party is mindful of its obligations to the loyal women of America for their noble devotion to the cause of freedom; their admission to wider fields of usefulness is received with satisfaction; and the honest demands of any class of citizens for additional rights should be treated with respectful consideration."

This was the second step. It placed the national party upon the same level as that of Massachusetts, so far as the Woman's question was concerned.

The action of the Massachusetts Republican Convention last week was the third and most important step of the three. It is as full and unqualified an endorsement as could well be framed. If a platform is to be regarded as "the voice of the party," impartial suffrage for woman is one of the Republican issues of that state. It remains to be seen whether the individual members of the party will so regard it.

That such a resolution was unanimously reported to a representative convention of nearly a thousand delegates, by a platform committee of sixteen men of eminence, one from each county and three from the state at large; that it was received with a shout of enthusiasm and passed with apparent unanimity, indicates a rapid growth of public sentiment upon this question which is certainly highly encouraging. It furnishes a complete refutation of the charge that the Republican party has become corrupt and conservative, and confirms the claim of Republicanism to be regarded as the progressive element of the country.

Nor can the action of the Worcester Convention surprise us when we consider the high character and ability of the leading advocates of woman suffrage in New England. For reforms are estimated far more by the quality than the quantity of their adherents. The genius of Mrs. Child, Mrs. Stowe, and Miss Phelps, the literary culture and social position of Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Cheney, the persuasive persistency of Mrs. Stone, and the sagacious tact and commanding eloquence of Mrs. Livermore are re-enforced by a body of intelligent and estimable women trained in the anti-slavery conflict and enthroned in public respect. Equally fortunate is the movement in its prominent male supporters. Reformers like Garrison, Phillips, Stanton, Alcott; clergymen like Bishop Haven, James Freeman Clarke, W. H. H. Murray, and Dr. Jacob Manning; lawyers like George F. Hoar, Ingersoll Bowditch, and Samuel E. Sewall; statesmen and politicians like Wilson, Claflin, Loring, Butler, Rice, and Boutwell; authors and poets like Higginson, Emerson, and Whittier; daily newspapers like the Worcester *Spy* and the Springfield *Republican*; weeklies like the *Woman's Journal* and the *Commonwealth*—all advocate woman suffrage. United they form a galaxy of such rare and varied talent as may well explain the swift advance and probable triumph of the suffrage reform in Massachusetts.

We would not exaggerate the significance of this action of the Massachusetts Republicans. We know well enough that a "platform" is about the most deceptive piece of joinery that can be constructed. One "plank" may be a mighty mahogany trunk, strong enough to support the march of a nation; and the next may be a veneer over an abyss, or an oroide gilding of a dry rot, or an iridescent lacquer, changing color with the beholder's change of position. But this resolution is not mere buncombe and bounce. It indicates that with the retiracy of the disreputable advocates of female suffrage the subject is pressing again into prominence, and that politicians and statesmen and voters must prepare themselves for the Coming Woman.

THE Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has been bringing one of its members to book for "unmercantile conduct," which is a mild term for lying and swindling. We are far from thinking that these practices are universal among our merchants. Honesty is, no doubt, the rule, and trickery the exception among the business men of our cities; but it is a good service to the cause of morality to establish the fact that dishonesty is "unmercantile" as well as unlawful.

THE MARRIAGE OF FATHER HYACINTHE.

THE telegraph brings word that Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to *Le Temps*, the Paris newspaper, announcing and justifying his approaching marriage.

This announcement will be received by the Papal party in the Catholic Church with a chorus of derision and execration. "It was for this, then," his brethren in the priesthood will say, "that you went out from us; it was because the rule of celibacy was too strict for you; it was because you wanted indulgences which we in the Church are not allowed. This is what Old Catholicism means. It is only a triumph of the lower nature over the higher. It is only an opening of the gates to carnality and selfishness."

That some such estimate as this will be placed upon his conduct by the Infallibilists is certain; and we, who have hoped that the movement of which he is one of the leaders might pervade and liberalize the whole Catholic Church, have sometimes wished that he would not permit his enemies to bring this accusation against him, unjust and unfounded as we know it to be.

But it now appears that the reform to which he has devoted his life must be carried on without rather than within the Roman Church. The Old Catholic movement is assuming more and more every day the aspects of an organized reform. The Church of which Döllinger and Friedrich, in Germany, and Hyacinthe and Michaud, in France, are the leaders is now tolerably certain to be a separate organization, with a synod and a constitution of its own. There may be yet in the minds of some of the leaders a hope of reconciliation with the Infallibilists; but the logic of events is against the realization of any such hope.

If, then, the Old Catholic Church is to have a creed and a cultus of its own, it is evident that now is the time to settle the fundamental principles of its organization. Among the reforms which will undoubtedly be introduced is the repeal of the rule requiring the celibacy of the clergy. That programme which Professor Friedrich recently printed in the *Deutscher Mercur*, and which is a rough draft of the leading features of the reform proposed, includes, as our readers will remember, this proposition.

In taking this bold step Father Hyacinthe is, then, distinctly proclaiming his own conviction that this reform is necessary. It is no new doctrine with him. No man has pleaded more eloquently than he for the dignity and the sacredness of marriage; and celibacy has always been regarded by him not as a rule of obligation, but as a rule of expediency. In the great revolution now going forward in the Church he sees the opportunity for the relaxation of the rule, and for the restoration to the priesthood of rights and blessings long withheld. We do not know what his justification will be; but it is safe to predict that it will not be any pitiful plea for indulgence, but a noble vindication of the sacredness of the family, and of the need, in which priests share equally with other men, of its safeguards and of its ennobling discipline. The marriage of Father Hyacinthe marks an era in the Old Catholic movement, and shows that the reform will be radical.

THE FINAL EXPOUNDER OF LEGAL POWERS.

BOUVIER, in his "Law Dictionary," says in reference to the powers granted to the General Government and those withheld:

"Of the separating line between the powers granted and the powers withheld the Constitution provides no judge." "On this subject the Constitution is silent. The great men who formed it did not undertake to solve a question that in its own nature is insoluble."

This we regard as a political heresy of the very gravest character. If it be true that the General Government is not the authoritative and final interpreter of its own powers, then the Constitution is theoretically a failure, and the Government organized under it exists only by sufferance.

Daniel Webster, in his great speech delivered on the 16th of February, 1833, in reply to Calhoun, laid down a very different doctrine. One of his fundamental propositions reads thus:

"That there is a supreme law, consisting of the Constitution of the United States, and acts of Congress passed in pursuance of it, and treaties; and that, in cases not capable of assuming the character of a suit in law or equity, Congress must judge of and finally interpret this supreme law so often as it has occasion to pass acts of legislation; and in cases capable of assuming, and actually assuming the character of a suit the Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter."

Webster is right and Bouvier is wrong on this subject. The Constitution does provide a supreme and final judge authoritatively to determine what are the powers of the General Government. Congress, at the moment in which it is enacting laws, is for the time being this judge. It must in the very nature of things be in the first instance the interpreter of its own powers, as granted by the Constitution; and, if its legislative action does not admit of being tested as to its constitutionality by a suit in law or equity, then its interpretation is final. There is no power in state legislation to change or reverse its decision. The Constitution, while declaring itself to be "the supreme law of the land," also delares all "the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof" to be a part of this "supreme law." The legal presumption, always sufficient to settle the question of authority, is that every law enacted by Congress is so enacted in pursuance of the Constitution. This is the judgment of Congress as the legislative interpreter of its own powers; and this judgment is final, unless changed by a power for which the Constitution provides. The Constitution says that "the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made or which shall be made under their authority." As to the question of fact, whether the laws of Congress are conformed to the Constitution and lie within the range of powers which it grants, the Supreme Court is made the final interpreter in every case arising under these laws and properly brought before this tribunal. The judicial power is the only power that can authoritatively consider the question whether the laws of Congress are constitutional or not; and it cannot do so except in the actual trial of a case brought before it. In the trial of cases, and the rendering of judgments thereon, the judicial power is bound to interpret and apply the laws of Congress, and give them their full effect, except when in its judgment these laws are unauthorized by the Constitution. The Constitution being its supreme rule, as it is the supreme rule of Congress, it then pronounces such legislation null and void, by reason of its unconstitutionality. In all other cases the legislation of Congress is the final interpretation of the powers vested in the General Government. This legislation, not by political partisans, but by the judicial power provided in the Constitution itself.

These principles, that were so elaborately argued by Daniel Webster, more than thirty years ago, are not wholly irrelevant to our own times. The Democratic party is by no means cured of the heresy in regard to state rights, of which Calhoun was the chief priest in his day and which laid the basis for the great Rebellion, whose suppression cost so much treasure and blood. Its political cry about centralization and consolidation is simply the undertone of the old South Carolina doctrine. It kept up this undertone all through the war and still keeps it up. This party has not yet fully discovered that the Government of the United States is a government acting directly upon the people, holding them individually responsible, bound to protect them, supreme and final in its authority, clothed with the right of interpreting its own powers, and incapable of being forcibly resisted, except by measures that are revolutionary. So much of the old heresy about state rights still runs in its veins that it cannot correctly expound the Constitution of the United States. It is jealous of the centralization which this very Constitution creates and without which even state rights themselves would have no final and peaceful expounder.

What security, it may be asked, have the states that the General Government will not exceed its powers, and commit encroachments upon their rights? We answer: None. And, in the nature of things, they can have none, except that which is furnished by the machinery of the Government itself, taken in connection with its direct dependence upon the popular will. Ultimate power must be lodged somewhere; and the people of the United States have seen fit to lodge this power in the General Government, and there it will remain so long as the Constitution continues in its present form. Being the supreme interpreter of its own powers, it can never submit this question to a state, or accept any decision but its own as having authority. This is centralization; and but for it our political system would have no center, binding all the parts to each other and each part to the common whole. But for it we should be a mere league of states; and not a nation, under a government invested with supreme control.

ORTHODOXY AND SELFISHNESS.

IS selfishness the foundation of Orthodoxy? Mr. Towne says in the *Index* that it is. He puts in an important qualification, however, which nobody must overlook. "Those," he says, "who use a selfish rule in their religion may be truly unselfish in heart and life. It is very commonly the case that people are much better as men and women than they are as technical Christians. And, this being observed, it is perfectly just to say that the idea upon which the approved and customary Christianity proceeds is one of pure selfishness—supreme regard for self. . . . The rule of the Orthodox theory is to hope for and work for yourself."

If Mr. Towne's definition of Orthodoxy were the correct one, we should hardly wish to be considered Orthodox. But we doubt the accuracy of his statement. Archbishop Manning, whom he quotes, is not recognized as an infallible teacher by Orthodox Protestants; and, though, as he says, Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor may have been one of the greatest of the New England divines, he does not speak with authority in any Orthodox assembly. If, therefore, he declares that "regard for self is the first principle of all virtue," we are not bound to accept his words as binding upon our faith. We are sure, however, that this statement, in the sense in which the critic uses it, cannot be fairly drawn from his teachings.

There is, indeed, a sense in which love for self is the beginning if not the first principle of all virtue. No man could know the worth of other men's souls without first having a conviction of the worth of his own. No man could desire the happiness of his fellows without learning in his own life what happiness means. The conscience of another becomes sacred to him only as he comes to feel the urgency and the authority of his own conscience. Just as the exercise of his own will is the source from which he derives all his knowledge of liberty and efficiency, so from the exercise of his moral affections and choices he learns what virtue is. Some degree of self-consciousness, some measure of self-regard is essential to virtue. And, though this idea may have assumed exaggerated forms in the writings of some orthodox teachers, what we have said is, we believe, about the substance of what sensible men would say concerning the relations of self-regard to virtue.

Mr. Towne quotes from THE INDEPENDENT a sentence which seems to him to teach that Orthodoxy is based upon selfishness. "Let no man deny the name Christian," we said, "to those who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for their own salvation and who spend their lives in leading others into like precious faith." We did say that, and we propose to stand by it, without the alteration or the transfer of a word. Mr. Towne finds fault with our classification. He thinks we ought not to have put the trust for personal salvation before the labor for the welfare of others. But what is this salvation for which the believer trusts in the Saviour? It is a salvation from sin. The Redeemer in whom he believes is called by his precious name because he saves his people from their sins. All intelligent Orthodox teachers—in this day, at least—emphasize the fact that it is from sin first and secondly from the penalty of sin that men are saved. Every respectable preacher tells his congregation over and over again that a sorrow for sin which is only a dread of its consequences is no true penitence; that a faith which only looks to the forestalling of punishment is no true faith. And what is this sin from which we hope to be saved? We do not care to enter into any theological refinements about the nature of sin; but will only say that, as a practical experience, every man feels that the essence of it is selfishness—the tyranny of passion and desire and self-will over his nobler affections. This is what every intelligent Christian wants to be saved from, and it is for salvation from this that he trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ. If a man knows that he is selfish, and wants to have the back of his old selfishness broken, and asks for help in breaking it, we do think it is hardly fair to charge him with selfishness in the very act of overcoming selfishness.

There is another way to look at it. A man comes to Christ for salvation from sin. But sin is the transgression of the law; and the law, as it is revealed in Scripture, and as it urges itself in conscience, is simply this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." He wishes to be kept from the transgression of this law; in other words, he wishes to be helped to obey this law; in other words, he trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ to aid him in loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. If this is selfishness, either in theory or in practice, we hope that it may increase and abound.

We must think that our critic has mistaken the Christian ideal at another point. "There are but two rules in this matter," he says: "disregard of self out of regard for all souls, and disregard of all souls out of regard for self." We do not believe that either of these is the Christian rule. "Disregard of self" is not a Christian virtue. Disregard of self is not the proper antithesis of selfishness. No man has any right to disregard himself. He is a child of God; he is made in the image of God; himself than in disregarding his neighbor. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the Christian law.

This law does not forbid, it rather enjoins and dignifies self-sacrifice. The suffering of one for the good of many is often seen to be necessary. And it is only such a view of human worth as this that makes sacrifice possible. If a man honestly considers himself of no account, his offering of himself is of no value. The sacrifice of a stoic has no such high meaning as that of a man who counts his manhood the most precious thing in this universe, and who lays himself upon the altar thanking God that he has so much to give.

This is the Christian ideal, as we understand it; and it is a much higher ideal than that which bids a man disregard himself.

PRISON REFORM AGAIN.

WE spoke the other day of the essential importance of placing a different class of men over our penitentiary establishments from that now entrusted with their charge, if we are to expect any material improvement in their condition. When men of the natural aptitude and specific scientific training of the eminent men entrusted with the direction of our hospitals and asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, and the idiotic are put over our institutions for restraint and punishment, then the next step in the progress of prison reform can be safely taken. And that is a complete change in the present system of apportioning punishment and terminating it. Nothing can well be more unscientific and absurd than the present way of doing both these things, unless it be the election of prison officers by popular vote, or their appointments being included among the other spoils of victory which belong to the successful party at an election. That society has a right to protect itself against the enemies which are of its own household is denied by no one. Whether it has the right to protect itself by putting offenders to death, in certain extreme cases, we will not consider, as that has nothing to do with the matter in hand. But its right to restrain evil-doers within prison-walls is perfect; but not more perfect than the correlative duty of doing its best of making them better men and fit for citizenship again by a wise and humane discipline. The present system of apportioning penalty to crime and of remitting it is, to say the least, very imperfect, whether looked at as a means of protecting society against its dangerous members or of reforming them and returning them to its bosom clothed in their right minds. Let us consider it for a moment, and see whether there may not be a more excellent way.

First of all, the legislature fixes the maximum and minimum of imprisonment, at hard labor or otherwise, to be visited upon each particular class of offenses. Then, after conviction, the judge considers the nature of the offense—its aggravations and extenuations—and does his best to make the sentence conform to what justice demands. Now, any one in the way of attending criminal trials knows how very uncertain this dispensation of justice is, even when administered by magistrates of the highest character. With equal integrity and the same desire to be just to the prisoner and to the community, it is notoriously affected by personal temperament and even by transient states of mind and variations of temper—so much so that criminal lawyers endeavor to hasten or delay the trial of their clients, so as to have it take place before this judge rather than that. And, secondly, after the legislature and the judge have done their part according to the best of their light, the governor has the keys of all the penitentiaries placed in his hands, always beset and often tempted to open the doors to escape importunity, or to gratify his natural sympathy and pity for the unfortunate family of the criminal. Now, it must be clear to every reflecting mind that this method of administering penal justice is a very clumsy and unequal one. All the legislature can do is to classify crimes according to their enormity, and fix the hither and further limits of imprisonment according to its best judgment. The judge can only be guided by what comes before him on the trial, and by the representations of counsel after conviction; and is quite as likely to err in the direction of lenity as of severity. The governor can know nothing of the merits of the case urged upon him for pardon by the passionate urgency of family and friends, excepting their statements and the testimony of the prison officers. Thus the fate of criminals seems to be often as uncertain as the turn of a die, and Mercy must often seem to the unlucky fellows whom she passes by to be as blind a goddess as Fortune herself, if not identical with her.

Now, when men of the highest scientific skill and experience in all that relates to the mind and the body, of the wisest sagacity and the most enlightened humanity, replace those now in charge of our punitive institutions, it is obvious that they would be most important auxiliaries to the executive in the exercise of its most delicate office of adjusting mercy to the guilty and mercy to the community. For the primary object of public punishment is not the reformation of the criminal, but the protection of the virtuous and the industrious. The improvement of the offenders and the cure of their dangerous propensities are, indeed, grave duties as regards the state, as well as its mischievous members; but they are secondary and incidental to the safety of society. The governor would be relieved of much of the painful responsibility of deciding what is his duty in the multitude of cases urged upon him for remission or commutation of punishment if he had such men as we have just described to fall back upon. Their voice would naturally be most potential with him in deciding his action, and this function of his would be much more intelligently and justly exercised when he had such counselors to advise him in each case. Such men would be better able to tell him than any other external influence whether the party whose pardon is asked is, indeed, fit to be restored to society or whether the general good demand his continued restraint.

And then the plan which has been suggested as the most for the benefit of society and of its offenders might at least be considered and possibly tried. We mean the plan of relieving the judges entirely of the responsibility of apportioning the duration of imprisonment to each offense. All he would have to do would be to see to it that the man was convicted on sufficient evidence, and then relegate him to the penitentiary, there to remain until discharged by competent authority. What this authority should be it will be time enough to decide when the plan is seriously entertained; but it must consist of persons competent to decide whether the man is really fit to be discharged with safety to society and benefit to himself. And of such a treatment, whether of one man or of several, such a superintendent as we have supposed would surely be the best and most authentic adviser. We know that such a plan must seem Utopian to many minds; but so did our present prison discipline, when it was first proposed to substitute it for the barbarous and bloody codes which it has replaced. Every improvement—moral, political, or material—is at first visionary, existing only in the imagination. Perhaps these ideas may reduce themselves to practice in the future, and out of them grow a better state of things for all concerned than now exist.

Editorial Notes.

NEXT week the election of state officers and members of Congress occurs in Maine. Both parties—the Greeley-Democratic party and the Republican party—are conducting the canvass with their utmost strength. In reference to the result the New York *World* gives up all hope that the state will be carried in favor of the Democrats, and simply expects "to cut down the Radical majority" sufficiently to make a good show for Mr. Greeley in the November election. The New York *Tribune*, another Democratic paper, says: "We hear from many quarters an encouraging report of the progress of the Liberal cause in Maine; but the remark is sometimes added that the vote for Greeley in November will largely exceed the vote for *our* candidates on the state ticket next month." The *Tribune* exhorts all Republicans who intend to vote for Mr. Greeley to vote "for *our* candidates" in "the September contest," since this will help to reduce the Republican majority in the state, and thereby encourage doubtful and hesitating voters to go for Greeley in November. It so happens that these persons whom the *Tribune* calls "our candidates" are the candidates of the Democratic party in the State of Maine. Their election would be hailed by the Democrats as a Democratic victory; and even their defeat by a reduced Republican majority would inspire the hopes of the coalitionists for next November. The "Liberal cause in Maine," to which the *Tribune* so earnestly devotes itself, is simply the Democratic cause, which the *World* so earnestly supports. We have no doubt that Maine will next week maintain her position as a Republican state; yet it is important that she should do so by such a majority as will indicate the downfall of Democratic Greeleyism. If the preliminary state elections in Maine, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana prove to be victorious to the Republican party, as we believe will be the fact, this will be the end of all hope for the Greeley-Democratic coalition. For the last three weeks it has been showing increasing signs of weakness; and, if the September and October elections shall add to these signs, then the question will be practically settled before the great contest in November. Republicans should buckle on the armor, valiantly fight every inch of ground, and by victories won paint the nation to the great victory that will consign Horace Greeley and the Democratic party to the same political grave.

THE Greeley Democrats and the so-called Liberal Republicans are not a little perplexed with the problem that refers to that large class of Democratic voters who, for different reasons, decline to be the supporters of the Greeley-Democratic ticket. At present they are an unknown quantity in reference to the next election; yet the indications are that their number is sufficient to be distinctly felt in the result. It would not be at all surprising if they were to be more than an offset for all the gains from the Republican ranks accruing from the Democratic nomination of Mr. Greeley. Many of them decidedly prefer Grant to Greeley, and as between the two will vote for the former. Others are so opposed to both that they will vote for neither; and, hence, if there be no other candidates in the field, they will not vote at all for President. Should the Louisville Convention, which meets this week, nominate Democratic candidates, especially if it should place Charles O'Conor at the head of its ticket, thousands and tens of thousands of Democrats who are utterly disgusted with the trickery of the Greeley coalition will sustain the movement, even though they do not expect its immediate success. Not only is Mr. Greeley not at all fit for the duties of the Presidential office, but, if he were ever so well qualified for the high station, his shameful apostasy from his own avowed principles for the sake of office ought to be an insuperable objection to him in the mind of every honest voter, be he a Republican or a Democrat. The success of such a glaring corruption would be a reversal of moral order. To call it a "Reform Canvass" is an insult to the English language.

MR. GREELEY, in his carefully written speech, delivered at Portland, severely denounced "the carpet-bag governments" which have so largely increased the debt of the Southern States since the war, and impliedly pointed to his own election as the true remedy for the evil. In this bid for Southern votes he seems to forget that these so-called "carpet-bag governments" were not appointed by the President, or by Congress; but elected by the people of the respective states. It is undoubtedly true that in many respects their legislation has been very unwise; and that gross frauds have been committed. Yet neither the President nor Congress can be held responsible for these facts. They are the acts of the local authorities in the several states effected by them; and these authorities were placed in power by the votes of the people. The people have the remedy in their own hands. If they do not approve the acts of their state officers, they have the same power and the same right as the people of the Northern States to elect wiser and better men. If they have been badly ruled, and even grossly plundered, it has been done by local governments of their own selection. The "oppressions" of which Mr. Greeley so bitterly complains, so far as they have existence at all, have no relation whatever to Federal politics. They need no remedy beyond that which the people themselves are fully competent to supply. Mr. Greeley, if elected to the Presidency, can do nothing for them, unless he proposes to transcend the sphere and duties of the Presidential office. No matter whether Mr. Greeley or General Grant is elected, it belongs to the people of the several states to reform any local abuses which may exist in their state governments; and, if they do not do it for themselves, then it cannot be done at all. We make no apology for such abuses, whether by Republican or Democratic officials; yet it is stupid claptrap for Mr. Greeley to pretend that his own election will secure their removal. If the people of the South want wise and pure state governments, then let them choose the right sort of men; and if they fail to do this, then they must suffer the consequences, no matter who may be President.

GENERAL BANKS, in his first speech since he joined the Greeley-Democratic party, delivered last week, at Lynn, Mass., said:

"If the Democratic party as it was had recognized the truth of our principles, that slavery was an injustice to the country and the age in which we live, and if that party had consented to the adoption of the principles of their opponents so far as to give ultimate or immediate displacement of slavery, they would have been in power to-day. Had the Democratic party the right to come before us and say, 'We abolished slavery in the United States,' there would be no state or party in the Union that could overthrow them in this canvass or any other."

Exactly so. If the Democratic party had been the party of freedom and equal rights, and not, as it was, the party of slavery and oppression, there would have been no occasion for the Republican party at all. Unfortunately, however, for the "sham Democracy," the suppositions of General Banks happen not to be true, while they express the precise truth in respect to the Republican party. Republicans, embodying their principles in a party organization and carrying them into practical effect, have done the very things which, had they been done by Democrats, would, according to General Banks, have saved them from political bankruptcy and continued them in power. Why, then, should he seek to defeat the Republican party, when, according to his own showing, it has a record which entitles it to support? Even if we suppose Democracy to be truly penitent for its past misdeeds and sincere in its present professions, it will be prudent to wait a while before trusting it. The political character which the antecedents of at least thirty years have established is not to be set aside by professions made just on the eve of a presidential election. The adoption of Horace Greeley as the candidate of the Democracy does not mend the matter. Every man of sense knows, as every man of candor admits, that this Greeley endorsement by the Democracy is simply a trick to gain Republican votes. Aside from this one consideration Democrats would not have touched the man with a ten-foot pole. They want to use him; and his willingness to be used by them ought to make every genuine Republican his political foe.

OUR readers will bear us witness that we have hitherto sedulously refrained from giving currency to the strongly substantiated and preposterous believed story of the intoxication of Gratz Brown at New Haven. Although reports of his being addicted to liquor were current long before his visit to New Haven, we shall be glad to give full credit to his own version of the story, that, while, like a consistent Missouri politician, he has never advocated total abstinence, he has often practiced it by spells, and that he only took a stimulant in New Haven on account of a sudden illness. Gov. Seymour, who never met him except on that day, publishes a card to the effect that during his acquaintance with Gov. Brown he has never seen him drink liquor nor under the influence of liquor. And now we have in a few of the less reputable papers a charge made by an ex-Baptist clergyman, named Dennison, that Grant is a drunkard. We think we remember when that slander first appeared, and Lincoln replied to somebody who wanted Grant removed because he drank whisky, that, if the brand of whisky could be discovered, he would distribute a few barrels among the other generals. This Dennison's slander would have deserved no attention if he had not claimed Senator Wilson as his authority. Mr. Wilson utterly denies it, adding that he has met Grant times without number, and never seen him affected by liquor. But he did tell Mr. Dennison and he still says that Mr. Grant and all other public men ought to be total abstainers, and that the man who drinks intoxicating liquors at all drinks too much. We, too, wish that Grant, like Wilson and Colfax, were pledged to total abstinence. But he has been sufficiently tested by public life to prove that he will not disgrace his supporters by convivial excesses.

OF course, all the women, with scarce an exception, who have ever shown any interest in public matters are hoping for the success of the Republican party and the election of Grant and Wilson. Among them may be mentioned Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who gives her reasons in this week's paper, Mary Clemmer Ames, who has done so previously, Gail Hamilton, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lydia Maria Child, Grace Greenwood, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Isabella Beecher Hooker, and with them every one of the newspapers devoted to the cause of Woman's Suffrage. Anna E. Dickinson is the only prominent name that we can mention on the other side, and she declines to take part in the canvass in behalf of Mr. Greeley.

WITHOUT some sensation on hand beyond the legitimate news, the New York morning dailies would hardly recognize themselves. The *Herald* with its expensive Livingstone expedition is just now beating all the possibilities of its contemporaries; but the others follow as closely as they may. The *Tribune* at an expenditure of about three hundred and fifty dollars, is tearing to tatters a mad passion contracted at an insane asylum; and the yet more thrifty *Times* is exploiting its philanthropic picnics for street children, and has taken up liberal collections which pay all the expenses. The warfare made on the Bloomingdale Asylum by the *Tribune* is the least creditable of the three. A reporter simulated violent insanity. He was a good actor, and deceived two respectable physicians, who, even according to the *Tribune*'s showing, made a careful examination of his case. He was taken by his uncle to Bloomingdale on a legal commitment, and put in the ward for violent patients, the very place where he belonged, according to his own pretenses and the reports of those who had attended him. But things there did not suit him. There was no chair in his sleeping-cell, no nail on the wall or knob on the door, in short, no conveniences for suicide or murder. The floor had been recently scrubbed, and he thinks was damp; a transom over the door was open, and let the air on him as he slept; there was a strong smell of chloride of lime; and somebody screamed during the night, just as he had a night or two before at the hotel. The food was not served in courses, and there was "no soup"; attendants put off patients who requested extra favors by telling them to "ask the doctor." Chewing was allowed, but not smoking; and we presume matches also are interdicted. After four days of this delightful possession, he was removed to another ward, where he makes no complaint of the treatment he received; and after a week of confinement he was sued out by legal process. Although the *Tribune* tries hard to show the contrary, the reporter's own story proves that, with some exceptions, the institution is respectably managed.

WERE any other paper in the world concerned but the *Herald* (always excepting the *Sun*), nobody would think of questioning the genuineness of the Livingstone letters brought back by Mr. Stanley. The skepticism in reference to them seems to increase in the direct ratio of the distance from Ujiji. At Zanzibar nobody thought of questioning them. Young Livingstone was perfectly satisfied; and Lieut. Dawson threw up his own commission as an officer because the Arabs and negroes were full of excitement over the exploit, and the blacks who went and returned with Stanley must have learned a new kink or two from their leader in the matter of lying, if they really never saw the English missionary, for they give no sign that they were made parties to a swindle. But in Paris the geographers were in no little doubt, and Kiepert, the German map-maker, abetted them; and in England Sir Henry Rawlinson, president of the Royal Geographical Society, at first questioned the "reported" discoveries; and amid loud and general applause there has been a little of such skepticism, as, for instance, that on one occasion Mr. Stanley himself felt obliged to resent it as a personal insult. In this country the Thomases have not been at all reticent; and an old servant of Mr. Stanley has been found to protest that he is a cheat, and that the letters purporting to be from Livingstone are in his handwriting, and the *Sun* and the *Herald* publish *fac-similes* of both Livingstone's and Stanley's writing, from which one proves and the other disproves the charge. So far as chirography goes, it is evident that the letters are not written in the same hand. And the complete satisfaction expressed by all Dr. Livingstone's relatives, by Sir Bartle Frere and his other intimate friends, and by all the whites and blacks in Zanzibar, is enough to convince anybody, even if a *Herald* correspondent be the hero of the tale.

THE sinking of the Providence steamer "Metis," last Thursday night, particulars of which will be found in another column, is the most serious marine disaster that has occurred since the explosion of the "Westfield." In this case we have the horrible scene described for us with uncommon minuteness, and the circumstances seem to indicate a culpable negligence on the part of the officers in command. The collision occurred only five or six miles from the shore, and there was more than time enough after it took place to have beached the boat. But no proper examination of the injury to the vessel seems to have been made; and it was from thirty to forty minutes after the accident before the prow of the vessel was turned toward the land. It was this delay that was fatal; and, so far as we can judge from the conflicting testimony, the delay was inexcusable. The safety of the traveling public demands that this case should be thoroughly investigated, and the guilt, if guilt there be, severely punished.

THAT Third Congregational church in San Francisco in which the strife arose over the reception of Chinese converts has lost its excellent pastor, Rev. Wm. C. Pond, a son of Prof. Enoch Pond, D.D., of Bangor. The fight waxed hot between the two parties; but gradually changed its base from opposition to the Chinamen to opposition to their champion. It was a substantial victory for him that before the council called to take into consideration his resignation the offended party strenuously asserted that the whole difficulty now was a general dissatisfaction with the pastor, and that the principle of the admission or rejection of the Chinese was no longer a question at issue; but had been settled and could not come before the council. And so Mr. Pond is dismissed, though a member of the council writes to the *Pacific* that, if it had found him still struggling to establish the principle of Chinese equality, instead of the victor in the contest, it would not have given its consent to his dismission. But the reports do not yet tell us just what has been done about those Chinamen. They were to have six months' probation. That time must be up, and we are told that the neophytes still give "good evidence." Now, have they been or will they immediately be received to full membership? That church will be watched, that the Christian public may learn whether those men, who have driven off a faithful and successful pastor, really because he believed in the Christian principle that God made of one blood all nations of men, were in earnest in assuring the council that they had "no disposition to exclude the Chinese from membership here." We should be happy to record that there has been no evasion such as was practiced by the barkeeper in Washington, who kept the negroes out of his saloon, and evaded the law, by placarding his regular rates as five dollars a drink, but with a "liberal reduction made to regular customers."

THE *Tablet* speaks of a late communication which was published as "written professedly 'by a Catholic,' but which THE INDEPENDENT itself must know never was and never could have been written by a Catholic, and in publishing it as the production of a Catholic it is guilty of a gross fraud on the public." It goes on to modify this charge by explaining that an "Old Catholic" can be no Catholic at all, because in heresy and schism from his communion. In reply, we admit and have always conveyed the impression that our Catholic correspondent is simply a Catholic of the order of Hyacinthe, Döllinger, and Friedrich, men whom the *Tablet*, which evidently knows very little about them, disguises under the names of "Hyacinth, Dollinger, Friederick." These men have always been in communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and still maintain its worship and doctrine, with the exception of a single dogma voted by a Council which the Church rejected but not yet dissolved, and which may yet rescind or modify its vote before announcing formally the results of its session to the Church. But we further ask: If our correspondent is schismatic and heretical (which we deny), do not Catholic authorities, in reckoning up their adherents, include the heretical Jansenists of Holland, the irregular Armenian or Chaldean Catholics, who allow a married clergy, and the schismatical rite of Goa?

WHEN Mr. Sampson's Chinamen first arrived in North Adams, the report was current that he had made a contract with certain Mongolian bogies in San Francisco or elsewhere to return every one of them, dead or alive. In the case of the death of a Chinaman, it was said his body was to be shipped directly to San Francisco, *en route* for China. The report was contradicted, but the industrious Crispins kept it going. Perhaps it will hereafter be suffered to rest. Quang Tung Tuck, one of the Chinese shoemakers, who has been for some time ill with a fever, died on Tuesday of last week, and received Christian burial in the North Adams cemetery the next day. The services were conducted by the Rev. T. A. Griffin, pastor of the Methodist church in the village, who has been foremost in the work of teaching the Chinamen, and who well deserves the confidence and esteem with which they regard him. The shoemakers have purchased a lot in the North Adams cemetery, where their dead will be buried. The Chinaman can be persuaded neither to make his home nor to find his grave in a region where he is treated like a dog; but he has no more objection than other human beings to spending his days and leaving his bones in a town where he is treated like a man.

DR. LEAVITT, in closing his summer sojourn at Saratoga, assures us that the season has been a very pleasant one for all classes. The hotels and boarding-houses have been liberally patronized. The lovers of gay pleasure have had good times in their own ways; while the sober and rational seekers of restored health and vigor have generally been successful and happy. There was a slight alarm at one time at an alleged general diminution of the waters in many of the springs, which some thought portended a probable failure at no distant day of these fountains of health. Others said it was only a freak caused by the absence of Dr. Cuyler from his accustomed haunts. But Cuyler came at last, and everybody was glad to see him. The fear of a drying up of the springs is greatly allayed, and the opening of new fountains strengthens the confidence in the future of Saratoga, as the most attractive watering-place on the continent. The Drs. Strong, as usual, had their Sanitary Institute filled to overflowing with guests and patients, who enjoyed the excellent arrangements of the place, both for health and cheerfulness, with a continual zest. Dr. Leavitt thinks there is no other watering-place which has so many of a diversity of attractions as Saratoga; and we hope his life will be spared to partake of the satis

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…The last sentence seems to mean secession, …the threat of which is becoming quite com…mon among the Ritualists.

…A priest in Ashton-in-Makerfield, En…gland, has in his possession what purports to …be the hand of a priest named Arrowsmith, …who is said to have been put to death many …years ago on account of his religion. When …he was about to die, he requested that his …right hand might be cut off, and declared that …thereafter it would have the power of miracu…lously curing those who believed in its efficacy. This request was complied with, and …his hand is now preserved with great care …in a white silk bag." Hundreds of persons, …we are told, are in the habit of visiting the …spot for the purpose of trying the miracu…lous cure. If the visitors thus drawn to …Ashton-in-Makerfield were all able to pay …their own hotel bills, the possession of …this "holy hand" might prove to be a source …of revenue to the village; but, as many of …the visitors are paupers, who become a burden …upon the taxpayers of the parish, the relic …is not regarded by the townspeople in the …light of a boon.

…In a letter from India, published about …two months ago, Keshub Chunder Sen was …charged with allowing his disciples to wor…ship him. This charge is now denied by …Babu Dukhon Colley, of England, who …writes the *Christian Weekly* that the worship …of mortals has been repudiated by Keshub …Chunder Sen himself as a "most heinous …and heartrending sin." It was also de…clared by the Brahmo missionaries who were …charged with adoring him, and the "accusa…tion was publicly withdrawn, with full explanations and apology, by one of the two persons who originally, in 1868, brought it forward." It is the national custom for children to prostrate themselves before their parents, subjects before their rulers, etc.; but Keshub would not allow his followers to worship him such honors. Some of his people asked him to pray for them, and this was misunderstood as praying to him on their part.

…The editor of the English *Church Times* (Ritualist) tells what he saw in a Continental (probably Roman Catholic) seminary for the training of priests:

"Among the various class-rooms I saw one," he says, "in which stood what appeared to be an altar, with various sacred vessels upon it. On inquiry, I learned that this was not a real altar, but an imitation one; and that the vessels were not used for the celebration of mass, but for the instruction of the young students in the duties that would fall to their lot after ordination. In this room they were instructed by a professor as to all the usual actions connected with the mass, the administration of baptism, and the other ceremonies of the Church. Now here, surely, is something worthy of imitation." But this Ritualistic editor soberly concludes is, as one of the English papers says, nothing but a dress rehearsal of the sacraments.

…It is estimated that the Maryland Synod of Lutherans loses annually three or four thousand members, who emigrate to the West elsewhere, and are lost to the Lutheran church. The Lutherans are not singular in this. It is quite too common for Christians to go West to fold their religion up with their church certificates, and lay it away in a bureau drawer so carefully that they never find it again. A revival sometimes brings forth from its hiding place the yellow paper, and only hope; but in too many cases is forever buried. "Warranted to keep in any climate" is a legend we sometimes find on the labels of the patent medicines. If a religion of that sort could be invented, we should strongly recommend it to persons going West.

…Rev. Mr. Hepworth's new church (Church of the Disciples) is now being erected at the corner of Forty-fifth street and Madison Avenue, and the builder, Mr. John Griffen, promises to have it ready for occupancy by next January. The church will be one of the largest in the city, having accommodations for 2,000 persons; and, in particular attention has been given to the proper ventilation and acoustic requirements of so large an edifice. The architect is Mr. Lawrence B. Valk. The large congregation of which Mr. Hepworth is pastor will renew religious services at "Steinway Hall" during September.

…They say that Antonelli and the Pope have quarrelled. The Cardinal declared that he would not continue to hold office if His Holiness persisted in his hostile policy toward the Italian Government. Antonelli is also said to have said (and it is true, whether he said it or not) that unless the Papacy came to terms with the Italian Government the Church must suffer even more than she has already suffered. It is added that the Cardinal has requested the clerical journals to refrain from publishing the Pope's speeches. Intelligence from the headquarters of infallibility is not always trustworthy; but this comes from the Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News*, and is certainly "important, if true."

…The Bishop of Lincoln is going to the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, but wants it distinctly understood that he goes "in a spirit of uncompromising loyalty to those fundamental principles of Christian doctrine and discipline which are contained in Holy Scripture as received and expounded by the consent and practice of the Primitive Church, and as reasserted by the Church of England, at the Reformation, in the sixteenth century." "Methinks he doth protest too much." Is it necessary, whenever a man goes part in a conference of Christians whose opinions do not agree with his own, that he should declare that he does not mean to abandon his own convictions? Might not he be safely left to the inference of charity?

…The Congregational church in Parsonsfield, Me., now almost extinct, has borne too good fruit to be suffered to decay. It has sent forth five ministers, three ministeresses, several deacons in other churches, one United States senator, who is a prominent member of a city church, three Christian physicians, a number of early and prominent Sabbath-savery men, some of our best educators, and the most successful musical composer of New England. Is there not some work left for that church to do; and, if so, is it not a shame to those who have gone forth from its communion that it should be left to wither and be plucked up by the roots?

…Dr. Caswell, ex-president of Brown University, has awakened the ire of some of the Baptist brethren by administering the Lord's Supper for the Roger Williams Church. This is an open-communion church, and the *Central Baptist*, of St. Louis, asserts that "Dr. Caswell has done a very illogical, in fact, a very foolish thing." But the *Baptist* should remember that there has been a class of persons in the world ever since God's day to whom the most elementary principles of Christianity seem "foolishness."

…At a dinner recently given by the Clergy of Rostrevor, Ireland, to Cardinal Cullen, the health of the Pope was drunk after that of the Queen. A speech was then made on the occasion by Dr. Leahy, on "Education," in which he said that "the spread of crime extended in proportion to the spread of education. Where education was most diffused there also was crime most increased; not only the petty, but the most atrocious crimes." This is certainly a bold and significant assertion.

…The Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, second son of the English premier, has just been appointed by his uncle, who is the patron of Hawarden, Flintshire, to the rectorship of that parish. The yearly value of the living is about $15,000.

…Rev. Joseph Eldridge, D.D., of Norfolk, a cheery, hearty old gentleman, of fine nature and sound sense, is the senior Congregational pastor of Connecticut, having been installed over his present parish in 1833, forty years ago.

…Official proceedings have been commenced to unite the New York and New Jersey Lutheran Synods into one body, and the Hartwick and Frankean Synods into another. All these belong to the General Synod.

…After the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, the Archbishop of Utrecht will go to Vienna, to confirm the children of Old Catholics, and will probably install an Old Catholic bishop for Austria.

…Mr. Bennett, the English Ritualist, is to be prosecuted again for "the reservation of the sacrament," a point on which he is said recently to have violated the directions of the Prayer-book.

Publisher's Department.

CHURCH MUSIC.

PROMINENT among the various books of music for choirs and singing-schools published this season we notice "*The Coronation*," by Theo. F Seward and Chester G. Allen, assisted by the late Dr. Lowell Mason, published by Biglow & Main, New York. "*The Coronation*" bears throughout abundant evidence of careful and conscientious work and seems to be much above the average of its class. The methodical arrangement of exercises for singing-school practice, the lively and charming glees, and the strong, stirring character of many of the church tunes and easier anthems cannot fail to commend it to the class teacher and make it both popular and useful among pupils. The book contains also much music of a higher class, especially and most admirably adapted to the wants of choirs and the church service. The standard hymn tunes, the grand old favorites, have been liberally inserted in such a manner as to be easy of access to the chorister. In the methodical arrangement of the large number of new and valuable tunes, possessing in an eminent degree the elements of lasting popularity, great care is evinced in adapting the work to all the odd, particular, and peculiar meters in use in some churches. About 125 pages are devoted to the Anthem Department, which includes every variety, from the simple Sentence, Introit, or Motet to the Grand Anthem and Chorus.

Many will, doubtless, feel a special interest in "*The Coronation*," as being the last book to which the late Dr. Lowell Mason contributed his active assistance. The typographical excellence of the work and the superior manner in which it is bound are worthy of especial commendation.

FELLOWS'S Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is not only the most reliable remedy for consumption, but is a specific also for Bronchitis and Asthma.

THE GEORGI PIANO-FORTES.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Georgi Pianofortes. It is one of the duties of the press to herald all improvements in manufacturing science. Where an instrument, like the Georgi, has attained a national reputation, and that on its own merits, without extensive advertising or the prestige which surrounds whatever comes from the American metropolis, it must have superior merits.

The expenses of manufacturing are so high in large cities that many leading manufacturers doing business here have their factories elsewhere. The superior facilities of smaller places, where the value of property is low, the cost of material and the expenses of living so much less, are attracting the attention of capitalists, who are building up large factories in the inland towns throughout the country.

The Georgi Piano-fortes, made at Jamestown, in the southwestern part of New York, have a high reputation throughout the country. The circular of the establishment explains the peculiarities in which the instruments excel. The best processes known are employed in the preparation of lumber and other material. New scientific principles are applied in the formation of the sounding-board and other tone-producing parts of the piano. Permanently employing select artisans, the instruments are more uniformly excellent than when made by workmen who are continually changing from place to place. In this circular are to be found letters from every direction—many of them from the most eminent musicians—all speaking in the highest terms of the superior quality of these instruments.

One of the Georgi Piano-fortes is used by a gentleman connected with this paper, and we can speak from experience with regard to them. The entire satisfaction they enjoy is the result, in large measure, of their great superiority in quality of tone, which is obvious to every cultivated ear. We think they can challenge all competition, without the fear of being excelled and with a fair chance of not being equaled.

LINDEMAN & SONS' CYCLOID PIANOS.

THE frequenter of Fourteenth street can hardly have failed to notice the handsome new building of Lindeman & Sons. Rich and ornate in design, it shines forth amid the dull brown stones like a beautiful spring flower blossoming on some dusty roadside. The eye is involuntarily attracted by the handsome front, and the ear of him who ventures within is equally delighted by the sweet tones of the Cycloid Pianos, which instruments, by their peculiar shape, combine a solidity of tone and purity of vibration which render them far superior to any Square Piano and almost equal to the finest Grand.

They who appreciate beauty in architecture or harmony in music will be amply repaid by a visit to this establishment, while the prospective purchaser of a piano will hardly leave without securing one of their truly excellent instruments.—*Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1872.

CHATHAM VILLAGE, 8th mo., 1st, 1872.
BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE CO.:

Most Esteemed Friends:—I write to inform thee that it is now ten months since I purchased of thine agent, Geo. W. Vining, a Bickford Knitting Machine, at our County Fair at Chatham. And, after taking just one hour's instruction, I commenced knitting on my machine for ten in a family, besides a large circle of friends and neighbors; and I find no difficulty in knitting all sizes of stockings and socks for men down to a child two years old. I have knit heavy homespun and factory-spun mixed yarn, of all sizes; also Dexter's Cotton, from No. 8 to 20. I find it a practical working machine, both for men and women's wear. I can knit a pair of long stockings ready for use in one hour. I find it very durable and reliable; think it will last me many years, with proper care, and would most cheerfully recommend it to all mothers and housekeepers as a great labor saver. Only buy a Bickford Knitting Machine, and buy good yarn, and you will always have a plenty of good stockings, at half the expense you now have them.

Most truly thy friend,
SARAH A. ROBINSON.

THE EASIEST WAY THE BEST.

No form of intestinal disease is so difficult to cure as that engendered by violent purgation. Costiveness is rendered inveterate by the fierce mineral cathartics usually administered as remedies for that complaint. Shun them as you would shun poison, and for all complaints of the bowels, affections of the liver, and disorders of the stomach take that most powerful yet most wholesome and conservative of all laxatives and alteratives, DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE PILLS. If you have superinduced an irregular habit of body by the frequent use of drastic evacuants, resort at once to the Pills. They will restore functional regularity in every organ connected with the processes of secretion, digestion, and excretion. They are, in fact, an absolute specific for the acute ailments which the violent purgatives render obstinate and chronic. Taken in conjunction with SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, they contribute materially to the cure of scrofulous sores and all ulcerous and pustulous disorders. For sale by al Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

WHY is the so-called lock-stitch seam less secure than the Willcox & Gibbs seam? Because it is less elastic. Why, then, do nearly all the sewing-machines use two threads? Because they cannot use the patent rotating-hook mechanism of Willcox & Gibbs. Why is the "Willcox & Gibbs" able to make a secure seam with only one thread? Because it does not drop stitches.

NEW ENGRAVINGS
— OF —
Grant & Wilson
NOW READY!

WE have just received from Mr. A. H. Ritchie, of world-wide reputation as an artist, a superb STEEL ENGRAVING of Hon. HENRY WILSON, a companion picture to that of PRESIDENT GRANT (by the same artist), already well known to tens of thousands of our subscribers in every section of the country. This new and magnificent engraving—prepared for our exclusive use, size 19 by 24 inches—is now ready for delivery. We will, therefore, until further notice, *present* these two fine steel engravings of GRANT AND WILSON for every *new* yearly subscriber sent us, with the money—$2.50. They will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail, postage paid, at the option of the subscriber. These engravings are printed on separate sheets of fine pasteboard, suitable for framing. They will be carefully rolled on wood, warranted to arrive in good order and give entire satisfaction, or they may be returned and the money positively refunded.

Let every true-hearted Republican, every friend of Grant and Wilson, and every political organization in the country promptly send to us for these beautiful and desirable pictures, both produced by one of the most celebrated artists in the world—the engraver of the "Emancipation Proclamation" and "Authors of the United States," etc. Engravings of this class sell at the print stores at from $2 to $5 *each*. *Both will be given away* to any person who will, as before stated, send us the name of one new subscriber and $2.50. We shall register the names and deliver the engravings in the order in which they are received. *Any person may act as agent.* Act promptly. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Box 2757, New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.—Wanted, a Christian man who will invest from $1,000 to $5,000, and act as Treasurer for a Christian colony. Address ENTERPRISE, Post-office, New York.

INFALLIBLE AS FATE.

IT would take a column to describe and classify the various species of worms that infest the excretory organs of children and adults. Suffice it to say that DR. ROGERS'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP is destruction to them all. It ejects them without pain, not leaving one behind for seed, nor even a particle of the horrible nests in which they gender and breed. Nothing can be more complete and thorough than its operation; nothing more harmless to the human system or less repulsive to the palate than its ingredients. It is, in fact, independently of its specific value as a worm-destroying preparation, an agreeable cathartic. Its effect upon the irritated membranes, from which the vermin and their beds are dislodged by its action, is balsamic and soothing, and it speedily relieves the nervous excitement and other unpleasant symptoms which usually accompany the complaint. For sale by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

PIMPLES AND QUARTS of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane lining the chambers of the nose and its little glands are diseased so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life liquid was to build up the system; but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them; and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper nasal passages. These discharges nauseate and comes from. The nutriment and two medicines sold for $2 by all druggists.

EVERY MOTHER who Regards the life and health of her child should possess Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

KILL EVERY PLANT,

VINE, Peach Tree, and Shrub, by allowing Insects, Worms, and Plant Lice to devour them, or use CARBOLIC SALT! PROTECTION, and save them from the ravages of these "Parasites." This remedy is harmless to Vegetable Life, but Infallible in its action. Prices low. References reliable. Send for Circular to KIDDER, WETHERELL & Co.'s Carbolic and Medicine Warehouse, No. 57 John Street, New York.
Great chance for agents.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is an *improvement* on all others. *Warranted* to change the color of gray or red hair to a beautiful *black* or *brown*. Easily applied and a success every time.

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF, as the name implies, is so faithful a remedy that it is *warranted* (or money refunded) to instantly relieve all pains, aches, sprains, and bowel complaints.

DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR, *established* 1840, cures *Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Piles, Sores, Rheumatism, etc.* 25 cents.

DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE, Saratoga Springs, New York, is unsurpassed in the treatment of LUNG, FEMALE, and CHRONIC Diseases. Turkish, Russian, Electro-Thermal, and Sulphur Air-Baths, Hydropathy, Vacuum Treatment, Movement Cure, Calisthenics, etc. Send for circulars, endorsed by Bishop Janes, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., and Tayler Lewis, LL.D.

Lockwood & Co., Bankers, 94 Broadway, New York, transact a general banking business, including the purchase and sale, on commission, of all marketable securities. Accounts of banks, bankers, and others solicited.

AN ALL-CONQUERING MEDICINE.

THERE can be no doubt that the most virulent and malignant diseases originate in the blood, and are transmitted by its agency from generation to generation. Hence, the value of a specific capable of neutralizing or expelling every species of morbid matter existing in the veins or arteries is beyond all estimate. SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP is such a specific. It disinfects the diseased blood with a rapidity and certainty that almost transcend belief, thus effecting a radical cure of scrofula, white-swelling, erysipelas, salt-rheum, rheumatism, tumor, corroding ulcers, sore eyes, discharges from the ears, liver complaint, and all distempers arising from a vitiated condition of the animal fluids. The vegetable extracts of which the BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP is composed form a positive antidote to the evil consequences of an excessive use of mercury. For sale by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

CAMPHORATED AND TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP, containing nearly 40 per cent. of glycerine. For the toilet and children, beyond comparison. Sold everywhere. J. C. HULL'S Sons, Manufacturers. Salesroom No. 32 Park Row, New York.

OWNERS OF VILLAS, country residences, halls, theaters, and trustees of churches, schools, and public buildings. Send for prospectus and testimonials of the Eagle Gas Machine, 43 Dey St., N. Y., furnishing gas for $1.25 per 1,000 cubic feet.

USE less of Dooley's than of other Yeast or Baking Powder, as it is much stronger. Put up full weight. Give it a fair trial. Grocers sell it.

"ADVICE.—Send for Free Price-list. Jones Scale Works, Binghamton, N. Y."

THE Dome Lead Stove Polish.

"CHILDREN'S LIVES SAVED FOR 50 CENTS."—EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE CURED when first taken by Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment, warranted for 25 years and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the Druggists. Depot 10 Park Place, New York.

HOUSEKEEPERS.—The American Institute awards the premium to Electro-Silicon as being the best article for cleaning and polishing silver, plated ware, etc. Sold by jewelers, druggists, housefurnishing, and grocery stores. COFFIN, REDINGTON & Co., Agents, No. 9 Gold st., N. Y.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "HAZARD & CASWELL'S Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

See the New Prize Sunday-school Books. Warren, Broughton & Wyman, N. Y.

FOR wire screens for doors and windows go to E. S. & J. TORREY'S, 166 Fulton street, near Broadway. The most satisfactory investment any one can make.

DIED.

LEAVITT.—At Elizabethtown, N. Y., August 29th, of consumption, Captain Thomas B. Leavitt, of the late Lincoln Cavalry, son of Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D.D., aged 44.

BUSINESS NOTICES

I., B., & W.
EXTENSION RAILWAY
FIRST MORTGAGE
7 Per Cent. Convertible
GOLD BONDS,
AT 90 AND INTEREST,

Issued by the **Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway**, to aid in building its EXTENSION line West, in a direct line from Champaign (**185 miles**) to the Mississippi River at Keokuk, and a branch from White Heath (**32 miles**) to Decatur, **all in the State of Illinois.** The bonds are secured by a **first and only mortgage** on the EXTENSION, now being rapidly constructed in the most thorough manner by able and experienced contractors, who represent a capital of **several millions of dollars**, which insures the last rail being laid at an early date. About **60** miles are already finished and **110** miles graded. The whole line, **217** miles, will be completed early in 1873. We have been connected and entirely familiar with the I., B., & W. Railway from its early organization. It was completed in the autumn of 1870, and has developed rapidly into a SUCCESSFUL AND WEALTHY CORPORATION, having a large revenue from its largely increasing business. With the EXTENSION it will be one corporation, with **420** miles of road **located in a commanding position in the heart of the best portion** of the country. The counties on the line of the EXTENSION in 1870 had a population of **2,423,330**; a valuation of real and personal estate, **$181,000,000**; bushels of grain raised, **27,000,000**; value of farm products, **$25,570,000**; and live stock, **$18,319,000**; TO WHICH MAY SAFELY BE ADDED 10 PER CENT. TO REPRESENT THE PRESENT POPULATION AND VALUE.

The counties on the Old Line and the EXTENSION together contain a population of nearly three-quarters of a million, and a property valuation exceeding $400,000,000.

From these statistics it will be readily seen that the EXTENSION will have a **Local Business that will make it a complete success.** In addition to this, it will have the entire **Through Traffic** of the **Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska Road**, connecting with it on the Mississippi River, and extending west to the Missouri, **300** miles, where it connects with the Midland Pacific, in Nebraska. These two corporations, and also the Peoria and Rock Island (**91** miles) and the Davenport and St. Paul (**300** miles), although separate corporations, ARE CONTROLLED IN THE INTEREST OF THE INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY, and practically will be a united line of more than **1,200** miles, the through business of which will pass over the I. B. & W. This is an East and West route, and **has no parallel** connecting line. The Eastern connections at Indianapolis are the **Pennsylvania Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Bellefontaine, Lake Shore, and New York Central**, and other roads centering at this point. From the Seaboard to the West and Northwest **distances are materially reduced**, via this system of roads; so much so that it cannot fail to be the **popular line for travel and business.** Liberal subscriptions to the stock were made by towns and counties on the line of the EXTENSION, and the remainder has been taken by **experienced railroad men and Eastern capitalists.**

The bonds cannot be made on the bonds, **which will be issued only on completed road**, take high rank among the best railway securities.

The bonds are **$1,000** each, convertible into stock at par, at the option of the holder, and may be registered free of charge.

Coupons, payable January and July 1st, free of tax. The bonds may now be had from banks and bankers throughout the country.

We offer them at present at **90 and interest**, and recommend them strongly to our friends and investors as one of the safest and most desirable securities on the market.

Bonds delivered free of express charges. Maps, pamphlets, and circulars furnished on application.

TURNER BROTHERS,
BANKERS, No. 14 Nassau St.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

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AMERICAN TOURISTS,
with due attention to their correspondence and the latest advices from the United States.

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BUY ALL FIRST-CLASS CITY AND RAILROAD BONDS
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Send for quotations of the Securities you wish to buy or sell.

10 PER CENT. KANSAS SCHOOL BONDS.
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Principal and interest payable in New York. The safest and most desirable of bond investments.
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Also
PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, 10 PER CENT. BONDS.
Fifteen years to run, semi-annual interest in New York.
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BANKERS,
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FIVE PER CENT. Interest allowed on Daily Balances and Certificates of Deposits.

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Nos. 38 and 40 Canal street, corner of Laight.
Six per cent. interest on $5 to $5,000
Assets $165,217,236.15. W. H. ARMOUR, Secretary.

R. R. R.
ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.
For headache, whether sick or nervous, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, loins, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price 50 cents.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy foods—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself or herself growing stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excels all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,
Urinary, and Womb, diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

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The Independent.

LEAVING LOVE.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

"If one should stay in Italy awhile,
With bloom to hide the dust beneath her feet,
With birds in love with roses to beguile
Her life until its sadness grew too sweet;

"If she should slowly see some statue there,
Divine with whiteness and with coldness keep
A very halo in the hovering air;
If she should weep—because it could not weep;

"If she should waste each early gift of grace
In watching it with rapturous despair,
Should kiss her youth out on its stony face,
And feel the grayness gathering toward her hair;

"Then fancy, though it had till now seemed blind—
Blind to her little fairness—it could see
How scarred of soul, how wan and worn of mind,
How faint of form and faded she must be;

"If she should moan: 'Ah! land of flower and fruit,
Ah! fiercely languid land, undo your charm!
Ah! song impassioned, make your music mute!
Ah! bosom, shake away my clinging arm!'

"Then swiftly climb into the mountains near,
And set her face forever toward the snow,
And feel the North in chasm and cliff, and hear
No echo from the fairyland below;

"If she should feel her own new loneliness,
With every deep-marked, freezing step she trod,
Nearing (and in that nearness growing less)
The vast and utter loneliness of God;

"If back to scented valleys she should call,
This woman that I fancy—only she;
Would it remind one statue there at all,
O, cruel Silence in the South, of me?"

THE SILOAM OF SWITZERLAND.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

NOWHERE in all my wanderings over the face of the earth have I fallen in with so perfect a copy of the ancient prototype of pancreas as we have here in this glorious Alpine retreat. Hither for some centuries past have the suffering sons and daughters of men made annual pilgrimages to get quits with Nature for rebellion against her laws. Here, bubbling up out of kind old Mother Earth, in a score of fountains, is, they say, a cure for the greater part of fleshly ills. As usual, sundry chemists have put in an appearance, with their retorts and acids, and pronounce this to be the fluid which was predestinated from all eternity to cleanse the mortal part of man from all foul and malign distempers. Sulphates, carbonates, and the rest have been nicely mixed, away down in Nature's laboratory, where elves and goblins tend the furnaces. And, just as in olden time, we have up here in the mountains a healing pool, or rather several of them, with waters stirred by angels—fallen angels, of course, as the sulphurous elements suggest; and down into the sovereign flood we sick folks limp, to be made sound and well, of course, no matter what ails us.

You know, as all the world knows, that sick folks are the most gullable of all credulous mortals. Hence it is that the patent medicine business is second only to a seat in the New York legislature in yielding large pecuniary returns upon small investments. And I cannot help fancying that the Baths of Lochi (or the Baths of Leuk, as the Germans call them), with all their real virtues, which are by no means to be despised, owe much of their fame and popularity to that element in human nature which makes quackery a divine attribute and gives a brisk market to bread pills.

We were sick, you must know—that is to say, nine-tenths and I—nothing so very alarming; but, as Charles Lamb hath it, "Yours and so forth rheumatism unwell." The fame of these waters, stirred by subterranean angels, had reached our ears; and who could tell but the angels might give a special stir suited to our symptoms? There is one sanitary guaranty, at any rate; and that is the delicious air, nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level. A blessed saving clause is this oxygen, which, mixed in due proportion, will redeem almost any humbug from bankruptcy. Another alluring element was the fun of the thing, and fun has curative properties which the old-time Puritan dyspeptics did not sufficiently appreciate. Baedeker, in his "Guide Book for Switzerland," gave us a preliminary description of this comedy run by water-power, and it seemed to us that to get into such a droll posture as he figured would make one laugh till he was either cured or dead. And Baedeker never exaggerates, in which quality he is the prince of all in the realm of nomadic literature.

Year by year the fame of this Siloam has spread abroad, till now it possesses about half-a-dozen separate pools, all stirred and mixed by the subterranean angels, in which every year some hundreds of individuals, "a little lower than the angels," soak and paddle. In order to get the healing influence from these waters, it is necessary to spend the best portion of daylight submerged in them—say from five to ten hours out of every twenty-four. Of course, every sensible man serving out such a sentence in solitude would go under, head and all, and drown himself. To provide against such an unfortunate turn in affairs, the social element is called in; and this, together with the congenital gullibility of human nature, assists marvelously toward a favorable issue.

For the space of three or four weeks, the customary period of the "cure," the patients put off their humanity and become essentially fishes, omitting a few unessential details. Life goes on just as before, only in another element. Decorously clad, men and women sit together by the half day up to their necks in water. They laugh and chat away the lazy hours; they eat their breakfast off from floating tables; they play at checkers, chess, and dominoes; and, when matters get a little dull, they form circles and play "Button! button! Who's got the button?" and not seldom get up a naval engagement, draw off into squadrons, and throw water at one another, till the vanquished party, half-drowned, cries for quarter, and then the shouts of the victors fairly make the Alpine rocks ring again. A concert in the bath is not an infrequent occurrence; and, as the Fourth of July happened to occur while we were in the midst of our family parboil, you should have heard the damp walls of our great tub echo to "America," and "Rally round the flag, boys." I could have written my INDEPENDENT article on my floating table while the soaking process was going on; but the attending physician, Dr. Brunner, advises abstinence from all mental excitement while the "cure" is going forward.

Commonly, the remedial effects of the baths become manifest in a cutaneous eruption, something like a hydropathic "crisis." The principle of "*similia similibus curantur*" here becomes applicable, and the patient continues the baths till the eruption disappears. Although neither I nor any member of my family got any pimples; yet a good many of our friends got any quantity of them, and not a few come here annually to get these safety-valves opened, out of which physical demons, all and sundry, beat a retreat. On the whole, I am favorably impressed with this capillary physic, and think it infinitely preferable to blue pill and rhubarb.

But the things about our Siloam which challenge faith are the oxygen and the scenery. Yesterday I took an afternoon walk to the summit of the "Gemmi Pass," between seven and eight thousand feet above the sea-level; and the elastic air and the glorious sweep of the snowy Alps were together an intoxication both of body and soul. Oh! all ye tired workers with the brain, come over here to our Siloam—if not to soak, then to see and to breathe.

LOECHE-LES-BAINS, SWITZERLAND, AUGUST, 1872.

BOSTON'S NORTH AND SOUTH SHORES.

THE good Bostonian, seeking a summer refuge from the heat and tumult of the city, and yet under the necessity of keeping up daily connection with his counting-room or office, gives up all thought of Newport or the Hampton beaches, and finds quarters for himself within twenty miles of State street, upon either the North or South Shore. These are the names given respectively to the stretches of coast which enclose Massachusetts Bay, at whose point of intersection the city lies; and which, to the Bostonian, looking seaward, lie on his left hand and his right. Between each and the city there is constant and rapid communication with town by a railway—the Eastern Railroad in the one case, and the Old Colony Railroad and its branches in the other.

If the distant reader cares to do so, and will extend both his arms before him horizontally, at a little less than a right angle with each other, with the palms of each hand fully opened and with thumbs projected, then I can tell him just how the land lies. In this position his chest—or even more appropriately, as the seat of the intellect, *his head*—will stand for Boston; the space enclosed between his arms for Massachusetts Bay, with its several islands, forts, and light-houses; his right arm for the South Shore, and his left arm for the North. Now, for comfort's sake, let him drop his left arm a moment, and bend his right in *a very little* at the elbow. At the shoulder he may place Quincy; and, if he have a couple of swellings on it, they will answer for Savin Hill and Squantum, two knob-like promontories of inconsiderable size, jutting out into the harbor. The Weymouths are scattered along at the elbow; Hingham is at the wrist. His thumb (if he can stretch it out about nine miles the semblance will be all the more accurate) is Nantasket Beach, with the famous Rockland House at the main joint, Hull at the knuckle, and Point Alderton at the extremity, round which the ocean steamers sweep, inward or outward bound. The palm and fingers will represent Cohasset, the forefinger being the picturesque "Jerusalem Road," which runs along the sea-front, with Minot's Ledge Lighthouse in plain sight, three miles off shore; while the newly-extended railroad through Scituate and the Marshfields to Duxbury diverges at the base of the little finger. Is not this a handy description? If it is not a patent one, I think it ought to be made so.

Starting now from Boston, you can reach any of these localities along the South Shore either by land or by water; and, if going by land, either by rail or by carriage. Savin Hill, as part of Old Dorchester, is now within the limits of the city proper, and its rural beauty is more highly prized than ever. Hepworth once owned a residence here. The cars of the Old Colony Railroad will drop you either at this spot or at Quincy; or, branching from the main line, a little further on, you are carried round, closely hugging the bay shore, through the Weymouths, to Hingham, and thence to Cohasset. Steamers, also, which touch at Hull, ply between Boston and Hingham, the latter being the point of departure for the Rockland House, for other hotels, and numerous private cottages along the rocky hights scaled by the Jerusalem Road, and, indeed, for Cohasset itself, three or four miles away; many persons destined for the latter preferring to come most of the way by water, and the rest by stage or carriage, rather than all the way by rail.

Nantasket Beach, as I have intimated, a thumb-shaped sandy bar, is one of the finest beaches in our vicinity, and from its proximity to the city, its varied accessibility, and its excellent accommodations, is a favorite resort with the Bostonians. An hour's sail down a busy harbor, after a hot summer day, is a very pleasant way of reaching your lodgings for the night; and to those who have the time and the horses a drive over the Jerusalem Road is an attraction hardly to be matched in any other quarter hereabouts. The coast here (we have left Nantasket Beach) is high, precipitous, and altogether rocky. The waves from the broad ocean break against the cold, hard cliffs, with scarcely so much as a rod of shingle to sun themselves upon. The crests of this rocky shore are crowned with inns and cottages, by which the Road abovenamed so winds as to afford a fine prospect seaward and a constant succession of charming shore views. Just the ride over the Jerusalem Road is worth to the stranger an expedition from Boston any summer day. Its lower or southeastern extremity brings you out into Cohasset. The village lies inland a little way, and is as hot a place as you can get into in this weather; but a bit of a harbor gives you a glimpse of the "broad blue," and the shore about it is fringed with villas and other residences, some of an elaborate sort.

But my reader has probably tired before this of holding out his right arm, and has wisely dropped it. Let me, therefore, torment him on his other side, by asking him to stretch out his left arm in a corresponding position.

There! Boston is still the head. The left shoulder is Chelsea. Just beyond it is Revere Beach, reaching nearly to the wrist, which may mark the location of Lynn. The extended thumb is aristocratic Nahant, a singular promontory, which matches with great accuracy Nantasket, upon the South Shore. Between these two headlands, in fact, is the broad gateway to Boston Harbor. Beyond Nahant, the forefinger may serve to mark the Swampscott shore, its extremity pointing in the direction of Marblehead, three miles further on; while the railway, which has skirted the coast pretty closely so far, now bends inland slightly, and follows the little finger in the direction of Salem. Most of these resorts, like their rivals upon the South Shore, may be reached from Boston both by water and land; and in the latter case both by rail and carriage. Steamers ply several times a day, in the summer season, between the city and Nahant and Lynn. The horse-cars run from Boston, through Chelsea and Revere, to Lynn and the Swampscott line, with a branch to Revere Beach. The Eastern Railroad has a station, I believe, at the latter spot, the hotels being in plain sight from the car-windows; and its faster trains land the passenger at Lynn in thirty minutes and at Swampscott in thirty-five minutes from Boston. Salem is ten minutes further on, whence a branch runs down to Marblehead.

The beach at Revere is a glorious one; but it is too near the city to be a popular resort with the better class of people. One has from it a fine view of the open ocean, with Nahant just enough in the left foreground to break up the monotony; and, barring the coldness of the water, the bathing is superb. The several hotels, however, have little to attract the fastidious, and I should not like to vouch for the character of all the men and women who drive down here of a summer afternoon and evening. Still, there are plenty of respectable people who do go, and altogether it is a pleasant enough place to visit for an hour at a time. Revere Beach is Boston's Coney Island, without the open rowdyism which too often characterizes the New York precinct of that name.

Nahant is worthy of a visit from every pleasure-seeker who is about Boston at this season of the year, with half a day to spare. Those who dislike an hour's sail down the harbor can take the cars of the Eastern Railroad for Lynn, where they will find (at the depot) omnibuses which carry passengers to and from Nahant for a trifle. The ride over is a delightful one of half an hour and the locality very picturesque. Here many an aristocratic Bostonian makes his summer home, and the villas are among the finest of their class in this vicinity. The marine views are extensive and exhilarating, and when it is not cool here it cannot be anywhere.

Just where the line is between Lynn and Swampscott the stranger would not easily tell, so gently does the one shade off into the other; but, excepting Ocean street in Lynn and one or two nooks in Swampscott, neither, though both are seaside towns, has any special natural attraction for "summer company." Ocean street is really a magnificent avenue, of which even Newport might be proud. But Lynn, by a railway—the Eastern Railroad in the one case, and the Old Colony Railroad and its branches in the other.

THE WORKSHOP AND THE BRONZE.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THE heaving bellows pants no more;
The fiery forge is cold and still;
Wide open stands the furnace-door;
The ashes on the hearth are chill;
The noise, the labor, and the heat are o'er.

The pale light of the waning day
Through dim and smoky windows falls,
And gleams with melancholy gray
On scattered tools and blackened walls:
The weary workmen all have gone away.

But on a pedestal, behold!
There stands the statue of a man—
A bronze as perfect-pure as gold—
Completion of the artist's plan,
Shaped in the heat, consummate from the mold.

Oh! thou through toil and furnace-fires
Purged of the dross that marred thy youth,
And molded to divine desires
By master-hands of love and truth,
Till all thy being to the Best aspires;

Thy earthly house that saw thy prime
Alive with busy thought and hand
Is empty now. But thou sublime
Shalt in thy soul's fair image stand,
And smile at fate and all the change of time.

THE PRINCE AND HIS RING.

BY CELIA BURLEIGH.

THE King was dead, and the Prince, young and inexperienced, came to the throne. But, because he feared God and loved justice, he shrank from exercising authority, and care sat heavy at his heart. Greatly he desired to associate with him in the government good and wise men; but, while he doubted and feared, the days went by and the vacant offices were still unfilled. Judgment was not executed, for there were no judges; the wrongs of the innocent were not redressed, nor were the guilty punished. The people murmured; but still the Prince hesitated and feared to act. At length he sent for Anciris, the magician, and said: "Fashion for me a talisman that shall reveal to me the hearts of men. Let no evil in deed or word or thought exist that shall not be revealed by the talisman which thou shalt create." "O, mighty Prince," said Anciris, "to hear is to obey, and the thing which thou hast commanded shall assuredly be done." Again the days went by, and the people marveled that still the Prince delayed to organize his cabinet and name his prime minister. And many evil things were done on account of the unsettled state of the empire; but the Prince said nothing, thinking, "Only a few days more and all will be made right." At length Anciris appeared, and showed the Prince a marvelous ring. It was inscribed within and without with sacred symbols and was set with rare gems. It had, moreover, the double power of rendering its wearer invisible and revealing to him all the evil that dwelt in the hearts of those upon whom he chanced to look.

"Now shall I be able to choose my officers with wisdom," said the Prince, "and to administer the laws justly, never confounding the innocent with the guilty. I shall know the inmost thoughts of my nobles and who are truly attached to my person. No disguise will avail anything, for I shall read men's motives as one reads the pages of an open book."

So the Prince put the ring upon his finger, and went out to test the virtues of his talisman and see what was done in the city. At first he could hardly repress a feeling of indignation that no one rose at his coming, that heads remained covered, and the talk went on regardless of his presence. Then, remembering that he was unseen, he addressed himself to the study of character as it was presented to him under this new aspect. He listened to the conversation of the nobles who had been his father's counselors, and was shocked to see the discrepancy between their thoughts and words. Startling revelations met him at every turn. Men who had expressed the utmost devotion to his person regarded his character with secret contempt, and studied how they might turn his weaknesses to their own advantage. Those who had professed the love of virtue were self-seeking and unprincipled. One was dishonest, another covetous; this one lustful, that one ambitious; and even the saintly prime minister—his father's friend—spoke half-truths and had other motives than those he avowed.

"These are the vices of the rich," said the Prince. "Among the lowly I shall find the virtue that flies the palace and the court."

So he wandered from street to street, looking into the homes of people in various conditions. He had asked that the evils of men might be disclosed to him; but it seemed to him that he found nothing but evil. All lives were black with it. Evil propensities darkened all characters. Even the little children were wanting in innocence—already putting forth the symptoms of terrible depravity.

At length, overwhelmed with what he saw, the Prince retraced his steps to the palace, and, seeking his private apartment, sent for the magician.

"Take back thy evil gift," said he, plucking the ring from his finger. "Cast it into the depth of the sea; nay, hide it at the center of the world. Let no man henceforth behold what I have this day seen. Would that as easily as I put by thy gift I might put away the remembrance of what it has disclosed, win back from the grave of yesterday the faith I have lost."

"If your Majesty," said the magician, "will put the ring on the other hand, you may find a counter charm for the knowledge which you deplore; for then shall you see the good in others and the evil that dwells in your own heart."

Again the Prince put the ring upon his finger, and sat silent and with closed eyes, while all evil he had ever done, and all that under favoring circumstances he might have done, was revealed to him. Raising, at length, his streaming eyes to Heaven, he said: "God, I thank thee that henceforth I need know the secrets of no heart save my own. May its weaknesses and sins teach me day by day the lesson of humility. Finding so much imperfection in myself, let me not look for perfection in others; and, striving to improve my own life, may I learn charity for all men, and seek ever to be guided by thy wisdom, led by thy truth, even as a little child is led by his father."

That night, as the Prince slept, an angel bore away from his remembrance the visions of the day; and, when next he looked into the faces of his lords and nobles, into the faces of his subjects—men and women and little children—he saw the good that was in each, the possible beauty to which, through the ministrations of God's providence, they slowly grew. But the evils of his own heart he saw clearly; and day by day he put them from him by good works, by humility, and by unceasing vigilance.

No longer seeking an impossible perfection, he made the best use of the instruments at hand. Looking for honesty, he developed it; imposing large trusts, he made men trustworthy; scrupulous in his own life, he made virtue the fashion; and, illustrating an ever higher standard of excellence, his people grew daily in goodness and wisdom. "It is a good thing to know the hearts of others," said the Prince; "but better to keep one's own heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Literary Department.

ANOTHER AMERICAN NOVEL.*

MR. COOKE begins his somewhat uncanny and gloomy story in Williamsburg, Virginia, a quaint old town, whose forgotten taverns, deserted streets, and ancient college have been brought once more into the public mind by Mr. Parton's recent biographical sketches of Jefferson. The plot of the novel is a simple and consistent although somewhat melodramatic one. Lord Ruthven, while in Scotland, is possessed by a strong "second sight"; and until he is twenty-five years old is repeatedly annoyed and alarmed by vague visions of some impending horror, in which he himself, a young man, and a young lady are to be concerned. Soon the visions become more definite. It seemed that the young lady was to slight Lord Ruthven for some poorer rival, who in his turn was to perish at Lord Ruthven's hand, in a conflict among snowy mountains. Goaded to desperation, and finding Parisian excitement unavailing, Lord Ruthven quits Scotland forever and crosses to Virginia; but soon sees, in Williamsburg, the young man of his hideous visions, and afterward beholds at a ball the young lady also. Falling in love with this young lady, who is named Honoria, Lord Ruthven finds himself unable to fly again to Scotland, and marries Honoria, whose father compels her to discard Mr. Innis, her affianced suitor and the man of Lord Ruthven's visions. On the wedding night, however, Lord Ruthven discovers Honoria and Mr. Innis taking a final and passionate farewell; and a duel ensues, in which Lord Ruthven fatally wounds his rival, as is supposed, and in a paroxysm of insanity stabs his wife and commits suicide. Thereafter Mr. Innis recovers, as does Honoria, whose injuries have been but slight; and these two marry. This fiery story is well told, the gradual development of Lord Ruthven's insanity being especially well managed.

Mr. Cooke's novel, which is not a great but a very clever one, suggests once more the old question about the capabilities of American life for furnishing fit themes for fiction. This question, which was never a very sensible one, should before this time have been set at rest. Certainly such remarkable and widely-separated tales and romances as Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel," Mr. Curtis's "Trumps," and Mrs. Spofford's "Midsummer and May" do not indicate a lack either of subjects or writers; nor, when we remember Major Winthrop's best novel, "Cecil Dreeme," does it seem necessary to search widely for quaint old buildings, in whose every room and corner lurk romance and poetry. American life is abundantly suited for story-tellers. The lives of any of us, or the lives of our friends, are sufficiently curious and strange; and that we shall have, by and by, more and better novels and novelists than we have now is no longer doubtful, if it ever was uncertain.

* DOCTOR VANDYKE. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

—Dr. Joseph C. Martindale's *First Lessons in Natural Philosophy* (Eldredge & Bro.) is intended as a primer in physics for very young scholars. Its fundamental error is one of design, since those old enough to study natural philosophy at all should have a larger book than this, while those for whom such a treatise is fit do not need it. There are, too, many errors of fact throughout these *First Lessons*. On page 16 the author says that "the moon and the stars get their light from the sun"; on page 11 is the statement that "if the earth is in a certain place at noon on New Year's Day it will be in that place again at noon on New Year's Day of the next year; and on page 77 is the Hibernian assertion that "the air fills every place not filled by some other substance." The author propounds, on page 147, this startling conundrum: "Why is a person more likely to fall when standing than when sitting down?" which he neatly answers by saying that it is "because the center of gravity is higher in a person when standing than when sitting." And the human voice, it appears from a remark on page 121, "is made by means of chords or strings at the upper part of the larynx." But such blunders as these can be found in many places throughout the book, and we will omit any further examples. The author closes most of the chapters of this remarkable primer with cheap piety and a cheaper wood-cut.

—To the patient industry of the late Professor John S. Woodman, who was long its senior professor, the success of the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College was largely due. Professor Woodman was an accurate and thorough mathematician; but, besides this, he gave considerable attention to drawing, in the elements of which the students under his charge became unusually proficient. His *Elements of Drawing* (Ginn Bros.) which was left unfinished at his death, and which has been edited by Mr. D. F. Thompson, is a complete and valuable manual, which explains and illustrates its author's method. This book readily accounts for the fine mechanical drawings exhibited each year by Professor Woodman's students; while it cannot fail, it seems to us, to aid others in the production of equally good work.

—Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have published new editions of those familiar text-books, Colton's *Common School Geography* and *Introductory Geography*, with additional maps. Monteith's *Comprehensive Geography* (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is chiefly noticeable for its careful rules for map drawing, but is in all respects a very thorough and admirable book. Another new text-book is Professor Hamill's *Science of Elocution* (Nelson & Phillips), which will be found a useful work, and one giving evidence of faithful study and long experience in a decidedly neglected branch of education. But greater freshness in the poetical selections could easily have been shown.

—The letters of "Eli Perkins," a name familiar to the readers of the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Galaxy*, have now been printed in a volume, called *Saratoga in 1901* (Sheldon & Co.). These letters are amusing reading; and their fun chiefly arises from the dexterous way in which the author mingles sober fact with idle nonsense. Being written from a summer resort and for summer readers, Mr. Landon's pages have a fitting jollity and light-heartedness, which is by no means burdensome. The illustrations, by Mr. Arthur Lumley, are very successful, those on pages 80 and 156 being especially good. The volume has been badly proof-read, if, indeed, it was not printed without revision from the columns of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

—Mr. Peter Bayne's *Days of Jezebel* (Gould & Lincoln) is of especial interest as being the first dramatic work of a well-known and excellent critic. The story is cleverly elaborated; the historical accessories seem correctly described; and the character of Jezebel, upon which everything depends, is drawn in a consistent although unexpected way. Mr. Bayne's greatest fault as a writer has been in his lyrics, in which strength has been sacrificed in his desire to be rhythmical and pleasing. The drama is an ingenious work, with strong lines and passages here and there, but of little genuine poetical genius. It shows how narrowly an industrious and faithful literary artisan can escape being an original and successful dramatist.

—Mr. Edward W. Dawson's *Castle of the Three Mysteries* (C. C. Chatfield & Co.) is a translation of a very violent, Italian anti-Catholic novel, which describes the vengeance taken by a baffled priest upon a girl and her lover. That such partisan attacks upon the errors of the Roman Catholic Church serve any good purpose is a matter of doubt; while the average reader will not take a literary interest, even, in such leaves as these: "Gertrude still knelt with her head resting upon the shoulder of Romualdo. Their hands were unconsciously interlocked; their fascinating glances unsided in a magnetic current; their mouths, partly opened, were fixed in smiles," etc.

—Mr. Burnap's and Dr. Wetmore's "Polytechnic" was recently noticed in these columns, and we now have another music-book from the same hands. *The Athenæum* (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) is designed for female voices and consists entirely of part-songs. The selections have been made with the excellent taste shown in the previous work, and give proof of the same desire to present in a popular form good classical and operatic music. These two books we can heartily praise and their usefulness will hardly be a matter of doubt.

—Prof. Alexander Meyrowitz has prepared, under the title of "Key to the Masoretic Notes in the Margin of the Hebrew Bible," a translation of the Latin explanation of the terms and abbreviations of the Masoretic notes found in Van der Hooght's Hebrew Bible. The work is very well done, although some varieties of spelling Hebrew words in English are too much in the style of the Polish Jews to meet our taste. Prof. Meyrowitz has added not a few notes of his own in elucidation of the text which he has translated. (John Wiley & Son.)

—Mr. Thomas Chase, whose "Hellas" is our best book on Greece, with the exception of Felton's great work, has edited the first, twenty-first, and twenty-second books of Livy, and his volume takes place in Chase and Stuart's classical series, published by Eldredge & Brother. The scholarship shown in this series has been admirable, and in beauty of mechanical execution its volumes have only been surpassed in this country by Harper's Greek and Latin Texts.

—Mr. Horace Field's *Glitter and Gold* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is a religious novel; and furthermore, a novel of eccentric religious ideas. As a story it is not very interesting, and the reader is annoyed by the peculiar Glasgow typography of the volume, in which the marks of punctuation are so few that one instinctively looks at the end of the volume for Lord Timothy Dexter's pages of commas and periods.

—Dr. Calvin Cutter's *First Book of Analytic Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) and Mr. David B. Scott's *Smaller School History of the United States* (Harper & Bros.) are intended for schools requiring condensed or elementary text-books. Their arrangement is good, but the aid of a competent teacher will be needed to render them useful in the hands of young scholars.

—Mr. Champion's *Campaign Hand-book and Citizen's Manual* (F. C. Bliss & Co.) is the best of the smaller political handbooks lately issued, and it contains much information concerning presidents, platforms, candidates, majorities, etc.—information which is particularly pertinent at the present time. The wood-cuts are of the high character one expects to find in books of this sort.

—*Niagara*, by George W. Holley (Sheldon & Co.), contains a good amount of gossip and anecdote concerning the Falls, as well as an excellent geographical account of the adjoining region. Mr. Holley, who has long lived in the neighborhood of Niagara, has made a readable little book, whose worst feature is its cheap and ordinary illustrations.

—Dr. Martindale's *Human Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene* (Eldridge & Bro.) is a brief but good manual for school use. The arrangement and plan are excellent, the remarks on hygiene are free from cant and nonsense, and the printing of the book unusually clear and correct. The illustrations, however, are badly engraved.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published the second volume of Sir Charles Lyell's revised *Principles of Geology*, the first volume of which was recently reviewed in these columns. The same house has also issued in neat form Mr. Whyte Melville's novel, *The White Rose*, and Mrs. Muhlbach's *Story of a Million-aire*, translated by Nathaniel Greene.

—Mrs. Beeton's *Household Cookery Book* (D. Appleton & Co.) may possibly contain valuable culinary information; but its directions for the management of servants and the care of the household are ridiculously unfit for use in this country.

—Dr. H. A. Nicholson's *Introduction to the Study of Biology* (D Appleton & Co.) is a compact text-book, designed as a purely elementary work. The arrangement is good, and the author gives, in the twelfth chapter, an account of Bastian's recent experiments in spontaneous generation.

—Mr. Theodore B. Witmer's *Wild Oats, Sown Abroad* (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) is a pleasant book of travels, originally published, without the author's name, in 1853. Many of its pages are lively and entertaining, and the book is well worth rescuing, it seems to us, from the obscurity into which it had fallen.

—*Lessons for Children about Themselves* (Newton & Co.) is another "science primer," which attempts to explain physiology to the juvenile mind. For these question-and-answer text-books for children too young to study better works we have no liking.

—*Gardening by Myself* (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), by Anna Warner, is a small and chatty book about flowers, plants, etc.; and it will be found an attractive amusement—if, indeed, flower-gardening be not rather a promoter of religion and happiness than a mere luxury.

—*Our Church* (Babbitt, Harkness & Co.) is a four-act drama, by H. J. Mettenheimer, which does not forcibly remind one of Shakespeare, Sheridan, or the late T. W. Robertson.

—*The Chevalier* is the last volume of Messrs. Peterson's cheap reissue of Alexandre Dumas's novels.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The Story of Sibylle. By O. Feuillet. 8vo. pp. 133. J. R. Osgood & Co..... 1 25

A Review of the First Volume of A. H. Stephens's "War between the States." By "Constitutionalist." 8vo, paper, pp. 147. J. B. Lippincott & Co.....

Out of the Clouds. By W. Metcalfe. 16mo, pp. 288. The same.....

The Chandler Elements of Drawing. By J. S. Woodman. 12mo, pp. viii, 151. Ginn Bros.. 1 50

Upland and Lowland. By E. Porter. 16mo, pp. 300. A. D. F. Randolph & Co..... 1 25

Garden-ology Simplified. By A. Warner. 16mo, pp. 253. The same..... 1 25

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The Independent

ONE BUTTERFLY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A PURPLE stretch of mountains,
And, them and me between,
A bed of sweet, red clover,
Billows of meadowy green.
Across the wind-swept sweetness
A snow-white butterfly
Sails toward the grand horizon,
Sole voyager of the sky.

The delicate cloud-shadows
Win from the mountain-sides
Glimpses of shy, strange color,
That common sunshine hides.
To read that revelation
There's none save those and I
In all this noon lit silence,
My white-winged butterfly.

Is it a waste of beauty,
That only we behold
Those emerald hues ethereal,
Wavering through pearl and gold?
My heart aches with the wonder
Of all the unrolling sky—
The new, immense horizons—
My lonely butterfly!

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

No one who does not see it can realize what Aladdin-like progress is being made in the reconstruction of our burnt district. The resident, who has watched it every day this summer, is surprised, when he returns from a vacation, to see what wonders a month has wrought. Those who came from near and far last October to see the ruins would be still better repaid in coming again next October to see the marvelous transformations of the twelve-month. The Chamber of Commerce, a much finer edifice in its architectural effect than any that the old city boasted, is nearly finished. The walls of the great seventy Pacific Hotel, which covers a whole square, have risen to the roof again. McVicker's Theater, rebuilt in all the inflamed gorgeousness of theatrical architecture, has already been reopened. The *Tribune* building, originally supposed to be fire-proof, has been rebuilt from the ground with massive walls of the handsome red sandstone from Lake Superior. Booksellers' Row, on State street, is replaced by a carved stone front of elaborate elegance. The Sherman House, the Briggs House, the Methodist Church Block, and the Honore Block have reappeared, in finer fronts than before. All these buildings, landmarks in the old city, occupy their former sites. The banking and insurance palaces on La Salle street and the substantial wholesale stores on East Lake street are mostly rebuilt and reoccupied. And on other streets, notably in Wabash avenue and Madison street, miles upon miles of four, five, and six-story blocks of brick, stone, or iron are already alive with business or waiting for the tenants, who dread to sit down quite yet in the chaos of reconstruction around them. I hear that some cautious capitalists, who had already laid the foundations of large blocks, have stopped work, fearful that the number of new buildings will run ahead of the immediate wants of the city, and their new stores go begging for occupants. Their apprehensions are quite natural. While, probably, little more than one-fourth of the business district has really been rebuilt yet, the fire greatly enlarged its area. Wholesale houses now pile up their boxes on the sidewalks where a year ago the children played in front of stylish avenue residences. Then, too, large blocks are taking the place of the little two-story frame and brick relics of the early days, which the fire found scattered thickly around, even in the heart of the city. Perhaps the historian will be able to say—if he shall have the courage to risk his reputation by such seeming romancing—that Chicago had fully restored its old business facilities before the fire, that wiped them out in a single day, had been fully extinguished! For it is a fact that the fire is still smouldering and smoking in the *debris* of one of the elevators burned last October. At any rate, it is quite certain that the first anniversary of the great conflagration will find a larger acreage—or perhaps I should say more quarter sections—of flooring in the business district than there were before that calamity. But any one who should have predicted it last fall would have been called harebrained, even by sanguine Chicagoans, I think.

It there *is* any of that let-up in rebuilding to which I have alluded, the looker-on does not detect it. In some cases the joners have driven their work at night, by gaslight, and in others, I am ashamed to say, on Sunday. It is said that the walls of one of the great elevators went up all round, for a part of the time, at the rate of a foot an hour. I suppose it was only the fact that workmen must have a little elbow room that prevented their rising more rapidly. In most of the streets pedestrians have a hard time of it. Sidewalks break off in yawning excavations, or are blockaded by swaying derricks. In several instances the latter have fallen and killed passers-by, and dropping bricks frequently quicken one's paces. Scarcely a day passes but what fatal accidents befall workmen; and, terrible as was the loss of life in the burning of the city, that incurred in its rebuilding cannot fail to be much greater. The streets themselves are choked almost to the middle at intervals with mortar-beds, prostrate iron columns, masses of stone, heaps of sand, and piles of brick and lumber. Through the tortuous straits that are left for passage omnibuses, drays, carriages, foot-travelers, and the teams engaged in hauling *debris* or building material, which are such a conspicuous feature of the streets, pursue their vexed, halting, and often profane way. These difficulties in the way of pedestrianism and the broadcast scattering of stores and offices all over the city have inured to the profit of the street railways, whose stock has nearly doubled in value. Omnibuses, too, which before the fire had secured a foothold only on a single street, now thread all the principal avenues of travel. There are no figures, I suppose—and, if there were, they would seem too large for belief—of the loads of *debris* removed from the burnt district and dumped into the lake basin; but they must have reached millions. It has been worth a fortune to the English-owned and close-fisted Illinois Central Railway, whose trains now run for a mile on solid ground, where before they crept along on piling. This road and its depot partners—the Michigan Central and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy—propose to build a mammoth new depot on the lake front, just south of the ruins of the old one. Its plans call for about a million dollars, and it is to be one-third larger than the Vanderbilt depot in New York. The Michigan Southern and Rock Island and Pacific are already rebuilding, from their old plans, on their old site, on Van Buren street.

Reconstruction on the North Side, which was chiefly occupied by residences, has made slower progress than in the business district. Almost every one who lost his home was also burned out in his business, and his first efforts were necessarily directed to re-establishing the latter. But it is already evident that most of the old residents will go back and rebuild on their old sites, and many of them the duplicates of their former tasteful homes. The re-erection of the burned churches is being pushed forward, and this will hasten the return of the scattered fugitives. The walls of Robert Collyer's Unity church are receiving the roof, and its neighbor, the New England church, is well begun. But the North Side will be slow in recovering one of its finest features—the greenery of its splendid trees. Their blackened trunks and flame-whittled boughs are among the saddest mementos of the fire.

When it *is* rebuilt, the new city will be immeasurably handsomer than the old one. Besides the fine effects produced by brick fronts, with pillars, cornices, and pediments of stone, a great variety of stone fronts is secured from the six or eight distinct kinds and colors whose quarries are sufficiently accessible by rail or water to compete for favor. And, whatever chastening effects the fire may have had in other respects, it did not chasten our architectural taste. Carved work abounds on the new fronts, and the designs do not always escape the charge of being tawdry and *outre*. The worst sinners in this respect are those who have built with artificial stone, and thus enjoyed special facilities for perpetrating awkardness. Where any ornamentation is desired the saving in using artificial stone is very great, and a large number of business blocks have been faced with it, though the imitation of gray sandstone is so close that the ordinary observer would never suspect its character. It is made from the sand on the lake-shore, under the Frear patent, the discovery of an ingenious and impecunious house-painter of this city, a few years ago. It is a mine of wealth to him now, and to the friends who had faith enough to furnish him the funds for his earlier experiments, in consideration of a half interest in his patent. The manufacture of galvanized iron cornice is another business which has suddenly leaped into large dimensions. The heavy wooden cornice, which rendered such ready service in the swift destruction of the city, has as completely gone out of use as it had universally been in use before the fire.

Our Board of Trade was the scene one day last week of an excitement that almost rivaled the frenzy of Wall Street on its memorable Black Friday. The occasion was the sudden and disastrous failure of a gigantic and long-sustained attempt by a ring of heavy speculators to "corner" the wheat market. The price of wheat fell in a few hours from $1.57 a bushel to $1.13, and with it went down the fortunes not only of the reckless gamblers who had forced up the prices, but of some of the heaviest commission houses in the city and of hundreds of shippers through all that stretch of country whose wheat finds a market here. Since the year began there has not been a day that there has not been some "corner" on 'Change; and the business public, which has the commercial good name and prosperity of the city at heart, is growing indignant that there is not conscience and pluck enough in the Board of Trade to purge out the gambling minority that are guilty of these crimes.

There was quite an exodus from the city for a few days after the fire; but our gains in population this year seem to have far outrun these temporary losses. The new directory for the city contains over one-fourth more names than that of 1870. In the business statistics it is noticeable that the wholesale houses in almost every line of trade have increased in number; while there are fewer physicians, dentists, bankers, boarding-houses, and retail merchants of all sorts. It was the people of small means and moderate incomes, and not the heavy business men and capitalists, who felt the fire most severely.

Dr. Swazey has retired from the editorship of the *Interior*, although I believe the fact has not been noted in its columns. He was a versatile and vigorous editorial writer, and it was his indomitable determination to go on that saved the paper from suspension last October. Being younger than the other religious weeklies, it has felt the pinch more than the rest, though this has been a hard year for all of them. DUNCAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., August, 1872.

Farm and Garden.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

BY E. P. POWELL.

A GOOD motto for pear trees, as well as men. I have not a leaf touched with blight in my pear orchard in Michigan, or in my orchard in New York. Every tree is healthy, except such as suffer from accidents. The growth is fine; the fruitage good; the foliage perfectly healthy. It was the same last year, when the blight prevailed to a ruinous extent. Orchards were blasted out of existence within sight of my own. A wild thorn within stone's throw of one of my orchards was struck with death. Can you tell me why? I will give you my reasons, and leave you to judge. My first point is to induce a slow, steady, and not rank growth of the tree; to stimulate only enough to prevent a check to the natural spread of the tree. My summer pruning is solely of the weak shoots or those which crowd. My pruning-in or heading-in of strong growth is always in the fall or early spring. In this way a healthy, strong, well-ripened wood is secured. My trees all stand in grass; that is, the ground is never or very rarely plowed. But the strength of the soil is not reduced by taking off more than I put on. The growth must be equable and undisturbed; not one year hastened, another clocked. My next care is equable circulation of sap. For this I rely on mulching. The grass never grows near my trees. Here is spread a close coat of sawdust or garden refuse, and the soil is always forked loose. Sometimes long manure takes the place of the sawdust. This is done, however, only in case the tree needs more food. Once each year, as the tree spreads, the circle of forked soil about it is enlarged, and mulch increased accordingly.

I do not believe disease to be the natural condition of the pear. The land being well drained, the trees low-headed, well set, and then constant regard being had to equable growth and equable circulation, I believe the pear may be a model of health. It may be well to discard a few varieties, as being peculiarly sensitive to disease, especially the Madeleine, and then you can enjoy the whole family.

My Clairgeaus nod to Louise of Jersey, Lawrence waves his arm gracefully to the plump young Duchesse, the beautiful Flemish courtesies to the very ground with her grand contribution, and Tyson stands asking to be relieved of her burden. The White Doyenne and Seckel demand considerable food, and the former is surely going into dotage. The fruit, in spite of care, looks too much like the face of an octogenarian. It has done its duty; now let it go in peace. A word ought to be spoken for the Gansels Bergamotte as a pear of superb qualities for the amateur; but its bearing qualities make it a poor variety for market. It is one of the few kinds that do not lose their richness by ripening on the tree. Among winter varieties, don't forget Beurre D'Aremberg. It keeps well, and is as refreshing as a bunch of grapes.

A FORTUNE FROM THE CRANBERRY.

A FEW years ago a successful merchant of Chicago, Mr. Sackett, well known for enterprise, generosity, and also a speculative turn of mind, was induced by two friends of his to try an investment with them in the purchase of Western land, with a view to prospective increase in price. Each was to furnish an equal share toward the enterprise.

More as an accommodation to them than regard for the profit, he consented; and, furnishing his part, they went West to make the purchase, while he remained at his business in Chicago. Now these enterprising friends of his found that they could buy up a large tract of land near Berlin, Wis., very low by including in it a portion of worthless swamp. They closed the trade, and, in making the division among themselves, they took each a third of the fine land and left the mud and water for Mr. Sackett, who had never seen the land, and accepted the division on faith in his friends. And for some time he continued to pay the taxes, until he failed in business; and, thinking to realize on the sale of it, he went West for that purpose, when, to his dismay, he found that, far from being able to sell it, he could not even give it away. Sighing just a little at the duplicity of his friends, who had so divided the valuable and left him the worthless, he wandered over the swamp he almost disdained to call his own, and splashed through its mud and water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty and want stared him in the face, when lo! something else stared him in the face too. He found something upon his land. What was it? It was not California gold, nor South Africa diamonds; neither was it oil, iron, or coal. It was wild cranberries. "Presto, change!" Now mark the result. That land is worth $800 per acre and he is worth half a million dollars. He was a shrewd man, with an eye to business; and he saw at once a fortune in those cranberries, and went to work to realize it by cultivation and systematic labor, and now he has a regularly trained brigade of children and hands to pick and prepare the cranberries for market, for which he realizes as high as $24 per barrel, while the men who intended to play a joke on him now mourn over their own unvaluable land and sigh for the fortune their joking lost them.

This is true; and, if it is not as romantic as fiction, it has a better moral.

SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH FARMING.

It is certainly astonishing to learn of the wonderful and rapid increase of English agriculture, its large yields of crops and flourishing condition generally. In an address delivered recently before some of the farmers of of New Jersey, by a Mr. Wall, he stated that in less than a century the production of wheat had risen in England from 16,000,000 to 100,000,000 of bushels. This enormous increase he attributes to the systematic attention to all the requirements of good farming, in the skill and exactness with which all the operations are performed, to their careful selection of the best varieties of seed, and to the extensive and prudent use of their barnyard manure. Nothing is left to casuality or chance. No expectations are indulged in that the bounty of Providence, by an unusually favorable season, will atone for their shortcomings or neglect. He dilated upon the extraordinary liberality of English farmers, in restoring to the earth, by means of purchased manures, all those elements of fertility which are exhausted by cultivation. It is estimated by chemical analysis that wheat absorbs forty per cent. of nutriment contained in the soil. In 1837, the first year in which bones came into general use as a fertilizer, the foreign bones imported were valued at the custom-house at $1,500,000, since which time it is estimated that the amount paid for imported bones alone amounted to $150,000,000. Since 1841 upward of 1,500,000 tons of guano have been used. Mr. Wall also believed that nothing could be more perfect in rural economy than the English farmers' rotation of root and grain crops. He considered that the care which had been bestowed on root cultivation had been the salvation of England.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

An error occurred in article "*Novel Scheme of Farming*," which appeared in this department August 22d, whereby credit was given to Herman Pratt. It should have read Herman Trott, St. Paul, Minn. Any who have in view a possible visit to Minnesota, or who wish to make inquiries or correspondence respecting that section, will do well to bear this corrected address in mind.

RURAL ITEMS.

THE WASTE OF CITIES.

Oh! for some good means to save the wealth of manure, refuse matter, and garbage which is wasted yearly by all our cities. What fearful squandering of natural fertilizers, which ought to go back to our farms and enrich the soil! The heaviest drains upon our soil is the vast system of sewerage in our cities, which pours into the bosom of our rivers and oceans millions' worth of rich plant-food. It has been calculated that there are at least 75,000 horses and 100,000 houses in New York whose manure and garbage are absolutely wasted. At the current value of raw manure ($2 a load) the deposits of these animals (amounting to 750,000 loads annually) would be worth a million and a half of dollars. The bone alone of the garbage which could be collected from the 100,000 houses would amount to fully fifty thousand tons, worth in current rates, in markets at our very doors, not less than a million and a half dollars more; while the compressed vegetable matter from the same depositis would bring as a fertilizer enough to pay all expenses of disinfection and cartage.

PRESERVING TIMBER, POSTS, ETC.

The *Industrial Monthly* gives us this valuable information concerning the preservation of timber:

"By soaking the timber in crude petroleum, which may be applied with a brush, and be allowed to sink in; after which a second and even a third coating may be given, it may be readily presumed. If the sticks be strongly heated over a fire, they will absorb the oil more freely; and it might even pay to subject the oil and stick together to heat in a bath. Such a bath might be very readily constructed of sheet-iron. In ordinary cases, where the wood does not touch the ground, paint is the best preservative, providing the coating be carefully renewed when it shows signs of failing. But where any part of the timber touches the soil—as in the case of posts, railroad ties, and even the lower tier of clapboards on the siding of a house—paint fails entirely."

COST OF RAISING GRAIN PER BUSHEL.

Mr. H. H. Gibson, of Madison County, Illinois, in a carefully drawn up statement made to the farmers' club of that county, makes out the cost per bushel of wheat, corn, and oats as follows: Wheat 99⅔ cents per bushel, corn 21 1-16, oats 26⅔. Meadow hay, also, costs per ton $4.75. This was a carefully-prepared account of every expense, including, of course, the interest on cost of land. The very moderate cost per bushel of raising corn will especially strike the Eastern farmer, being five cents per bushel less than oats, and is accounted for by the fact that cornfields are cultivated so much by machinery, one man reaping for ten times as much ground as any farmer in the East.

BEETS FOR HOGS AND STOCK.

In a recent letter to the *Rural World*, W. J. Neeley, of La Salle County, Illinois, says that last year he grew five acres of mangolds, which yielded about 31 tons to the acre. He says that hogs are very fond of them, and in the fall will, when the food is scarce, eat them tops and all. He thinks one acre of them will produce as much food as five acres of corn. Mr. J. S. Tibbitts writes to the *Michigan Farmer* that he raised sugar beets for his hogs last year. He is ready to believe them a very valuable food for fattening hogs and superior to any other root crop for stock of all kinds.

USEFULNESS OF DUCKS.

It is said in the *Grape Culturist* that a large vineyardist in Illinois keeps not less than one hundred ducks constantly among his vines. He says it is wonderful with what diligence they will dart after all kinds of bugs, thrips, flies, and small snails, and he considers them among the best of insect exterminators. Everybody knows that nothing will exterminate insects in a garden so well as a few coops of little chicks ens.

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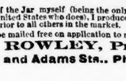

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Premiums on outstanding risks December 31st, 1870	$220,097 95
Premiums received during year ending December 31st, 1871	1,350,323 49
Total Premiums	$1,570,421 44
Premiums marked off as earned during the year 1871	$1,333,674 246
Paid Losses, Expenses, Reinsurance, Commissions and Interest $1,200,568 45	
Returns of Premiums 68,285 06	
R

Insurance.

AN APPEAL TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMEN.

It is seldom that we realize the extent to which prejudice may lead us, or how much our better judgment may be warped by a preconceived notion. The history of both fire and life insurance illustrates this, as we see with what difficulty the early advocates of the system introduced it to the world at large; but there is, perhaps, no better evidence of its intrinsic value than that, in spite of all the opposition it has met with, yet the principle has gradually and surely won its way into the good opinion of the public—an opinion that has been based not upon theory or promises alone, but upon actual beneficial results to all who have availed themselves of its advantages.

The prejudices that have existed against life insurance are fast wearing away, yielding, as they must necessarily do, to reason; and in those cases where they still prevail it will be found that they arise more from a want of knowledge of the true working of the system than from any well-grounded objection. Much opposition has sprung from an idea that the act of insuring life is a simple effort to counteract the decrees of Providence; but we fail to see this in the teachings of any one of our most eminent divines, who, on the contrary, have always been the strongest advocates of the institution. Whether we turn to the doctrines of such men as Bishop Hawks, Bishop Potter, Dr. Cummings, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Nicholas Murray, Dr. Alexander, Dr. Storrs, the Rev. J. M. Sherwood, Dr. S. I. Prime, or to modern secular writers—such as Dickens, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Walter Scott, Professor Drake, Professor De Morgan, Benjamin Franklin, and Lord Brougham—we see but the expression of one thought as regards life insurance, tending in every instance to an advocacy of the principle and calling upon all to consider its many and manifold benefits.

A moment's reflection must convince even the least thoughtful that the designs of Providence are not now worked out by direct agency, but by means placed in the hands of man. It is by science alone, under the will of God, that these great ends are attained; and we may safely aver that such good to mankind as has resulted from life insurance would never have been permitted had it been in opposition to his will.

We feel that these remarks are a proper introduction to the main object we have in view: that of overcoming the prejudice which exists in the mind of man's best helpmate here on earth (woman, God's best gift to man) against this great institution. To her we would speak in the words of that popular French author, Edmond About:

"Most intelligent women carry on a bind war with insurance. They dislike to have anybody think of the future; their sensitiveness revolts against the foresight of good husbands and loving fathers. I heard of one, as good as she was pretty, who cried out, with an almost comical indignation: 'But you are selfish, since you wish to die before me!'

"No, madam, no man wishes to die; but every intelligent creature knows that he will die, sooner or later. Our husband should precede you, according to the natural order. The day on which he received you from your parents' hands he agreed to protect you and aid you through life—not only all *his* life, but all yours. Every child born in your union is also by Nature dependent upon him. He owes to you, to his sons, to his daughters, that instrument of work, that consolation of repose, that indispensable element of life which we call capital. Permit him to pay this debt, which is, at least, as sacred as all other debts; and, even though *you* may have a pension, or live the wife in India, upon the funeral pile of your husband, remember that children are made to survive their father. And the father, in view of his plunge into eternity, can scarcely carry with him a sweeter souvenir than the blessings of his children."

This appeal to the intelligence of woman, which, indeed, is only surpassed by her softer emotions, will, we hope, leave the impression it is intended to convey, adding to the value of that blessed mission she fulfills, strengthening the hand of her husband in his struggle through life, by encouraging him in his duty to her and to his children, in obeying the teachings of his Heavenly Master that a "good man leaveth an inheritance."

While a Supreme Power controls our actions, yet as free agents we are expected to exercise our skill and industry in all the affairs of the world; and, while trusting in him, always to provide for ourselves and our little ones with all the ability and means he has endowed us with.

Financial & Commercial.

CALL LOANS.

Call loans, though unknown in the ordinary stipulations between borrower and lender in the country, form the basis upon which millions of dollars are lent in New York and other large cities. We presume that at least one-half of the loans by banks and money-lenders is of this character.

Such loans as their title indicates are payable at the option of either party. A note drawn upon this principle is analogous to a bank-bill that is payable on demand. The convenience of paying the loan at one's option is the advantage of the system to the borrower; and the liability of being called upon at any time to make the payment is the disadvantage, often a very embarrassing one. The opportunity of rapid interest accumulation by frequently compounding the interest, or by demanding large rates of interest when money is scarce, is the advantage to the lender; and the liability of having the loan paid when he does not want it, and having it on hand as so much idle capital, is the disadvantage. The system is thus one of advantages and disadvantages to both classes.

Business based on the uncertainty which necessarily inheres in all call loans must be so conducted as at all times to be prepared for them. The borrower cannot tell beforehand when his obligation will mature; and, hence, he must always be ready to meet it. If he owes $2,000,000 of call loans, he must keep himself in a condition to pay this sum at any time. He may be called upon to do it; and he must do it, or fail. In this respect he is at the mercy or whim of the lender, who will be likely to consult his own convenience and profit, rather than those of the borrower. It is quite true that he may at his pleasure pay his loans; yet in the matter of facility and convenience, there is often a very wide difference between paying a loan and receiving the payment. The latter never embarrasses the lender, since at the worst is only places so much idle capital in his hands; but the former may most seriously embarrass the borrower.

It is, hence, manifest that the system of call loans is not suited to the ordinary forms and operations of legitimate business. For a rule, business men cannot safely make any contracts with money-lenders. They cannot so conduct their business on the basis of borrowed capital as to keep themselves in readiness at any time to pay their debts. Their assets may be twice the amount of their liabilities; yet they cannot, without immense sacrifice and loss, turn them into money at a moment's warning. They are not bankers; but engaged in the exchange of commodities, asking credit and giving credit. They must have time to collect their debts, or sell their goods and get their returns, before they can pay their own debts. Merchants and manufacturers, therefore, are wise in avoiding the use of call loans, except when severely pressed for temporary relief. Their calculations will often fail when their notes run for a definite period; and, if they were to add the system of call loans to the uncertainty of business, their perils would be greatly increased. No regular business under such a *régime* could endure the fluctuations of the money market.

These loans belong to speculators—the "bulls" and the "bears"—who take the risks of the market value of stocks. When money is easy, then they have no trouble in carrying stocks to the amount of millions of dollars, by pledging them as collateral security, with a sufficient margin; but when the money market becomes tight, and their loans are called in, and prices are depressed, then comes the "tug of war" for these speculators. They assume the risks in the one direction for the sake of the possible profits in the other. They sink or swim with the money market. They are rich to-day and poor to-morrow. They often make fortunes in a short time, and often lose them just as rapidly. This is the chronic condition of all speculators upon prices. Call loans answer an admirable purpose when the machinery works in their favor; but when the movement is in the opposite direction then the result is disastrous. If they like the system, so be it; yet the ordinary forms of business must keep clear of it.

LIFE INSURANCE DIVIDENDS.

Life insurance companies conducting their business upon the principle of a premium paid in advance, either annually or for a stipulated term of years, usually earn a surplus beyond their expenses and the reserve which is necessary to protect them against all their policy liabilities. The amount of this surplus will be measured by the quantity of business done, the degree of economy with which it is transacted, the rate of premiums charged for insurance, and the care which is practiced in taking risks. The whole of this surplus, of course, comes from the policyholders in premiums and the interest accumulations thereon. If these premiums, with their accumulations, were just sufficient to pay expenses and meet all liabilities, then there could be no surplus. They are more than sufficient for this purpose, as they ought to be, for the safety of the system; and, hence, arises the fact of life insurance profits.

The particular sources of these profits are threefold. First, the rate of interest which it is assumed that the invested premiums will earn, and which in this state is fixed by law at four and a half per cent., may and generally will be less than the rate actually realized. Secondly, the average annual mortality among policyholders is usually less than the rate assumed as the basis of calculation in issuing policies. Thirdly, it is the practice of most companies to *load* their policies by an excess of premium over and above their expenses and risks, and in this way provide for all possible contingencies that may arise to peril their solvency. The result from these three causes combined is an accumulated surplus of net profits, running all the way from a low percentage up to fifty or sixty per cent. upon the premiums annually received. What is the actual amount of these profits can be determined only by carefully reviewing the business of the year, deducting the expenses and losses incurred, setting aside the proper reserve for outstanding risks, and thus ascertaining the surplus, if any, that remains. Life insurance companies, doing a good business, and doing it prudently, at the usual rates of premium, every year earn such a surplus for an average of not less than thirty per cent. on the premiums paid. In this respect the business yields large profits, as may be seen in the fact that these companies, after paying all expenses and providing for all liabilities, usually have a surplus still left.

To whom does this surplus belong, as it arises from year to year? In the case of purely stock companies it goes to swell the profits of the stockholders; in mixed companies, having a body of stockholders combined with the policyholders, it goes in a certain rate of percentage to each class; and in companies purely mutual, that have no stockholders, it is divided among the policyholders. In mixed companies this surplus, after paying a fair rate of interest to stockholders on their stock and for services rendered, belongs by right to the policyholders; and in purely mutual companies the whole of it belongs to them. Each policyholder has been taxed to create it, and he is entitled to receive a return just in proportion to his contribution thereto. We hold that insurance companies are as much bound to divide their surplus among the parties to whom it belongs as they are to pay their policies at maturity. Those companies that have no surplus or but a very small one to divide, with the current rates of insurance, show either a small amount of business or bad management.

The effect of this division, if faithfully made, by mixed or purely mutual companies, is to reduce life insurance to its *actual cost*. More than the cost is paid in the first instance; yet, by the return dividends, or increase in the amount insured, at the option of the policyholder, all this excess is canceled, and the insurance made as cheap as it can be in consistency with safety. In this respect the mutual company has the advantage over the purely stock company, since, although the nominal rates of the latter may be cheaper than those of the former, they are not as cheap when we take into account the dividends made to policyholders in the one case, but not made in the other. It is entirely the fault of the management if mutual companies do not bring the cost of insurance down to the lowest point to which it can be brought, and yet maintain the integrity of the system.

STATEMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The first of September schedule of the public debt of the United States exhibits the further decrease in the principal of the debt of $10,736,636 since the 1st of August, making the total amount paid off by the present Administration since March 4th, 1869, $348,141,229, as follows:

PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES—SEPT. 1ST.

	March 4th, 1869.	*Sept. 1st, 1872*
Funded Stocks, (Gold)...	$2,107,846,160	$1,777,619,860
Yearly interest charge...	$134,255,260	$102,311,078
Reduction of Principal...		$330,226,340
Relief to Yearly Interest		$31,743,682
Treasury Circulation, Cash on Hand, etc.		
	March 4th, 1869.	*Sept. 1st, 1872.*
Greenbacks	$356,091,073	$356,086,112
Fractional currency	26,281,547	40,013,324
Gold notes	29,755,500	28,464,800
Three per cents	57,146,950	7,961,000
Four per cents		8,000
Navy pension fund	14,000,000	14,000,000
Past due demands	6,421,464	6,170,078
Accrued interest	35,071,235	29,851,869
In specie	$333,241,909	$196,558,766
Less gold in the Treasury	98,744,261	73,018,817
Balance	$434,470,038	$410,436,965
Less notes in the Treasury	16,833,529	10,914,742
Balance unfunded	$417,637,109	$399,522,223
Decrease in unfunded debt		17,914,886
Decrease in funded stocks		330,226,340
Decrease since March 4th, 1869		$348,141,229
Outstanding Debt as Above.		
Funded		$1,777,619,860
Unfunded		399,522,223
Total, Sept. 1, 1872		$2,177,142,091
Total, Aug. 1, 1872		2,187,878,627
Decrease of month		$10,736,636

The whole reduction since the present Administration came into control of the public finances is now close upon *three hundred and fifty millions of dollars* in three and a half years, or an average of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS A YEAR. There seems to be little question that by the close of the first four years' term of President Grant the principal of the debt will have been reduced $400,000,000, and the annual burden of gold interest from $124,000,000 to about $98,000,000 a year—possibly, by the further conversion of 6 per cent. bonds into 5 per cents., to $96,000,000 a year, or $8,000,000 per month.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

The Voice of Business Men.—The Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* states the following as showing how business men judge of Grant and Greeley as candidates for the Presidency:

"Lately nine gentlemen, each of whom was worth at least half a million of dollars and four of whom were Democrats, were collected together on railroad business at a certain place; and, the question of the coming election being broached, all declared for Grant, on the ground that in the event of his election business men could calculate with some degree of certainty upon what financial course to expect on the part of the Government, and the prosperous condition of the past four years would be continued; but, were Greeley elected, his uncertain and whimsical financial views, his tendency to fly off on any ism or notion that once possessed him, and his strongheadedness when once set in any direction, would throw business into confusion and materially damage the great financial interests of the country. We cannot afford, said these gentlemen, at present to make a change; and it is for the interest of the great industries of the country that there should be no such change as the one proposed."

This, as we have no doubt, is the general view of business men, and it is destined to exercise a strong influence over the next election. Mr. Greeley is about the last man in the country who should be trusted to control the financial policy of the Government. As Capt. E. B. Ward, in a letter addressed to the Detroit *Post*, well says:

"Mr. Greeley is unstable, impracticable, and unreliable. With him as President, business men and investors could place no reliance on what his course would be. He might advocate tariff one day, free trade the next, and prohibition the third. Values of all kinds of property would become uncertain and fluctuating."

COLONIES IN THE NORTHWEST.

We are pleased to notice the great work of colonizing now going on along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, under the auspices of the land department of that company. Thousands of Scandinavians are preparing to occupy lands in this section during the ensuing year, and also a number of American colonies. In England and Wales also colonies are being made up, which will be transferred to Minnesota at an early day, of one of which we have gained the following information, which will be of interest, as showing the character of the hardy and intelligent class of people by whom a portion of this rich country will be developed.

Rev. Geo. Rodgers, a leading Independent or Congregational minister, of Dorsetshire, South of England, accompanied by a number of tenant-farmers, has recently made a tour of inspection through Minnesota for the purpose of selecting lands for a colony of 2,000 persons—well-to-do farmers, possessing a capital of from $2,000 to $10,000 each, and who are among the most successful agriculturists in the world.

The delegation selected eight townships in Clay County, Minnesota, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway—half the area being Government lands, subject to free homestead entry by the colonists, and the other half belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

A railroad town, to be named Yeovil (in honor of the district from which many of the colonists came), has been set apart near the center of their tract.

Two hundred families will leave England in April for this colony, and the balance, with their pastor, will follow during the season.

A church will be erected and schools established as soon as practicable by these industrious, enterprising, and frugal people, whose prosperity in this new and inviting section is more than assured.

Mr. Rodgers and his practical associates unite in saying that the facts regarding the quality of the lands and the general advantages of this great Northwestern country have been considerably *understated* by the railway company's publications and representatives in England. This colony will be followed by others of a similar character from England, as the lands there are concentrated among the few, with constantly increasing rents, ranging now at from $15 to $35 per acre per year, rendering the purchase of free homes in a free country not only within the reach of these frugal people but in the highest degree desirable. Mr. Rodgers and associates also concur in the belief that Minnesota and the country further west in the same latitude is entirely adapted to English settlement, and that the present movement is but the forerunner of scores of thousands of English farmers who will soon make their homes on this great grain belt and stock range of the Northwest. We extend to those engaged in this movement a cordial welcome to our shores, recognizing in their scheme the elements of industry, morality, and success.

MONEY MARKET.

The closing days of August were not expected to bring with them any buoyancy to the stock market, though a revival in the activity of trade generally was to be looked for as a matter of course; but the greatly improved prospects in the political horizon have caused a more cheerful and bullish feeling in Wall Street, which has exhibited itself in an advance on most of the speculative stocks, as well as in speculative securities. Gold has declined steadily as the prospects of the re-election of Grant have brightened, and the late "bull" clique have given up the contest with the "bears," as one altogether hopeless.

The price of gold during the week varied from 113⅞ to 114⅜, closing at 114⅛; and, as there will be a constantly diminishing demand for shipments to Europe and for payments at the custom-house for duties on imports, the prospects are by no means favorable to an advance. The associated banks show, by the weekly statement published on Saturday, a loss of nearly $2,000,000 of specie; but they still hold over $16,000,000, which is counted in their reserve as legal tender and used as a basis for their loans, which would otherwise be alarmingly curtailed. They are permitted to do this, though it is not in conformity with the letter of the law.

The following statement shows the condition of the New York City banks:

	August 24th.	*August 31st.*	
Loans	$220,498,600	$220,812,400	Dec. $1,616,200
Specie	18,397,700	19,047,500	Dec. 1,504,100
Circulation	27,371,700	27,478,900	Inc. 760,900
Deposits	226,445,300	219,025,700	Dec. 7,411,100
Legal tenders	50,820,000	49,380,700	Dec. 1,502,300

Notwithstanding the continued drain of currency to the West and the low reserve, there seems to be no apprehension felt of a tight money market, and rates on call loans have ranged from 4 to 5 per cent. during the week.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that he will purchase during the month $1,000,000 of Five-twenty bonds on every Wednesday and sell $1,000,000 of gold on every Thursday.

The activity in the stock market early in the week was partly due to the return of a good many of the absent speculators from the Stock Exchange, and the expectation of the immediate return of a good many more, not only from their country and seaside retreats, but from Europe. At the close of the week there was, as usual, a droop in the market; but still the feeling of a further advance was very general. The strongest of the railroads, without being specially active, was New York Central, which nearly touched par and closed at 99⅝. The business of the New York Central increases almost beyond computation; and, if it were not for the wholesome fear that the Street entertains of the Commodore, the speculators would send the current price of the stock higher than that of Rock Island or any other 8 per cent. dividend-paying railroad company.

Pacific Mail was among the most active stocks on the list, and but for the accident to the steamer "Blenville," which caused people to consider the perils which surround steamship property, prices would have run up considerably higher. The other active stocks which have been the favorites of the week are Erie, Lake Shore, Wabash, Northwestern, Rock Island, St. Paul, Ohio and Mississippi, Union Pacific, Col., Chicago, and Ind. Central, and Western Union Telegraph. Western Union does not recover the loss of 3 per cent. from its range a month or two ago; but it is still one of the steadiest stocks on the non-dividend-paying list, and is regarded as one of the safest for a steady advance.

South Carolina bonds have been unfavorably affected by the continued difficulty in the political situation of that state. The price of the new 6s, January and July, fell to 24½, but rallied to 25½, with considerable sales.

The following is a list of prices of New York City bank stocks on the 3rd inst.:

	Offered.	*Asked.*
Manhattan	147	
Merchants'	118	
America	148	
City	265	
Phœnix	101	103
Tradesmen's	146	
Fulton	160	168
Chemical	1150	94
Merchants' Exchange		
Leather Manufacturers'	100	
Seventh Ward	100⅝	
State of New York		175
Commerce	118	118⅝
Ocean	25	
Mercantile	130	
Bank of the Republic	113⅝	114
Bank of North America	100	101
Hanover	100	
Irving	127	
Metropolitan	133	135
Grocers'	110	
East River	115	
Market	125	
Nassau	108	
Shoe and Leather	150⅜	
Corn Exchange	128	
Continental	91⅝	92
St. Nicholas	36	114
Commonwealth	36	
Importers' and Traders'	165	
Park	153	
Manufacturers' & Merchants'	90	
N. Y. National Exchange	97	
Central National	100⅝	101⅝
Fourth National	111⅛	111⅝
Ninth National	110	111
German American		103

INVESTING MONEY

Special attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* The Independent. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address Henry C. Bowen, Publisher of The Independent, 3 Park Place, New York.

DRY GOODS.

The last week in August is usually a busy time with dry goods dealers, and this year it has been unusually lively. The ordinary course of business would create great activity in all the markets at the commencement of the season, but last week had the advantage of an agreeable change in the weather, which brought many customers into the city, and the reduction in the prices of standard cotton goods, for which many had been confidently waiting, stimulated purchases; and the vigorous movement at the opening of the fall business is very encouraging. The marking down in standard sheetings is full 1 cent a yard, while in bleached sheetings it has been about 2½ cents a yard and correspondingly in other styles. In domestic woolens of all descriptions there has been an increased business. In foreign goods there is much less activity than in domestic fabrics; but there is a satisfactory demand, and the jobbers are buying freely and the auction rooms are well attended and well supplied.

Unbleached sheetings and shirtings have sold more freely since the revision of prices. Standard sheetings are 1 cent a yard lower, with a corresponding reduction in inferior grades. But the sales are mostly for immediate trade, and no disposition is shown by the large jobbers to buy for speculative purposes.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are in more active demand, but the reduction of prices equal to 2½ cents a yard in sheetings does not lead to any speculative transactions. The sales are only to the extent of the demand of the wants of current trade. Prices since the last revision have been steadily maintained.

Printing cloths are in less active demand and the sales are to a limited extent, but prices are firm. The quotations are for 64 standards to extra quality 7¼ to 7⅝ cents.

Prints are in more active demand than any other kind of domestic cottons, and the sales of favorite dark robe patterns are large and at full prices. The new styles put upon the market this season are very attractive and satisfactory to purchasers. Prices for the various standards and popular makes are formerly maintained.

Ginghams are in better demand, and the sales of popular makes are large and prices are firm.

Cotton flannels are in fair demand, but the sales were so large in the early part of the month that the manufacturers' agents are disappointed that they are not larger now Prices are without essential change.

Cotton duck and osnaburgs are in more demand, and the sales are on an increased scale; but they are chiefly to meet the demands of current trade.

Cotton yarns are in more active demand, and prices are steady at quotations.

Cambrics are steady at quotations, the demand being mostly for the best makes of black and assorted colors.

Rolled jaconets have been reduced ¼ cent a yard in some instances, and 1 cent in others. The stock in first hands is large; but the sales are more active, and there is little danger of an accumulation of stock. Prices since the reduction are steady.

Scrims are in moderately good demand for popular makes, and prices are steadily maintained.

Corset jeans are in more active demand, but the sales are small from first hands and mostly of the popular makes. Prices steady.

Stripes and ticks are selling more freely since the reduction of prices, and the present rates are steadily maintained in both classes of goods.

Denims and cottonades are without material change. The former are selling rather more freely, but cottonades are in very small demand. Prices since the revision are unchanged.

Worsted dress goods and muslin de laines are in good demand, and the liberal exhibition of new and attractive styles induces liberal purchases. Prices are well maintained.

Woolen shawls are in active demand, and the sales are encouragingly large, but altogether for immediate trade. Prices for the popular makes are without change and well maintained.

Cloths and overcoatings are in more active demand, with increased sales; but the business is hardly up to the usual demand of the season. In cloths prices are steady, but overcoatings are a shade lower.

Doeskins are in better demand, with considerable sales of desirable grades of popular makes. Prices firm.

Fancy cassimeres are in good demand for the finer grades, but the sales are made in small lots. Low grades are dull and prices are not firm.

Satinets are selling more freely since the reduction in prices, and the present rates are well maintained. Flannels are still in active demand, and sales are effected without difficulty at quotations.

Foreign goods are more active; but buyers are still cautious in their selections, and the aggregate of the week's business has hardly equaled the expectations of importers. Dress goods for suitings are in good demand, as are millinery articles; but lower qualities of silks are slow of sale. Black and colored silks of the better qualities sell more freely, but the season is yet early for these fabrics. The importations continue large for the season, but they are less than the quantity of goods put upon the market. The auction rooms are well supplied and well attended. Staple goods are comparatively neglected, while attention is mostly bestowed upon novelties in dress goods.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH, BANKERS,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is now nearly completed, and will soon be doing business as one of the great trunk roads from the Atlantic tide-waters to the heart of the great West, and opening a low-grade and direct line with Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, St. Louis, and other cities. We are still selling its Six Per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds (a first-class investment) on behalf of the Company at 94 and accrued interest, coupon or registered; $100, $500, $1,000 denominations.

We also conduct a regular banking business in all its branches, and receive deposits, on which we allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Fisk & Hatch.

INVESTING MONEY.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company, through its Financial Agents, offers for sale its First Mortgage 7-30 Gold Bonds. They fall due in 30 years, bear 7 3-10 per cent. gold interest, payable semi-annually, are exempt from U. S. tax to the holder, and are secured by first and only mortgage on

1. The Railroad, its Right of Way, Franchise, Rolling Stock, and other property.

2. Its Traffic or Net Earnings.

3. A Government Grant of Land averaging on completion of the Road about 23,000 acres per mile of track.

The Road follows what is known as the Valley Route to the Pacific, flanked most of the way by an excellent country, and is assured in advance of a vast and profitable traffic, which already awaits its completion. The work of construction is steadily and satisfactorily progressing; the settlement of the adjacent country and the building of towns keep pace with the advance of the road; a large body of the company's lands is already in market, and the proceeds of sales will constitute a Sinking Fund for the redemption of the Company's Bonds, which are convertible at 110 into the Company's Lands at market prices.

Believing that these bonds, both in point of safety and profitableness, constitute such a security as judicious investors can approve, we recommend them to the public. Government bonds and all marketable securities are received in exchange at current quotations without cost to the investor.

JAY COOKE & CO.,

New York, Philadelphia, and Washington,

FINANCIAL AGENTS NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and high-toned commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenues, land grant, franchise, and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and of Europe.

A Liberal Sinking Fund provided in the Mortgage Deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in *gold*. Interest at eight [8] per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations $1,000, $500, and $100, Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest, in currency, from August 15th, 1872.

Maps, Circulars, Documents, and information furnished.

Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they can now be had through the principal Banks and Bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,

Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street, N. Y.

Howes & Macy, Bankers, No. 30 Wall Street, N. Y., offer the same facilities to Depositors as Incorporated Banks, and allow Interest on daily balances at the rate of Four per cent. Collections made on any point at current rates, with immediate returns. Special attention paid to choice Stock, Bonds, etc., etc., for Investors.

GROCERS' MARKET REVIEW.

Reported Expressly for "The Independent," By H. K. Thurber & Co., 172 and 175 *Chambers*, 294, 296, 298 *Greenwich street*, *New York*.

COFFEES.—The market for Rio continues weak and in favor of the buyers. Jobbers have fair stocks, and are not purchasing to any extent at present. Choice grades are scarce, and are held with more confidence than either medium or low qualities. East and West India Coffees are arriving freely, and sympathize with Rios in their decline. Present prospects denote a still lower range of market values.

FISH AND SALT.—New Mackerel are in request. The market is firm and tends upward. George's Banks Codfish are active. Herring in good demand and firm. Advices from Gloucester indicate an active and firm market. Liverpool Fine Salt is firm and in active jobbing demand at well-sustained prices. West India is in fair request. Turk's Island is steady.

FRUITS.—Foreign Dried move to a fair extent. Raisins are in good jobbing demand. Sardines continue in speculative request at a further slight advance. Nuts are doing better, owing to the small stock. Prime brands Turkey Prunes are becoming scarce. Prime Currants are in fair demand. Foreign Green are in light stock. Lemons are in sellers' favor. Domestic Dried are quiet, at unchanged values.

MOLASSES is in good demand for all grades suitable for grocers, with continued strong market values for the finer qualities. Refining grades steady, with a firmer tone. Domestic is in light request, small stock, and firm.

RICE.—Carolina, in the absence of new, with very light stock, is firm at full prices. East India moves steadily, without change in values. The demand is good and the stock moderate. Patna continues very scarce, and other kinds are substituted.

SPICES are not moving to any considerable extent in invoices. An active jobbing trade is going on, and sales are being made faster than deliveries can be effected to the various points of destination, at full prices. Cloves are in very active demand, in view of prospective light supplies, and higher values are looked for. The stock of all kinds of Spices are supposed to be light, and prices favor sellers.

SUGARS.—Refined were very active till yesterday, at improved prices, consequent upon large demands for shipment, in anticipation of higher freights. The market was left bare on Saturday of desirable qualities. The week opens with a small supply and fair demand at unchanged values. The extreme rate for Raws adds to the firmness of Refined, and the market can be written steady, with less activity. The production is moderate, and refiners are not disposed to increase their outturn, as they claim an insufficient margin with present values for Raws. Raws are decidedly firm. The receipts are very light, and the stock, though sufficient, is being rapidly reduced. Holders offer only at full values, and find takes to a fair extent. The jobbing trade confine their purchases principally to Refined.

SYRUPS are very active, at appreciating values. The demand is good, and, there being no stock in first hands, the daily production is readily absorbed at full rates. Sugar-house is more active, at unchanged prices.

TEAS.—There is not much doing in invoices, the views of importers and jobbers being at variance. What sales are being made are under the nominal market values. The demand from the retail trade is again improving, and bids fair to give more tone to the general market. Even now invoices or lines noticeably under the market meet with ready purchasers.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

Reported Expressly for "The Independent."

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

BREADSTUFFS, Etc.—Flour is in good demand, with improved prices toward the close. The supply is hardly equal to the consumption, and, with cable advices of an improvement, more activity is manifest for export and local wants. English shippers have taken moderately, the principal export demand being for the Provinces, West Indies, and South America. Shipping grades are scarce. All Flours from good Old Wheat are quick of sale. New Wheat Flour is not disposed of so readily, owing to its making up soft. Southern is more active, and there is a better demand for Oregon and California. The cool weather coming so suddenly at the close of the Chicago collapse—which was too hot for the "corners"—is conducive to business. A steadier and healthier tone is now prevailing. Rye Flour is steady. Corn Meal is without change. Wheat continues in light supply, with a small amount in transit. The local call and export demand are alike good and prices have advanced. Rye comes in but in better condition generally. The extremes in value of the same nominal grades indicates the difference in quality or order. Good and choice Old are in favor. Rye is inactive; but a sudden spurt at the close induced holders to ask higher rates. Corn eases but slightly in values, with an active export demand. Oats arrive in better condition, and the market for New is lively. Barley is quiet, the crop is large, and a decline is expected. Barley Malt is in slightly increased request. Beans are in good request for choice lots. Peas are steady.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—*Bricks* continue in active demand and good supply. *Cement* is without change. *Glass* is steady for English, higher for French, American dull. *Hair* is less active, at unchanged values. *Plaster Paris* is steady. *Lime* moves steadily. *Lumber.*—Southern Pine is steady. Eastern Spruce quiet. *Shingles* dull. *Laths* are quiet.

COTTON.—The demand is good for Cotton on the spot, closing firm—an improvement in Liverpool bringing shippers on the market and resulting in liberal purchases. Spinners also buy liberally, and the market is slightly higher. For future delivery prices have an upward tendency.

METALS.—Scotch Pig Iron is held firmly, in view of the further advance on the other side, with no disposition to sell below asking rates. American is very scarce, and for immediate delivery extreme prices are given. Rails continue steady. Scrap is dull. Refined Bar is firm. Ingot Copper is firm. Pig Lead in light request; manufactured is steady. Nails are very firm. Steel steady and firm. Shot unchanged. Spelter in small demand. Pig Tin is nominal and Plates steady. Iron Wire is firm. Zinc steady.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Beeswax, Brooms, Broom Corn, and Candles are without change. Cooperage Stock steady. Drugs and Dyes and Dye Stuffs in moderate demand, without apparent change in values. Gunnies nominal. Hardware firm but not active. Hay and Straw in fair demand. Hemp quiet. Hides weak and moderately active. Hops in light demand and steady. India Rubber dull. Leather steady. Paints unchanged. Paper and Paper Stock inactive. Seeds steady. Deer and Goat Skins dull. Tallow firm and inactive. Tobacco in fair demand for Kentucky and Seed Leaf.

OILS, NAVAL STORES, Etc.—Menhaden Oil is held above buyers' views. Crude and Manufactured Sperm and Whale are steady. Cotton-Seed Oil is quiet and Lard Oil dull. Petroleum is inactive and steady. Naptha in better request. Spirits Turpentine is steady and firm. Rosins are higher. Tar and Pitch without material change.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market opened steady and firm. Later buyers had the advantage. At the close, on favorable advices from the West, an improved local and speculative inquiry was manifested. Dressed Hogs opened at 6¼ to 6¾ cents and closed, at 6⅞ to 7¼ cents per pound. The recent fizzle of the Chicago "wheat corner" for a few days caused a latent feeling of distrust in regard to Pork. The excessive receipts of Live Hogs for the past few months, with no apparent indications of an exhaustion of "the crop," has contributed to the generally dull state of the Pork trade. And, as buyers are on the alert for "corners," the unusual occurrence of such vast quantities of Porcines arriving alive, instead of in barrels, ready for use, as heretofore, upsets all calculations as to the aggregate stock; hence the instability of the market and the indifference manifested even at low prices. Cut Meats favored purchasers at the opening, but closed with an improved demand and in sellers' favor. Bacon is in more active request, principally for export to the Continent, and very firm for forward delivery. Beef is dull, slow of sale, and in buyers' favor, with sellers inclined to favorable terms. Beef Hams are in small demand. Choice are scarce and command full prices. Inferior are neglected.

WOOL.—The market is without essential new features. Prices are steady, with no improvement in trade. Receipts of Domestic continue light. The stock of choice Western is estimated at a half million pounds. Growers of New Clip continue to manifest their confidence in future values by withholding their stocks. Business is limited to actual requirements. Manufacturers are on the market; but present values of their production is not favorable for anticipating prospective wants. Foreign is dull and the market depressed. Quotations on the other side favor shipments there. The demand is principally for Cape. California moves slow at quoted rates. There is very little doing in other kinds

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

For week ending Sept. 3d, 1872.

[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

The market for Beeves has ruled firm and active throughout the week, at decidedly higher prices. Prime were comparatively in light supply, and higher values were realized than for several weeks past. Per consequence the lower grades were forced up; but there were too many of the latter to clear the pens at extreme rates. Texans and Cherokees were over-plenty, and rough State more than needed. Horned Cattle generally attain their maximum value the first weeks in September, after which a decline is looked for. Calves have sold well the week through, and the same can be said of Sheep. Lambs hardly as firm. Live Hogs in good demand.

BEEVES.—Receipts, 9,134. Values: Extra, 14 to 14½ cts. per pound, with a few very choice yesterday at 15 cts. Good to Prime, 13 to 13¾ cts. Common to Fair, 11 to 12¾ cts. Poor, 9 to 10 cts. Texans, 8 to 10 cts. Average 12½ cts. Largest portion 12 to 13 cts.

MILCH COWS, 74. Market dull at unchanged prices.

CALVES.—Receipts, 2,891. Veal Calves brought 7 to 10 cents per pound. Grassers $5 to $10 per head.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Arrived, 29,823. Values: Sheep 5½ to 7¾ cts., and Lambs 7¾ to 9¾ cts. per pound.

SWINE.—Receipts, 36,593. Held at 5¼ to 5½ cts. per pound. (For Dressed Hogs see Provisions)

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Monday Evening, Sept. 2d, 1872.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices or all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that the weekly information, specially reported to The Independent (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, D	11½	Wamsutta	9
Cocheco, L	11½	Garner & Co	11
Sprague	11½	Arnold	10
Pacific	11

SEPT. 5, 1872.

THE
RITANNIA CO.,
ACTURERS OF
ELECTRO-PLATED
E WARE,
OADWAY, N. Y.
AIN-LINED
S AND ICE URNS.
CERS BROS.
FORKS, Etc.
R-PLATED
LAIN-LINED
TCHERS.
MPROVEMENT AND THE
RTICLE MADE.
NY & CO.,
SQUARE, N. Y.
& HOUSE'S
ETALLIC
SENE
AFETY
LAMPS
TY FILLING CANS.
ctured and sold by
NON-EXPLOSIVE
AMP CO.,
, and 12 Barclay St., N. Y.
Prof.'s Mass. Agricultural College,
ears of it:
non-explosive. The light is better
any other lamp. I believe it to be
view of the safety, the quantity and
produced, and the durability of this
ery all other kinds, and use this
t this Lamp as superior to any
safety, freedom from danger of
and be sold of any other
I. P. BUTTERFIELD, M.D., Ph. D.,
Chemistry, Detroit Medical College.
ight I have ever used, not excepting
Prof. HENRY SMITH, D.D.,
of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.
our merchant, write to the manufac-
WHEN
able Knives and Forks,
N CUTLERY CO.'S"
Co. They are GOOD.
GRAND CENTRAL
NEW PATTERN
ATED OVEN RANGE
1872
CELLS ALL OTHERS
mine, or send for Descriptive
JOHN Q. A. BUTLER & CO.
kman Street, New York.
KING LINEN INDELIBLY.
yson's Indelible Ink,
n since 1 25, now combined in a
FORABLE CASE with
ICCS' MARKING PEN,
e simplest and only reliable
ment the over, never fails, always
. Sample sent free for 75 cts. Sold
ll Druggists, Stationers, etc., or
ress the Canvassers Wanted by F. H.
DDARD & CO., 63 Fulton St., N. Y.
N, BALDWIN & FOY,
w Haven, Conn.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
DAM MOYS'
SKIRT SUPPORTER.
TREES ST. & DE.
Bearing Trees; many now fruiting.
dard Pears, 3 per doz.; $20 per 100.
dress F. L. PERRY, Canandaigua, N.Y.
Sale of Army Clothing
and Equipage.
DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
CINCINNATI, O., August 7th, 1872.
sold at public auction, at the
at Jeffersonville, Indiana, commencing
September 10th, 1872, all the Clothing
ction of Captain J. F. Rodgers, M. S. R.,
large quantity of new, unreturnable
Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equi-
ing in part of
Uniform Coats;
Trousers, found;
Overcoats, mounted;
Shirts, flannel;
Jackets, cavalry;
Jackets, artillery;
Sack Coats, unlined;
pairs Boots and Bootees;
Forage Caps;
their articles.
of sale will be stated in the catalogues,
obtained at this office.
the Quartermaster General.
C. H. HOYT,
Captain and Depot Quartermaster.
THE
DENCE WRINGER.
PROVIDENCE
Moulton
Rolls, White
Rubber, Dou-
ble Spiral
Cogs, Easy
Working, but
adjustable
Curved
Clamp Nuts
any tub.
THE BEST.
The Cheap-
est.
TRY IT.
LTON ROLLS
E SPIRAL GEAR
ADJUSTABLE
RVED CLAMP
VIDENCE TOOL CO.,
Providence, R. I.
Trustees, for the relief and care of Female
POMEROY & CO., 764 Broadway, N. Y.
DAVIS, successor to A. W. WEBSTER &
adway, New York.

JOHN ANDERSON,
or of the celebrated SOLACE Tobacco, whom the late Parke Benjamin styled
"Prince of Tobacconists in both Hemispheres."
ANDERSON is a native of the City of New York, and is one of our best known self-
Few during a long commercial life have acquired a higher reputation for strict
than he; and few men have carried with them into private life the same regard
nce of the business community as he did when, some eight or ten years ago, unde
ndered his very lucrative business to others, and sought relaxation in an en
pation from the cares of the factory.
Anderson is known to the world as the originator of that class of fine-cut che
o of which his SOLACE is the type. Probably no product of American industry
widely circulated or so favorably known as the Solace Chewing Tobacco. It is
its sale in every city, town, and village on this continent, there is no part of
ghout the world frequented by American travelers in which JOHN ANDERSON AND
SOLACE may not be found.
er a much-needed rest of a few years, Mr. Anderson has resumed the business
he was so long identified, and the lovers of Tobacco, and especially of Fine-cut c
bacco, will hail the event as one in which they have an especial interest.
Anderson's Factory is situated at Nos. 114 and 116 Liberty Street, and locate
9 and 121 Cedar Street, where the devotees of the weed may at all times have
supplied, not only of Solace, but of the best qualities of other Chewing and Sm
ke.—From Harper's Weekly Aug. 24th, 1872.
THE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES
IS NOT A
CHILD'S PAPER,
BUT A
SPRIGHTLY WEEKLY
FOR
Teachers, Superintendents, Parents
and Christian Workers.
It is filled with Lessons, Outline Talks, Illu
trations, and Hints, that make each numb
worth all of the Subscription Price for
year—$1.50 per annum. Address
JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA
Subscriptions may begin at any time.
UNION FENCE CO
MANUFACTURERS OF
COMBINATION FENCES
FOR
Public and Private Grounds
Being a combination of wood and iron, the
combining more beauty and more strength tha
be attained with either body; which, with pro
ations, elegant patterns of iron posts, together
perfect finish and coating, composed of the best
lead, linseed oil, and Lake Erie sand, adds m
durability. They will endure many years
repair and give universal satisfaction.
For Free Cards, Lithographic, etc., address
UNION FENCE CO.,
Painesville, Ohio
or R. H. KING, Agent for Illinois, Joliet, Ill.
G. CLARK, Agent for Iowa, Wisconsin, and
nesota, Dubuque, Iowa.
COMFORT IN COLD WEATHE
SANFORD'S HEATERS, portable and stati
fect with hot air private and public buildings,
never fail. Known in use
CHALLENGE RANGES, improved, elevated,
warming closet under. Used in or out of fro
A splendid family range.
NEW YORK FIREPLACE HEATER, unsurp
of its kind.
BEACON LIGHT BASE-BURNER. Wonde
economizer and standard in heat. Very popula
SANFORD'S MAMMOTH or GLOBE HEA
Heats, in basement, or as a base-burner. Its
stove has had an immense sale. A great vari
superior parlor cooking stoves, ranges, and heating
send for circulars.
THE NATIONAL STOVE WORK
239 and 241 Water Street, N. Y.
Political Goods
IN EVERY VARIETY.
FIREWORKS, FLAGS, LANTERNS, TORCH
BADGES, UNIFORMS, etc., etc.
JOSEPH B. PURDY,
32 and 34 Maiden Lane, New Yor
ESTABLISHED 1845.
SHALER'S PATENT
PARADE TORCH
for the CAMPAIGN OF 1872, is a
novelty in the torch line. The burnin
being contained in the package, avoid
danger of dripping and soiling the cl
and is convenient for sale in handling.
for through a tube in the handle
A COLUMN OF FLAM
is thrown three feet into the air, prod
beautiful and startling effect and like
to be seen a mile area. This torch is
RADIER than any other, and costs
cent per dozen more per night.
Manufactured and sold by
E. M. AIKMAN & CO.,
241 Pearl st., New Y
Manufacturers of Ship, Railroad, and
Lanterns.
RIZENA.
Dan Talmage's Sons
110 WATER STREET, N. Y. CHARLESTON
It is not Rice Flour. It is manufactured fr
choicest selections of the "White Seed Rice"
process which renders it a superior article for
preparations. For desserts, or as a diet for
surpasses all manufactures from other grains.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.
CARBOLIC SALV
The remarkable success that has atte
the introduction of this new preparatio
gratifying evidence of its value, and
lishes the fact that no other remedy pos
such wonderful curative properties, or
met with so general and so favorable
tion from an appreciative and discrimi
public during so short a space of time.
D. R. LOCKE (Petroleum V. Nasby,
master, Confederate X Roads) says: "I
on my finger one of those pleasant
'run 'round.' A friend dressed it with
bolic Salve, and in twenty minutes the
had entirely subsided."
GEO. B. LINCOLN (Pres't Bos
Health) says: "Your Carbolic Salve p
to be an excellent article."
COL. H. S. OLCOTT (late of War D
says: "I have used Carbolic Salve, a
every case it was efficacious."
A thousand other certificates from a
ful and well-known public. Sold b
druggists. Price 25 cents.
JOHN F. HENR
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
NO. 8 COLLEGE PLACE, N.
MOTHERS
NESTLE'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
The Mother's Milk Substitute
Extensively used and recommended
by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by druggists and grocers.
H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.
DO YOUR OWN PRINT
PEARL SELF-INKING PRESS; a po
valuable invention for job and
printing. Printing Presses and
from $10 upward. Send stamp
trated Catalogue. Printer Mate
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The Independent.

IN VAIN.

BY ROSE TERRY.

See how they crowd and snort below,
And fight for husks all brown and dry;
While at their feet, like beads of snow,
The pearls you threw to feed them lie

Tears that the bruised and breaking heart
Hides in its shell, to jewels turn;
They have their value in the mart,
They glitter—when they cease to burn.

Go, take them to the smiling bride,
Your life that lives in frozen tears;
They crown her dark hair's odorous pride,
The heart-beats swing them in her ears.

Oh, fool! to fling them to the swine,
That tramp and snatch and rend below;
You pour away your life divine,
And think to reap the grain you sow!

Know, then, that all your waste is vain—
Vainly these precious gems are thrown;
The snuffling herds that crowd the plain
Are hungry beasts, and beasts alone.

Alas! what dream of fond despair,
What 'vish love, hath power divine
To work an answer to your prayer,
To make you angels out of swine?

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

No. LXXV.

COMPROMISE MEASURES. — SENATE DEBATE.—MR. CLAY'S PLAN, Etc.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

THOUGH the sharp and protracted struggle in the House on the question of the speakership, the extreme opinions advanced in the speeches of Southern men, and the sudden and alarming changes in the votes of Northern members, had attracted the deep attention of the country, the great interest of the nation was concentrated on the Senate. The presence in that body of so many men of age, eminent ability, and long experience in public affairs naturally excited in the minds of the people a desire to learn the views they entertained and the policy they proposed to pursue.

On the 27th of December Mr. Foote introduced into that body a resolution declaring it to be the duty of Congress to provide territorial governments for California, Deseret, and New Mexico. A few days later Mr. Hale offered an amendment securing to the inhabitants of these territories those privileges and liberties guaranteed to the citizens of the Northwest by the ordinance of 1787. To Mr. Foote's remark that he was opposed to putting "the yoke of the Wilmot Proviso on the necks of freemen" Mr. Hale replied that he too "would keep the yoke off the necks of the people."

On the 4th of January, 1850, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, introduced into the Senate a bill to carry out more effectually the provision of the Constitution in relation to fugitives from service or labor, and asked thereon a speedy report from the Judiciary Committee. This was the famous Fugitive Slave Bill which was subsequently adopted, and which excited so much feeling in the Free States. On the 16th of the same month Mr. Benton introduced a bill to reduce the boundaries of the State of Texas to an area of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. On the same day Mr. Foote introduced a bill providing territorial governments for California, Deseret, and New Mexico, and for the formation of a New State, with the consent of Texas, to be called Jacinto. In support of his bill he spoke with great violence, and condemned in unmeasured terms not only the people of the Free States, but Mr. Benton, whom he characterized as the Cataline of the Senate. He denounced him as "the leader who had scattered confusion and discord through the Democratic ranks." He characterized his bill as treason to the South, because it would open again the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso in regard to a portion of Texas, all of which had been secured by the annexation resolution. He closed with a vehement invective against Mr. Benton, who, he said, was more responsible than any man, living or dead, for the then present unhappy state of things.

On the 21st of January the President sent a message to Congress in reply to a resolution calling for information. In it he made the statement that, in the absence of legislative authority, he had not felt authorized to disturb the arrangement entered into by his predecessor, Mr. Polk; that he had freely communicated to the two territories his wish that they might express their unbiased desires in their respective constitutions, to be submitted to Congress, and that, being admitted under such constitutions, the agitating questions could be quietly settled and peace restored; and that the rejection of the application of California for any reason outside of herself would be an invasion of her rights. On the next day a memorial was presented from the legislative council of Deseret for admission into the Union. Both it and Mr. Foote's resolution were referred to the Committee on Territories.

On the same days Mr. Cass, the defeated Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1848, made a very able speech, which attracted much attention. Its sentiments, his high position in both the party and the Government, the commanding influence at that time of party leaders in the rank and file, contributed to this result. He stigmatized the resolution introduced by Mr. Foote as "an abstract one, calling for no actual legislation." He proceeded to oppose Mr. Hale's amendment, in which was embodied the principles of the ordinance of '87. He maintained that it was both unconstitutional and inexpedient. He avowed his purpose to take no part in daring that "barren" and, as he thought, unconstitutional proviso on the statute-books. He had, however, been instructed by the legislature of his state, though opposed to it himself, to vote for the measure. As he recognized the right of instructions, he found himself in the dilemma of being compelled either to vote against the instructions of his state or the convictions of his judgment or to resign his seat in Congress. He avowed his purpose to choose the latter. "When the time comes," he said, "and I am required to vote upon this measure, as a practical one, I shall know how to reconcile my duty to the legislature with my duty to myself, by surrendering a trust I can no longer fulfill."

On the 29th of January Mr. Clay presented a series of eight resolutions, as the basis of what he called a compromise for the settlement of pending issues that were distracting and disturbing the country. The resolutions proposed to admit California without reference to slavery; to establish territorial governments without any restriction or condition; to fix the western boundary of Texas on the Rio Grande; to provide for the payment of the debt of Texas to a limited amount, on condition that she should relinquish her claim to any part of New Mexico; to declare it inexpedient to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; to prohibit the introduction of slaves into the District to be sold as merchandise or transported to other markets; to make more effectual provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves; and to declare that Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct the domestic slave trade between the states.

Mr. Benton addressed the Senate in vindication of the validity of the decrees of Mexico abolishing slavery. The authorities he cited were full, clear, and unanswerable. He established beyond all cavil that slavery had been abolished in California and New Mexico before they were acquired, that nobody could carry slaves there to be held under the Mexican laws, and that slavery could not exist there except by positive law thereafter to be passed.

On the 28th, John Bell, a Whig senator from Tennessee, presented a series of resolutions as a basis of compromise. It was immediately moved by Mr. Foote to refer the resolutions to a select committee of thirteen—six members to be selected from the North and six from the South, and one to be chosen by the twelve—for the purpose of maturing a compromise for the adjustment of all the pending differences growing out of the institution of slavery.

A DAY IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

IT is the middle of August. I have had my supper in a small inn with an unpronounceable name, and, dressed in the landlord's clothes, as every thread of my my own is soaked, I sit down to write to my INDEPENDENT friend at New York, and through him to a few others, perhaps, in the States, whose personal kindness makes them indulgent toward such hasty sketches as those of your correspondent.

I am ashamed to say that until now I have been utterly ignorant of this part of my country, having only an indistinct notion of Skye being a wild, dreary island, on the northwest coast of Scotland. But recently I have heard so much of the Alpine scenery here that I resolved to see it for myself. Time was an object. On Sunday I was preaching at Glasgow, and Skye is 300 miles distant by railway. And next Sunday I am to preach for Mr. Balgarnie, my friend and fellow traveler to the United States. Scarbro' is about 400 miles off. So early yesterday I started from Glasgow by way of Sterling, Perth, and Inverness, thus crossing from the western to the eastern coast; and then, plunging into the heart of the mountains, came back to the western coast, within sight of Skye, at about seven in the evening. At once we buckled on our knapsacks for a walk of eight miles to the ferry; but, finding a return carriage, we availed ourselves of it, and slept at Balmaccara, in a little seaside inn, ready for our trip to the Skye next morning. At five we were up, and soon obtained the help of a boatman to take us across. His vessel was about the size of a dining-table. I was never in so short a boat, and, happily for our safety, seldom in a broader one. My nephew and myself by turns took the second oar. It was a good two hours' tug against a strong wind and tide. The waves tossed us about like a little cork. Presently we sprang aleak, and the water came up in a jet; but we managed to stop up the hole. We had a good view of the pile of craggy mountains which form the chief feature of Skye. We landed at Kyle Akin, where are the ruins of an old castle, and a few fishermen's cottages nestling among the rocks for shelter. After a hasty breakfast at the little inn, we were driven along a good road to a place called Broadford, and then crossed the island from east to west, and found ourselves on the shore of one of those wild and romantic lochs or fiords which are so numerous on the western shores both of Scotland and Norway. Groups of boys and girls, their legs bare from the knees upward, were running joyously along to school, carrying their slates. However poor the Scotch peasantry, they receive a good education at school, and in after years are diligent in attendance at church, where the ministry is a constant and efficient educational agency. As we approached the western shore, a mass of precipitous mountains comes in view, which entrances me with wonder and delight. Out comes my sketch-book, and, while the boat is getting ready, I secure a hurried memorial of the scene. Four stalwart Highlanders take the oars. Such giants! What broad shoulders, what sturdy arms! They talked Gaelic to each other, and seemed rather quarrelsome about something. But they made the big fishing-boat spin through the waves. Now we land, and our guide takes us up a path skirting the mountain, and rising higher and higher above the sea, which lashed the rocks far beneath us. Look out! for a false step may roll you down some hundreds of feet upon the rocks. We cross the ridge of the promontories, and a scene of Alpine magnificence bursts on us. Now we descend to the head of another sea-water loch or narrow gulf. We must cross a small river, and try in vain to get across dry foot. The water was above the stepping stones. Now we climb another promontory; and presently another scene of surpassing majesty opens before us. The sea runs up between mountains with almost perpendicular sides, and the summits of them are so pointed and jagged as to justify the epithet Alpine. Along one side of this bay our path led. Our guide had said something mysteriously about "the bad step." Presently I gathered from his broken English that there was some very difficult passage to get across. I could soon see that this was becoming very probable; for the rocks plunged down almost perpendicularly into the sea, and our path among them became narrower. Yes, here it is. There is a smooth, somewhat rounded rock just before us, and our path comes to a sudden termination. Our guide descends a few yards, then climbs up one piece of rock and under another, and then begins to creep along the perpendicular face of the big rock that stops the way. Closely following, we find a narrow fissure, giving about two inches for a foot-path, and here and there a projecting bit for the hand to grasp. About thirty steps have to be taken along this "*mauvais pas*." One false step would send the traveler down the face of the rock and over into the sea, if the tide be high; or, still worse, upon rocks which would be instant death should, as to-day, the tide be low. Alpine experience was here of good service, for I have done this sort of thing and worse with a thousand feet instead of a hundred below me. Our guide said he did not know of any accident. But one gentleman, when he saw it, preferred the water, and, clambering down, jumped into the sea and swam round the difficulty. Another stuck fast in the middle of the rock, through terror, roaring out to the guide, unable either to advance or retreat, till, after some difficulty, the guide dragged him over. Another slipped; but was caught by the foot and saved. Many when they reach this "bad step," shake their heads and retreat. We now descended to the shore, where we found the not very fragrant remains of a whale, which had been stranded a few weeks before. And now we climb again, and soon get a view of Loch Coruisk, one of the chief glories of this land. It is a fresh-water lake, within a few hundred yards of the sea. It is shut in on every side by frowning precipices. How deep the purple of that gorge at the further end! What sharp, jagged summits! What black fissures from top to bottom! How inaccessible that mountain wall! Of course, these rocks are much lower than the Alps, and even than many Scotch hills, being only about 3,000 feet high; yet I do not remember to have ever beheld a mountain scene so majestic of its kind. I have ascended the principal mountains of Scotland and Wales; I am familiar with the most celebrated scenes in Switzerland; but I am obliged to confess that amongst rock precipices I know nothing comparable to this. I felt amply repaid for my journey from London, had I seen nothing else. We stopped to lunch under the shadow of a great rock, evidently planted by a glacier, for it was an immense *roche perché* lying on an enormous *roche montonnée*. Here we were screened from the hurricane which began to blow, now and then bringing a rattling shower. But we did not care for this, especially as the gathering clouds, which now began to hide the summits of the mountains, added mystery and majesty to the scene. But our guide hastened us onward. He looked suspiciously at the clouds, and asked anxiously what was the hour, and hinted about the possibility of being surprised by the darkness before our work was done. Another look at the deep, dark lake lying below us, shut up by jagged precipices, rising sheer above it three thousand feet, and we hasten forward up the mountain-side, till we reach the summit of the pass, and look down on another deep gorge, only second to the first in majesty. The chief object in the present view is the mountain Scar-na-Gillean, the upper part of which points up like the steeple of a church. Last year a member of the Alpine Club declared there was no hill in Skye he could not climb. He started with a friend, who, when he saw the difficulty and danger, declined to follow his adventurous friend. Alas! only a mangled corpse at the foot of a lofty precipice remained to tell the tale. It was now half-past 5, and our guide said it would take three more hours to reach the solitary inn which was to be our resting-place. So we had to hurry away. It was well we did. For now all the hurricanes of the hills seemed let loose and the flood-gates of the Skye to be opened. The rain fell in torrents. No, it didn't fall; it came sideways, it drove, it tore along. Happily, it was at our backs, else I know not how we could have advanced. Very soon we were drenched to the skin. What matter? Keep up the internal heat by activity, and no amount of drenching will do harm. But now all the streams are let loose. Torrents are roaring down the mountain sides and crossing our path, which itself at length becomes a torrent-bed. At first we had picked our way. But, now that we were absolutely wet through, this was an affectation; so we plunged on through the streams and torrents, without caring where we trod, for we could not be wetter.

It was great fun. We had seen everything under the most favorable auspices; and only when we began to descend came on this storm, the very excitement of which was an additional delight. At 8 we reached this hotel, after our clamber of about twenty miles. I enter first and ask for rooms. "House full! Not a room, not a bed!" There is not another inn, scarcely another house, within several miles, and it was now almost dark. So I said: "Stay I must! Give me a blanket and a bit of dry floor, and I'm content." So my landlady says: "Well, we can let you be inside the walls; but that's all." All right! But I pleaded for the use of a room for a few minutes, where to divest myself of my dripping clothes. At length I was taken to a chamber in the roof, and the landlord kindly lent me a suit of his clothes; for my portmanteau was left behind, and I had come in light-marching order, with only a shirt, socks, and slippers, etc., in my knapsack. I soon appeared in marvelous attire, and joined a large party of travelers in the parlor of the inn, where some hot tea and eatables soon completed my comfort. How I had pitied a young fellow who had joined us in our mountain clamber, and who plied the whisky bottle on his way. I tried to convince him how unwise he was, and told him I had been a climber as well as a preacher for thirty years on the water system. But I must close. All the other guests have gone to sleep. Two of us are in the coffee-room. Good-night, dear MR. INDEPENDENT.

The Independent.

RECENT NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LAST week's INDEPENDENT, with its illustrated supplement, was one of the best numbers of this great paper ever published. Politically THE INDEPENDENT was never stronger than now, and its religious and literary departments are fully sustained. The number in question contains a new story by Joaquin Miller and a fine sketch of the California Geysers, by "H. H." Mr. Bowen now makes the unparalleled offer to send his great steel engraving of "Authors of the United States," postage paid, to every new subscriber who will forward $2.50 for one year's subscription. Either the paper or the engraving alone would be more than worth the money.—*Springfield Union.*

RHODE ISLAND.

—The *Warren Gazette* says:

"The INDEPENDENT has no rival. Since Henry C. Bowen became its editor, publisher, and proprietor it has become a representative sheet of the intellect of the Union. Eight pages, or seventy-two columns, of the most instructive as well as entertaining reading matter, with separate departments for the religious, literary, scientific, and financial circles, constitute a volume of wisdom heretofore unknown. Bigotry finds no place in this journal; the religion is that of moral reform and devoid of narrow boundaries, while the names of the contributors alone certify to the standard. We never tire of reading Mary Clemmer Ames's letters from Washington; and to be able once a week to sit near Gail Hamilton, Dr. Bellows, Hon. Neal Dow, and others of like caliber, is worth double the subscription price. To see THE INDEPENDENT will be to subscribe; and we would be pleased to exhibit our copy to all who desire a first-class religious journal."

NEW YORK.

—THE INDEPENDENT, combining the features of a religious and secular newspaper, has, by reason of its unsectarian character, as well as by the energy and industry displayed in its management, maintained a distinct position among our weekly journals, and circulates among people of widely differing faith, and among all the intelligent classes in the community. As a business enterprize it is now firmly established, owing to the excellent way in which its affairs have been conducted by its proprietor, Mr. Henry C. Bowen. This gentleman came into its possession when the paper was struggling for existence, and was a source of expense to its owners; and his tact, business experience, and energy have made it a valuable and largely remunerative property. The recent changes in the literary department are such as must be generally acceptable to its readers, and enhance the interest and attractiveness of its columns.—*Home Journal.*

—A large and handsome sheet, well filled with admirably written articles and a full amount of advertisements.—*New York Herald.*

—The New York *Daily Witness* says:

"Does any one want a good monthly magazine? A single copy of THE INDEPENDENT contains nearly as much matter and of as high a class, only not in quite so convenient a shape."

—*The Baptist Weekly*, of this city, remarks:

"Our neighbor, THE INDEPENDENT, whose sheet is of a size to cover a small farm, is generally as accurate as it is full to overflowing of valuable news from all parts of the religious world."

PENNSYLVANIA.

—THE INDEPENDENT is a very aggravating paper. It keeps getting hold of the best ideas, just before they appear somewhere else. It secures without any scruples many of the most eminent contributors; and keeps them, too, just by treating them courteously, paying them liberally and promptly, and by offering them a magnificent audience. It uses up so much paper every week that it keeps the price of paper unreasonably high. And it demands and gets an unwarrantable share of the time and attention of its readers. Nor do we observe any signs of a reformation.—*National Baptist, Philadelphia.*

—THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is the largest and, on the whole, the best exchange on our list. The principal objection to it is that it is so large that we never have time to read it half through. We think otherwise it is a model newspaper. On the first of every month it issues a four-page extra, which is also crowded with reading matter and has some fine illustrations.—*Christian Advocate, Lancaster.*

—The Cumberland Valley *Journal*, published at Mechanicsburg, pays us this handsome compliment:

"THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, now in the twenty-fourth year, still keeps up its mammoth size, as from the outstart, and frequently has to add a four-page supplement, in order to keep up with the mass of news that it has to lay before its readers weekly. It employs an unrivaled corps of contributors, and all subjects are handled in a masterly manner, from the standpoint of the editor, independent of rings or cliques. Taken altogether, it is the cheapest and best family paper that is published. No trashy, common-place stuff nor sentimental stories are admitted to its columns."

OHIO.

—THE INDEPENDENT is very ably conducted and contains a vast amount of choice reading matter.—*Wyandot Co. Republican.*

MICHIGAN.

—THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is the largest paper of general character published in this country. It is a massive blanket sheet, and its size is indicative of its worth. Bold, independent, and of religious character, it stands quite at the head of American journalism.—*Holly Weekly Circular.*

—THE INDEPENDENT has been a power in the land, and has done glorious work.—*El Paso Journal.*

—The Niles *Republican*, published in one of the new and flourishing towns of the Lake-bound State, speaks thus unreservedly:

"THE INDEPENDENT has become a monster in size, and is, we believe, the largest in the country; but it has not, like many other big things, lost its sweetness and juiciness by its growth. It boasts a noble list of contributors, and contains from week to week a volume of wit and wisdom. Every article and item, with rare exceptions, is prepared expressly for its columns, which have a department for almost every matter of interest to the citizen or his family. No other paper that we know so largely helps the reader to keep abreast of the times in all social questions—in politics, art, science, and general literature. We commend it unreservedly, and feel sure that any person who subscribes for it will add an important element to the attractions of his household."

ILLINOIS.

—This popular and widely-known religious weekly paper is so popular in all quarters of the country as hardly to need a recommendation from us. THE INDEPENDENT, as its name signifies, is under the control of no religious sectarianism or political ring, but condemns that which needs condemnation and upholds that which deserves to be upheld. Its opinions are so fair, impartial, and apropos as to command the respect of every clear-headed person, irrespective of creed and politics. It is finely printed on good paper; and its reading matter, under the editorial management of some of the greatest intellectual lights of the country, is *ne plus ultra*. THE INDEPENDENT is a paper that should be in every household in the land.—*Nashville Journal.*

—The *Henry Republican* speaks thus handsomely:

"We do not believe that any single publication printed in this country offers such attractions in the way of good reading from gifted and popular writers as that in THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. We have no doubt whatever that it is the cheapest as well as the ablest periodical in America. Such an array of popular names, such a wide range of topics, such numerous and full departments, such an amount of useful information, adapted to the wants of every household and almost every individual, can nowhere else be found in any weekly or monthly, secular or religious. Such is our own opinion, and is also the almost universal verdict of the community."

INDIANA.

—One of the best, if not the very best of religious papers in the country is THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, under the management of that indomitable man, Henry C. Bowen, Esq. It is a marvel among newspapers for enterprise and amount and variety of reading matter. For example, the last issue, of July 4th, contains a supplement (which is a usual thing, we believe, in the first issue of every month) of *thirty-two columns* of reading matter. In this entire paper there are not less than *seventy-two columns* of legitimate reading matter! To be sure, it is the quality and not the amount of reading which gives a paper its excellence. But, judged by this high standard, there is no paper in the country which can compete with THE INDEPENDENT in the number of articles of superior quality, from famous writers, or in the wide variety of its reading matter, for it has religious, scientific, political, moral, literary, educational, agricultural, financial, and juvenile departments, in all of which departments are articles from the foremost writers in the country. For example, in this last number it has contributions from such *literati* as Whipple, Curtis, and Dr. Holland; such educators as Prof. Bascom, of Williams College, and Prof. Wells, of Chicago; such divines as Dr. Bellows, Tayler Lewis, Pres. Finney, and Bishop Haven; such genial poets as Lucy Larcom and Mrs. Piatt; and such miscellaneous writers as A. Bronson Alcott, Robert Collyer, Henry Wilson, Dr. Leavitt, etc., etc.—*Fort Wayne Gazette.*

—THE INDEPENDENT is acknowledged to have no peer in the field it occupies.—*The Marion Chronicle.*

—THE INDEPENDENT is a radical and fearless paper.—*The Independent Monthly.*

WISCONSIN.

—Among our religious weeklies none have higher rank or have met with greater success than THE INDEPENDENT. We remember when it was enlarged from a four to an eight-page paper, and fairly entered the field in competition with old and full-grown rivals. Its characteristic has been radicalism on all questions. It was radical anti-slavery and is now one of the leading advocates of female suffrage.—*Berlin Journal.*

—THE INDEPENDENT, the largest of newspapers and probably the most widely circulated religious journal in the country, advertises in this paper. Whether THE INDEPENDENT is orthodox or not, or whether it is pious or impious, it is an aggressive organ of thought and deed—is live, spicy, free—treats of everything, discusses everything.—*Richland County Republican.*

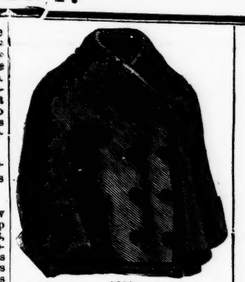
IOWA.

—This mammoth religious weekly is still most worthily and successfully competing for a large share of the public favor. Its great size enables it not only to give in each number a large amount of religious reading from many of the most gifted pens in the land, but also to find room for an extended and interesting correspondence from foreign countries, the national capital, etc., as well as the news of the day, including full financial and commercial reports. Some idea of the present circulation of THE INDEPENDENT will be gained from the fact that it is now sent to 10,615 post-offices in 20 Northern states.—*The Tipton Advertiser.*

—THE INDEPENDENT is one of the great journals of the country, and it is certainly a very great privilege to be permitted to read such a paper once a week.—*Western Gazette.*

MISSOURI.

—We are pleased to notice that THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT is increasing its subscription list in our midst. There is no journal published within the limits of the United States better calculated to inform the people upon the general topics of the day and to elevate the tone of society. Though religious in character, it is so liberal in its views, as regards denomination, that any one can read it without his peculiar tenets being attacked. In this respect it fills a vacuum felt in connection with all strictly denominational journals. Questions are discussed in its columns with great ability and pointedness, yet in a spirit of such comprehensive liberality that none can take offense who are not more denominational than Christian. If we were asked to recommend an Eastern journal to a friend for his family, we would not hesitate to name THE INDEPENDENT as peculiarly calculated to meet his wants. It is second to none in ability and purity of literature and it is mammoth in its proportions.—*The Border Times.*


1211

1211—The Alberto Sack. Is cut rather short and double-breasted, and will be much used with the walking costume, also for skating. Requires one and a half yards material. All sizes. Pattern, with cloth model for a lady, 50 cents.

1127

1127—Adirondacks Mackinaw. Is of invaluable service to every lady. Requires one yard of wide cashmere. Pattern and cloth model, 50 cents.

1224

1224—Diva polonaise for ladies. Is usually made in brocade silk or figured cashmere of the finest quality. To wear with different colored skirts. Requires four yards of cashmere. Pattern, with cloth model, $1.00.

1228

1228—Is a house or street sacque, adapted to either a child or lady. Requires two and a half yards of flannel for lady. Pattern, 25 cents. No model given.

1141

1141—Cape and corresponding skirt for Miss. Is both serviceable and desirable. The cape is gathered in the back to pointed yoke, which gives it a very dressy appearance. The overskirt is draped prettily at the side by a wide band that comes from the belt on the under side to the waist on the right side. Sizes from six to twelve years. Requires ten yards for eight years. Pattern, with cloth model, 35 cents.

1139

1139—Sacque. Is a beautiful change from the straight or slashed sacque. Sizes from four to twelve years. Requires two yards of flannel for ten years, and four yards of trimming. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

BACK VIEW.
1143

1143—Polonaise for Misses. Is probably one of the most satisfactory, because of, the little jockey back, which greatly relieves the flat appearance of most growing girls. The front is plain, with one dart. Has a small sleeve. This style is adapted to Misses from twelve to sixteen years. For twelve years requires five yards of twenty-four inch and four yards of trimming. Pattern and cloth model, 50 cents.

1131

1131.—Wrapper for any material. Straining or pulling from under the belt when the arm is raised is entirely avoided in this one, giving the arm perfect freedom. The trunk may have a dart or not, according to the taste of the wearer. Requires ten yards of twenty-inch cashmere for a medium train. Three and a half yards of satin. All sizes. Pattern, with cloth model, $1.

1227

1227—Watteau suit for a Miss. Has a shoulder cape finishing under the plait in the back. Sizes from four to eight years. Requires seven yards of twenty-seven inch goods for eight years. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

1229

1229.—Taliaferro Metternich. Is one of the prominent styles for the winter suit or cloak, and requires but two and a half yards of thirty-six inches. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

1126

1126.—Addison suit for a boy. Is one of the neatest of the season. The little revers front gives a very manly appearance. Sizes from four to six years. Requires two and a half yards of twenty four inch goods for four years, and three yards trimming. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

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OF

EDWIN M. STANTON,

Late Secretary of War.

We have purchased the new plate of this engraving, and will give one copy print

Selections.

[*From the "Southern Magazine."*]

ST. GREGORY'S SUPPER.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"SERVANT *of servants!** That is the name
Falleth the fittest when they call,
Jesus my Master bore the same,
Though He be Sovereign Lord of all.
Shut in my crypt by night, by day,
Breathing His peace with every breath,
I was content to wear away,
Tasting a calm as sweet as death.
Yet they have bidden me forth to bear
Mitre and stole and sacred staff—
Burdens that stoop my heart with care—
Heart that is weak as winnowed chaff.

"Valens, abide with me, friend of friends;
Share, as we used, our joy, our woe;
Order my household, make amends—
Steading me thus, to poor and low,
Whom in their hovels I'll see no more;
Gather each night about my board
Twelve gray beggars to halve my store—
(Am I not almoner for my Lord?)
Twelve of the outcasts. Even to such
Still I would servant of servants be.
Small the abasement! Think how much
Greater the Master's was for me."

Forth to his work the Pontiff passed,
Wrapt in his prayerful thoughts apart,
Fearful some clouding pride should cast
Shadows of bale above his heart.
Valens made haste against he came,
Summoned as guests the twelve he bade,
Hungry and homeless, lost to shame,
Only in filth and rags arrayed:
Just as they were, defiled, unsweet,
Grimed with the squalid crust of sin,
Pressing their hands, their host did greet
Each, as they wondering entered in.

Lifting his voice, he prayed; then brake
Generous bread for their full repast.
"Welcome," he said, "for the Lord's dear sake!"
While o'er the group his eyes he cast
"As it is written, *He sat at meat*
Thus with the Twelve— Ha! what may it mean?
Valens, I bade that but *twelve* should eat,
Yet there be verily here thirteen!"
Valens made answer: "Even so
Heeded I, harkening to thy best.
One hath intruded, nor do I know
Wherefore he sitteth among the rest."

"Whence art thou come, unbidden? Speak!"
Straightway the stranger gave reply:
"Once did a starving palmer seek
Alms of thee, passing thy cloister by.
'Nothing,' thou saidst, 'is mine to give,
Saving this silvern bowl—to me
Gift of my mother; yet take and live.'
Know'st thou the palmer? *I am he!*"
E'en as he spake his face waxed faint,
Brightened, then paled in a splendor dim,
Leaving them mazed. And then the Saint
Knew it was Christ who had supped with him!

* *Servus Servorum*—St. Gregory's chosen title.

[*From* ELI PERKINS'S "*Saratoga in* 1901."]

RITUALISM IN 1901.

THE greatest changes I found had taken place in religion. The Ritualists carried everything before them. Our good old Bishop Potter finally became a Catholic before he died. He became a strong believer in candles, kerosene, and Manhattan gas, and he recommended all the churches to blind their windows and burn tallow candles to the glory of the Lord. Then the Pope dressed him up in a scarlet chasuble, made him a cardinal, and then he died. They wouldn't let Mr. Beecher nor Mr. Claflin come to his funeral, because they stuck to the old-fashioned faith till they died. Cardinal Potter called them heretics. I myself forgot the teachings of good old Bishop Delancey, who confirmed me; and joined first the Ritualists, and now, with Father Ewer, Father Brown, and Father Noyes, I am a strong Catholic.

My dear mother in the country held out against Ritualism for many years; but I finally converted her to the true faith. I wrote her many letters, which were read in the home church. It was a long time before she took to kerosene and candles. She frequently said: "O, Eli, I cannot forget the teachings of the good old orthodox Episcopal Church, of Bishop Delancey, and the early Fathers, and go off with Cardinal Potter and your newfangled religion of candles and Manhattan gas."

Once, in 1880, after I had written my dear mother a long letter, begging her to come over to candles and ritualistic nightgowns, she sent me the following reply:

LOG CITY, Madison County, N. Y., }
March 2d, 1880. }

My Dear Son Eli:—Your St. Alban's High Church letter was read with a great deal of interest here in our home church, but it made us all feel very bad. We are sorry that you have gone to the wicked city, where you so soon forget the simple teaching of the old church of your childhood, and go headlong into these false, newfangled notions about Ritualism. You ask us to board up the windows of the old church, bar out the sunlight, and burn flickering tallow candles. You ask us to tear out the old galleries of the church, to dismiss the girls from the choir, and dress the farm-boys up in night-gowns, as you do in the city. You ask us to do away with good old Dr. Watts and sing opera songs selected by the organist of St. Alban's and arranged for the boy singers by the middle fiddler of a German band. You ask me to tear up our charts and maps, and deprive the church with blueand-gold "hallelujahs" and gilded crosses. O, my son, we cannot do it! We prefer to go on in the good old way. If God will not save us because we do not burn candles, he will not forgive our sins because we look straight up to Heaven and confess them *directly* to him—then I fear we must perish. My dear boy, does not the Bible say: "I said I would confess my sin unto the Lord, and he forgave the wickedness of my sin?" Then do not, I pray you, my son, depend upon any forgiveness of sin which men may grant. Eli, if you are bad, do not expect any man to forgive you, but go right straight to your Maker, the way your mother taught you in your childhood. Suppose you confess your sins to a priest?

"Who will the priest confess to?"

"Why, to the bishop."

"Who will the bishop confess to?"

"To the archbishop."

"Who will the archbishop confess to?"

"To the cardinal."

"Who will the cardinal confess to?"

"To the Pope."

"Who will the Pope confess to?"

"To the ——; no, to God!"

"Now, Eli, the Pope is very wise to confess his sins straight up to God; and you should do the same."

I hear they have a very high altar and a good deal of ritual nonsense in one of your churches away up-town. I think it is the church of St. Mary the Virgin," on West Forty-fifth street. Won't you go up there and see just what they are doing, and tell those two young fellows who call themselves Father Brown and Father Noyes, if they want to be Catholics, to go and be Catholics; but not to pretend to be Protestants and then to steal the ritual of the Catholic Church?

Write me again, and let our good Elder Cleveland says he will read your letter at our Thursday's prayer-meeting.

Your affectionate mother,
RUTH PERKINS.

This was my reply:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, March 4th.
My Dear Mother:—Your letter has caused me much anxiety. After sleeping with it under my pillow, I went up yesterday, as you requested, to the church of "St. Mary the Virgin," on West Forty-fifth street, near Seventh Avenue. Since my conversion to the High Church Ritualistic faith, my dear mother, I have usually attended Dr. Ewer's church. I love Dr. Ewer.

I see new beauties in Ritualism every day. The blazing candles, the darkened windows, the pomp and procession of boys in night-gowns, and the awe which I feel for Fathers Ewer, Brown, and Noyes when they turn their backs on the audience, and drink wine to the glory of the Lord, is beyond description.

"I've thrown away the old Prayer-book which Bishop Delancey gave me, and now I have a beautifully-illuminated blue-and-gold one, with all the places marked—when to get up and down. Most everything has been changed since you taught me the old-fashioned ritual for confirmation; but, dear mother, it is so much nicer now. Don't you remember where it used to read, "O Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners, and help us to keep this commandment"?

"Well, we don't have it any more in our High Churches. The old-fashioned people down at Grace Church say that now; but we don't think it is nice to stand up before everybody in the church and confess that we are "miserable sinners." So we have done away with that, and we have instituted a *private* confessional, where we all go on the sly and confess our sins to Fathers Brown and Noyes and Ewer. We hire boys in night-gowns to stand up publicly in the church and sing about being "miserable sinners." But then no one can hear what they do sing, so they don't care. When we confess, we go in and kneel down and talk to the father through a hole, while he sits and smokes a meerschaum; and then, with a word or two, he forgives us, and we go home feeling pure and happy again. I know the wicked publican confessed his sins straight to God when he stood in the market-place and pounded his breast; and Christ said he did right. But, dear mother, things have changed since then. How do you think we Fifth-Avenue people would look confessing our sins in public? No, we would rather go round and confess them to Dr. Ewer on the sly.

CHURCH OF THE IMITATION CANDLES.

But you ask me to write about the services at the "Church of St. Mary the Virgin."

Well, I went up there yesterday. It is a High Church—higher than St. Alban's. It is where our dear Bishop Potter trains his candidates for the Catholic Church. Here they practice the High Church business a little, while under the instructions of the Bishop; then they jump over into the Catholic pasture, as Father Bradley did.

The Low Church people say a good deal about our thirty-six burning candles here. They don't know that they are *not* candles at all; but only china imitations, with streams of weak Manhattan gas spurting out of the top. We fool them entirely. Why, every time those Low Church people attack our candle business—every time they attack that point, they only attack the Metropolitan Gas Company; and they are not weak enough to stand it. If we had good gas here, as they do have in Cincinnati and Chicago, we gaslight Christians could stand any amount of Low Church opposition. Sometimes I think, if the Lord knew we were burning thirty-six streams of foul-smelling gas to his glory, instead of real candles, that he would be displeased. And sometimes I think, instead of burning so much gas where it does no good, except to make a big show, that, if we should give the money to poor widows who spoil their eyes trying to sew by feeble lights on side streets, that it would be better; but such is not the case.

The arrangement is ingeniously arranged. It is, I suppose, twenty-five feet high and made of solid marble. On it are forty imitation candles, and during the last end of the service they are all blazing with Manhattan gas. If the gas were better, we could make a better show still; but the gas companies here are all made up of Low Churchmen, who do not have the fear of the Lord before their eyes. Dr. Ewer says that he will be damned if he will forgive the wicked New York gas companies.

When the service commenced I opened my Prayer-book, the one Bishop Delancey gave me; but I could not keep the place. When we used to stand up they all sat down, and when we used to respond, the boys in night-gowns looted up a chaunt in high tenor. Alas! my dear mother, my early training is of no account; and now I must learn it all over again. How can I ever be saved and not be able to get up and down with the boys in night-gowns? In the anguish of my soul I cry: "Would that I never had been born, for what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and not be able to dance to the candlestick ritual?"

The regular service commenced by loud singing away in the rear of the big $10,000 altar. It sounded like the distant chorus in the Black Crook. Pretty soon the doors burst open, and a boy, disguised as a girl in a black skirt and white nightgown, entered, carrying a pewter plate. He bowed to altar, put plate on table, bowed to altar again, and slid out side door.

Now twenty boys and seven men came in with great pomp, all dressed in red-and-white and-blue dresses, with night-gowns over them, and bearing a large cross. Boy lighted more candles with a long pole, then bowed to $10,000 altar, and slid to rear. Boy, with big Son of Malta collar, carried Father Brown's dress train, as Father Brown stood with back to audience and addressed $10,000 altar. Man disguised in woman's clothes and wearing big red masonic sash now saluted $10,000 altar, kissed sash, and preached sermon. He abused the poor Jews; but didn't say a word about the wicked French Intersectionals, who killed forty poor priests and a bishop.

Boys now brought wine and napkin to Father Brown. Father Brown made sign of cross to $10,000 altar, drank wine, wiped lips, and saluted altar again. More candles lighted by boys. More wine drank. Drank wine. Imbibed wine and saluted altar. Guzzled wine to glory of altar. Two men in night-gowns advanced and drank wine. Then bowed as in the "Lancers." Drank wine. All marched off stage. Sexton, disguised in black alpacca dress, put out lights. Audience left.

Now, mother, I write you just what I saw. I don't know the names of things, so I only call things just as they seem to me.

Then, dear mother, we all went home. We were much impressed by these services. The children don't get to sleep, as they do in the country. Our brilliant fireworks are as good as Fourth of July to amuse the children.

Now, all this show didn't cost much. The forty gas-jets cost say $2.50 for the day. If they had been candles, they would have cost $8. The washerwoman's bill for keeping the night-gowns and women's dresses clean was about $1.55. So $4 did the whole thing. Now, to hold an audience with smart men, like Drs. Chapin and Beecher and Dr. Tyng, costs, I suppose, $200 per day. Think, dear mother, what a saving it is. These intellectual preachers do cost so much; and when you can draw the crowd just as well with the cheap fireworks, as it would for any darned fool of a minister can run the gaswerks just as well as Dr. Bellows, or such gifted divines as Dr. Morgan or Dr. Montgomery.

Now, my dear mother, let me beg you again to dismiss our old preacher up in the country. Go into the candle business. Dress up the eighteen district school-boys in girls' clothes and night-gowns. Have *opera bouffe*, and you will crowd the church every Sunday, and knock the Baptists and Methodists into a cocked hat. Dismiss Mr. Wood, the old leader of the choir, and have Jerusalem, My Happy Home," but "New York, my Happy Home," set to music by the middle fiddler of a German band.

Ewer and Brown and Noyes are right. Their heads are level.

What if John preached in the altariess wilderness, and Christ promulgated Christianity from the barren sides of the Mount of Olives? They were old-fashioned. We have the religion of